

HERE AND THERE IN NEW ENGLAND
AND CANADA

ALL ALONG SHORE
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS
LAKES AND STREAMS

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD

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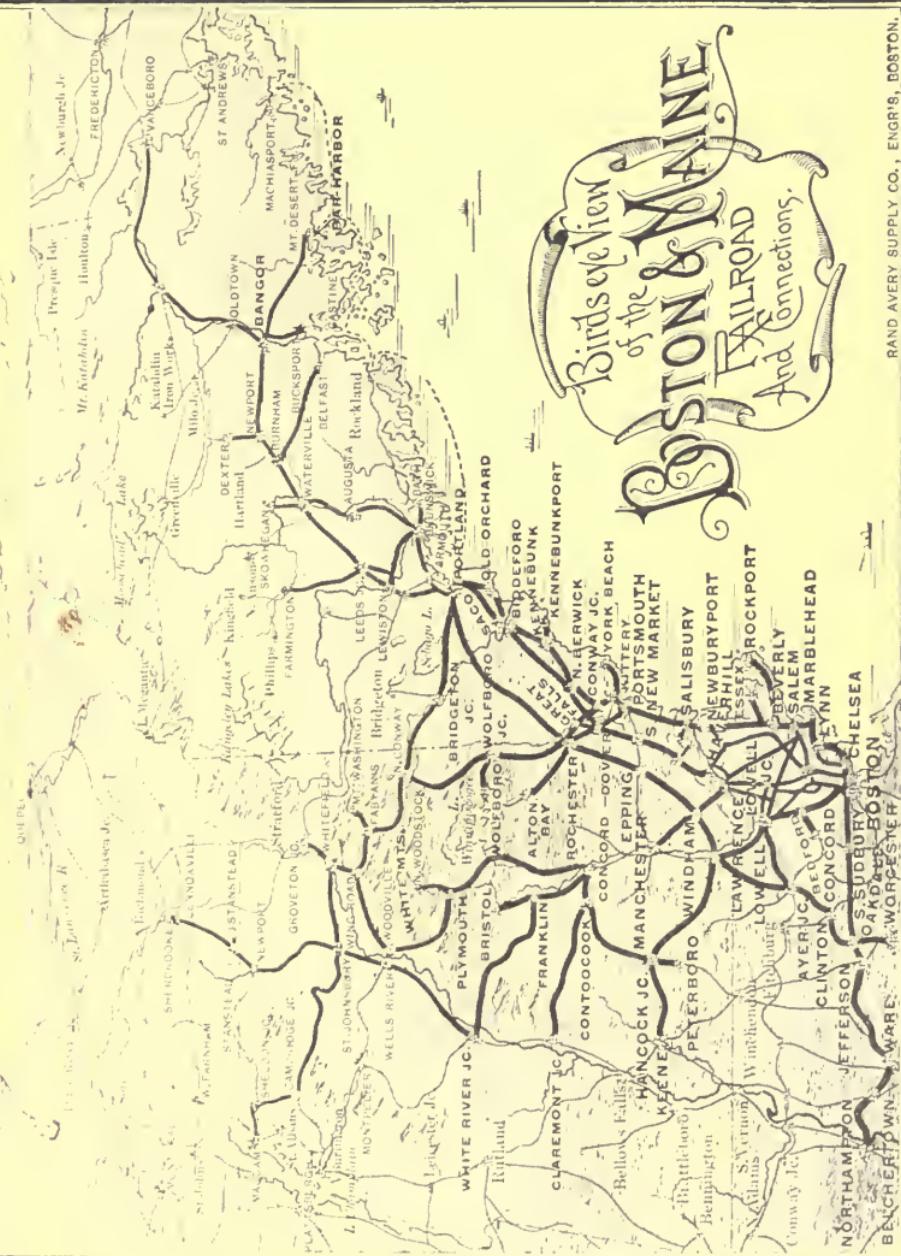
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HERE AND THERE IN NEW ENGLAND
AND CANADA.

ALL ALONG SHORE.

BY

M. F. SWEETSER.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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PASSENGER DEPARTMENT BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.

1889.

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DANA J. FLANDERS.

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INTRODUCTION.

A N eminent American scholar recently said (in substance) that the Creator is making no more New-England sea-coast, and that the shore now available is destined to attain a great value as the best recreation-ground of the continent. Happily placed at the golden mean of latitude, between the heats and lowlands and mosquitoes of more southerly shores, and the excessive cold and bleakness of the farther north, the ocean-fronting towns of New England combine in themselves the most desiderated traits of popular summer-resorts, and are visited each season by augmenting thousands of pilgrims. Especially is this true of the great curves of the coast of Massachusetts Bay and the Gulf of Maine, which are so closely followed and admirably served by the trains of the Boston & Maine Railroad and its eastern connections. Everything that is desirable in sea-shore life may be found in this three thousand miles of northern sea-margin, league-long beaches of shining sands, surf-beaten crags and promontories, islands far secluded in the blue ocean, harbors made picturesque by gray old wharves and storm-beaten ships, famous sea-ports once rich with the commerce of the Indies and the spoils of privateering fleets; rivers winding down from far-away mountains, or cutting their channels through salty prairies of sea-meadows; bays as beautiful as Casco, or Penobscot, or Passamaquoddy; and noble landward adjuncts, from Beacon Hill, in Boston, to the famous mountains of Camden and Mount Desert. It is, moreover, a land made consecrate by the old-time Puritan heroes and the Jesuit missionaries; made illustrious as the home of Longfellow and Whittier, Hawthorne and Prescott, and many other masters in poetry and literature; and made romantically interesting as the scene of colonial wars and exploits, Revolutionary episodes, and the great deeds of our naval and mercantile marine. And to return to the needful and prosaic demands of the nineteenth-century citizen, we shall find all along these beaches and harbors and islands summer resting-places for scores of thousands of people, varying in cost and comfort from the four-dollar-a-day hotels to the four-dollar-a-week farm boarding-houses.

In this book, an endeavor is made to collect a few picturesque facts from the histories of the coast communes, a few bits of legend and poesy, and a series of short and plain descriptions of the chief places of resort on the coast northward from Boston, and as far as Passamaquoddy Bay.

The present little volume is one of the three companion-books issued by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, under the general title of "Here and There in New England and Canada." This work is naturally divided into "All Along Shore," treating of the beaches and islands; "Among the Mountains," dealing with the highlands of New England, from Mount Holyoke, Wachusett, and Monadnock, to the White and Franconia Mountains and Dixville Notch; and "Lakes and Streams," devoted to a consideration of the beautiful inland waters of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, and especially to Winnipesaukee, Sunapee, Moosehead, the Rangeleys, Memphremagog, and the far-away Lake St. John, in Northern Canada. Richly bound and handsomely illustrated, it is hoped that these books may be of service both to actual travellers and to people who are planning for a summer-journey. The Boston & Maine Railroad also issues a little book devoted solely to lists of the hotels and boarding-houses in each of the localities on or near its route, rates of excursions and circular-trips, and the service of its parlor and sleeping cars. It is entitled "Boston & Maine Railroad Summer Excursions." With this practical helper, the cost of an eastern trip, in time and money, may be computed approximately.

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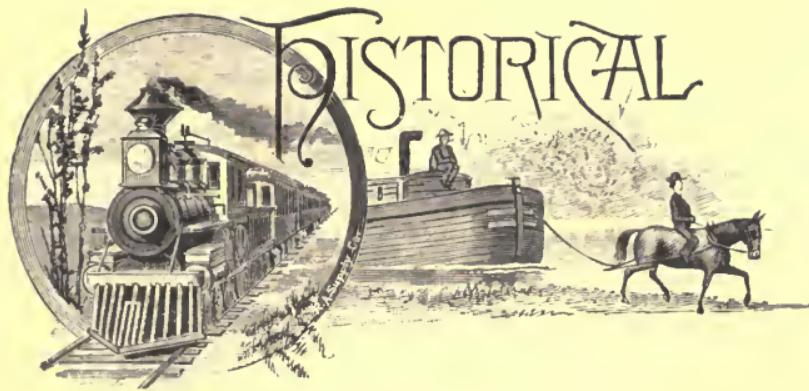
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M. L. WILLIAMS	.	.	Union Station, Portland.				
C. J. WIGGIN	.	.	Commercial Street Station, Portland.				
C. P. WALDRON	.	.	49 Exchange Street, Portland.				

Gems of the Northland, never yet
Have lakes in lovelier valleys set
Glassing the granite and the pines
That mark New Hampshire's mountain line,
And not less fair the winding ways
Of Casco and Penobscot bays.
They seek for happy shores in vain
Who leave the summer isles of Main!
Dances John G. Whittier

1874. 26 May



The Boston & Maine Railroad owes its beginning to the people of Andover, who in 1833 petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature for authority to construct a railroad from near their South-Parish meeting-house to the Boston & Lowell Railroad in Wilmington. The Andover & Wilmington Railroad received a charter in 1833, and took over three years to build its eight miles of track, which was opened in 1836. It was calculated that the new line would inherit the business of the Andover, Haverhill, and Derry stages, amounting annually to 15,681 passengers and 5,700 tons of freight conveyed in baggage-wagons through Andover to Boston, the receipts from these sources aggregating \$23,160.75. Deducting \$2,594.34 to be paid to the Boston & Lowell for toll, \$6,000 for interest on the capital stock of \$100,000, and \$11,708 for salaries and repairs, the net annual profits of the road were expected to amount to \$3,558.41.

The people of Haverhill were unwilling to have Andover surpass them in railway accommodations, and in 1835 they petitioned for authority to extend the line from Andover to "the central village in Haverhill." It reached Bradford on Oct. 6, 1837; and further authority had then already been secured to extend the rails to the frontier of New Hampshire, whose Legislature had also authorized it (June 27, 1835) to be built across their territory. The line reached East Kingston on Jan. 1, 1840; Exeter, June 26, 1840; Newmarket, July 28, 1841; and Dover, Sept. 24, 1841. The Legislature of Maine then authorized its extension into that State, and on Feb. 2, 1843, it reached South Berwick, the branch from Rollinsford to Great Falls being opened July 24, 1843. Having then a line fifty-eight miles long, from Wilmington to South Berwick, the corporation resolved to cut loose from the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and secure an independent line to Boston. The General Court granted this petition March 16, 1844; and by July 1, 1845, trains ran over the new route into the metropolis of Massa-

elussets. The Haymarket-Square station was occupied March 6, 1846. The Medford line went into operation March 1, 1847; and the Methuen Branch, Aug. 27, 1849.

From 1847 to 1871, the Boston & Maine Railroad and the Eastern Railroad enjoyed a joint use of the Portland, Saco & Portsmouth Railroad; and in 1871, when this line terminated its contract, so far as the Boston & Maine was concerned, the latter corporation, unwilling to be left in the woods at South Berwick, built a new route from that point to Portland, opening it Feb. 15, 1873.

The Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad was started as a Salem enterprise, chartered in April, 1836. The Eastern road was opened to Salem on Aug. 27, 1838; to Newburyport, Aug. 28, 1840; and to Portsmouth, Nov. 9, 1840. The Portland, Saco & Portsmouth Railroad opened its whole line Nov. 21, 1842. The terminus was at East Boston (with a ferry to Boston) until 1854, when it opened the station on Causeway Street, in the city proper. The Marblehead Branch went into operation in 1839; the Gloucester Branch, in 1847; the Salisbury Branch, in 1848. In 1853 the Eastern Railroad began operating the South-Reading Branch. The Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway Railroad was completed through to North Conway in June, 1872, and leased to the Eastern. The Eastern Railroad was taken possession of by the Boston & Maine Railroad on Dec. 2, 1884.

The corporation received its title, the Boston & Maine Railroad, from the act of the New-Hampshire Legislature, in 1835; and the Boston & Maine Railroad Company of Massachusetts was created in 1841.

The Boston & Lowell Railroad, now the Southern Division of the Lowell System of the Boston & Maine Railroad, was the first organized and the first commenced of the Boston railroads. The Boston & Lowell road was opened June 27, 1835. In 1857 a new station arose, on Causeway Street, which was replaced by the present fine depot in 1874. The line was composed of "fish-belly" rails, laid on stone sleepers, which rested on parallel sunken walls of masonry. The first locomotive on the route came from Stephenson's works at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and had an English engineer. The Boston & Lowell System, with the exception of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, was taken possession of by the Boston & Maine Railroad on Oct. 11, 1887; and the Manchester & Lawrence Railroad was taken Nov. 21, 1887.

Looking to the farther western lines of this great system, we find that the Worcester & Nashua Railroad was formed Nov. 6, 1846, by the consolidation of a company bearing that name with the Groton & Nashua Railroad. The line was opened from Worcester to Nashua on Dec. 18, 1848; and the Nashua & Rochester Railroad went into operation Nov. 24, 1874, and was consolidated with the Worcester & Nashua on Dec. 1, 1883. The Worcester, Nashua & Rochester Railroad passed under the management of the Boston & Maine on May 1, 1886.

CHAPTER I.

A FAIR START FROM BOSTON.

THE EASTERN AND WESTERN DIVISIONS.—HOW TO GO.—THE SUB-URBAN RIVER.—SOMERVILLE.—CHELSEA.—REVERE BEACH.—THE LYNN MARSHES.—SAUGUS.—THE CITY OF SHOES.—NAHANT.

Southron and Westerner and Europe men we,
But we're all of us Yankees in our loving of thee,
 New England.

AND so it has come about that this summer's trip is to lead us down the famous coast of New England, around Massachusetts Bay and the Gulf of Maine, and through a score of quaint old sea-ports, the fading little Tyres and Sidons of the West, full of legend and romance, and surrounded by far-reaching sapphire seas.

If we prefer to get a whiff of inland air, and a panorama of the rocky hills of Middlesex and Essex, the Merrimac Valley, and ancient Exeter and Dover, and at the same time secure the most direct route for Kennebunkport and Old Orchard, we shall take the express-train on the Western Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, at the terminal station of that great corporation, on Haymarket Square, Boston. But if our destination is Lynn or Salem, Swampscott or Marblehead, Cape Ann or Newburyport, Hampton or Rye, Portsmouth or the Isles of Shoals, Kittery Point or York Beach, we shall make our way to the station of the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, on Causeway Street, Boston. If the journey is to extend to Portland, or beyond, either Western or Eastern Division may be used, as each of them runs to Portland. Or the coast may be followed more closely by going by the Eastern Division as far as North Berwick, in Maine (where the two divisions cross each other), and thence following the line of the shore by the Western Division, which, from this point northward, is nominally the Western Division, but geographically the eastern division.

Having comfortably arranged our travelling *impedimenta*, and settled down in an easy place in the Pullman car, or in one of the almost equally comfortable passenger-cars, the signal for starting is awaited, as we study the faces and traits of our travelling neighbors, and think complacently of the glorious journey ahead.

On leaving the terminal station in Boston, the train moves out over the network of railway bridges that cross and almost hide the Charles.

River. The tall spars of three-masted schooners and the trim rigging of provincial brigs appear on either side, cheek by jowl with bustling locomotives, and trains bound for Saratoga or Montreal or Western New England. The grim State Prison of Massachusetts frowns down, in its cold granite sternness, on the right: and on the other side tower the many factory-chimneys of East Cambridge. The populous hills of Charlestown next appear, and long continue in sight, as if they are some magnetic mountain-range, from which our Pullman train vainly endeavors to escape.

For a considerable distance the route lies through the eastern part of Somerville, a city of about 35,000 inhabitants, with its famous old powder-house, built by a French Huguenot in 1704, and despoiled of its military stores in 1774 by 260 British troops: its memorial battery on Central Hill, in proud memory of the 40 officers and 1,095 soldiers sent hence to the Civil War; its parks and public library, and other fine buildings. On the west, across a vast park of freight-cars, rises the low black dome of the McLean Asylum for the Insane, which has been in successful operation for upwards of seventy years. Beyond the limits of Somerville, the line runs out on the broad meadows of the Mystic, and crosses that river on a long bridge, with attractive views to the westward, up to the distant hills on which rise the halls of Tufts College, with "the most perfect campanile in America."

Next come the salt-marshes of Everett, a quiet little suburban town of recent formation, many of whose people do business in Boston. Here the Saugus Branch swings off to the left, towards the Middlesex Fells and the rocky hills of Malden. Another wide curve of the track, around the radial point of Bunker-Hill Monument, and the city of Chelsea is reached, with its thirty thousand inhabitants, its famous potteries, and various manufactories. On the right, across a tidal lagoon, rises the United-States Naval Hospital: and on the other side, high up on Powder-Horn Hill, stands the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home, maintained by popular contributions as a *hôtel des invalides* for worn-out veterans of the late war. It was while passing the Chelsea soldiers' monument in the train that Longfellow made his droll epigram:

"The soldier asked for bread,
But they waited till he was dead,
And gave him a stone instead,
Sixty and one feet high!"

But the beautiful home on the heights above Chelsea removes the sting from this verse, now.

Rounding Powder-Horn Hill, the train speeds away across the pictur-esque marshes in the town of Revere, with the summer-hotels on Revere Beach not far away, and connected with the main line by a branch from just east of the station. Broad expanses of blue sea are visible beyond. Farther out, rising from the ocean, is the peninsula of Nahant, with its many trees and cottages and spires.

Beyond Chelsea, the Grand-Junction Railroad crosses our line, running clear around Boston, from South Boston to East Boston, and used for the transfer of vast amounts of freight, uniting, as it does, nearly all the railway lines that enter "the hub of the universe." Then come glimpses of Revere's church-spire, the house-crowned ridge of Orient Heights, and the junction at Revere, whence a branch line runs down to deep tide-water at East Boston.

On the wide desert of salt-marshes beyond is the pleasant grove of Oak Island, sacred to picnics and athletic sports; and the train rushes through its grateful shade, and past the long platforms, and so on again to the open levels beyond.

Along the Lynn marshes grow great patches of samphire, green in summer and red in autumn, and used by the country-people for pickles or salads. The gray-green salt-grass waves along the labyrinthine streams that traverse the lowlands, and over the beach's rim gleams the silvery line of the sea. At the Point of Pines, the great hotel lifts its red-and-olive walls above the trees, marking the site of various Bombardments of Tunis, Battles of New Orleans, and other admirable excursion-objects for Boston stay-at-homes.

On the left, the tall spire of the East-Saugus church rises from the edge of the marshes, in the old town where the first American iron-works began operations, in 1642, and ran for nearly fifty years, making "iron as good as Spanish;" where dwelt Thomas Hudson, a lineal descendant of the illustrious Capt. Hendrick Hudson; where, from the rock now marked with a memorial tablet, Maj. Appleton of Ipswich, in 1687, directed the people to take up arms against Sir Edmund Andros; where Fanny Fern received her education, in the long-obsolete Saugus Academy, when Felton, afterwards president of Harvard College, was the school's chore-boy; where Dolly Sweetser taught a young Virginian privateer's man how to read, and for years he grew in grace, amid these solitudes, and became the great evangelist of sailors, Father Taylor. Southward from Saugus, the eye follows the rugged hills of Malden, fading away toward the Mystic Valley.

Just ahead glimmer the lines of small white houses which Lynn is throwing out like a skirmish-line along the impracticable marsh. Here

"Below, meandering Saugus seeks the shore,
And broad-wing'd gulls above the current soar."

Soon after crossing Saugus River, we find our train whirling through the great city of shoes, crossing wide streets lined with brick blocks, and pausing in the station of Lynn, one-quarter of whose fifty thousand people are engaged in the making of shoes, turning out an annual product of above twenty million dollars in value. If time allowed, we might find it interesting to visit its handsome city-hall, the statue-crowned soldiers' monument, the Common, the beautiful memorial church of St. Stephen, the far-viewing High Rock, the Lakes of Lynn,

Pine-Grove Cemetery, Dungeon Rock, and other local lions. Or we could drive down by Nahant Street and Ocean Street and Sagamore Hill, where many handsome villas of Boston merchants and other summer-visitors adorn the rocky shore which stretches from Nahant Beach to Swampscott. And public carriages make frequent trips along the isthmus-strand to Nahant, with its many beaches and caverns and sea-beaten rocks, the "cold-roast Boston," where the oldest families of the Puritan city find congenial summer-homes, with but little molestation from hotel-people. About that half-islanded town, anchored in the ocean, cling a host of memories of Hawthorne and Emerson, Longfellow and Whittier, Agassiz and Webster, Prescott and Motley, Howells and Lowell, and other great men.

Just beyond Lynn the train comes within sight of the ocean again, and the dark round tower which belongs to the Swampscott water-works. A branch line sweeps off to the right, to the beach-stations between Swampscott and Marblehead.

Nor can we end this chapter better than with a few couplets from Longfellow's poem, "The Bells of Lynn, heard at Nahant."

"O curfew of the setting sun! O Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O Bells of Lynn!"

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening-wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant light-house bears, and with his flailing signal
Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!"

CHAPTER II.

SWAMPSCOTT.

COOL AND SALTY BREEZES.—OLD TIMES.—FISHERMEN'S BEACH.—
WHALE'S BEACH.—PHILLIPS BEACH.—BEACH BLUFF.—CLIFTON.

TOURISTS bound for the hotels and villas along Fishermen's and Whale's Beaches, and in the village proper, get off the train at Swampscott station, on the main line, whence a great number and variety of public conveyances run to the points above-mentioned. The Beach-Bluff station is the place to alight for the Hotel Preston; Clifton station, for the Clifton and Crowninshield; and Devréenx station, for the Devereux Mansion, and for Marblehead Neck by carriage.

Swampscott is practically a maritime ward of Boston, a dainty summer-home for hundreds of merchants and business-men and their families, within half an hour of State Street, on the symmetrical sweep of a magnificent bay, open to the sea and the fairest views of distant shores. Nowhere are there more attractive beaches, or fairer outlooks, or sweeter ocean-air,—the pure and bracing atmosphere of the famous North Shore. The cool and salty breezes of this peninsula send the blood tingling through the veins, and set the cheeks to glowing, and tranquillize the nerves,—at once buffeting and healing. Here you need warm wraps even for August evenings.

Another pleasing trait of Swampscott is found in quick contrasts of shore, from the rocky border of Black-Will's Cliff and Lincoln-House Point and Galloupe's Point to the level sands of the three intervening beaches,—Fishermen's, Whale's, and Phillips,—each of them just long enough for capital landscape effect; and back along the hills, among the ledges, are forests of evergreens and dales rich in many flowers, and here and there glimpses of the surrounding Atlantic.

The atmospheric changes along this coast are full of delicacy and fascination, with their gray days and mirages, middle tones and clouds of pearl and ash, and the vivid blue of serene days, with the shores of Nahant and Egg Rock and Nantasket, and the Milton Hills, clear in the crystal light.

The Somerset-Club and Papini people make merry here all the live-long summer, with their exclusive parties, yachting, coaching, moonlight riding, concerts, amateur theatricals and minstrelsy, tennis, and dancing in all its varieties. These charming Priscillas and Dorotheas

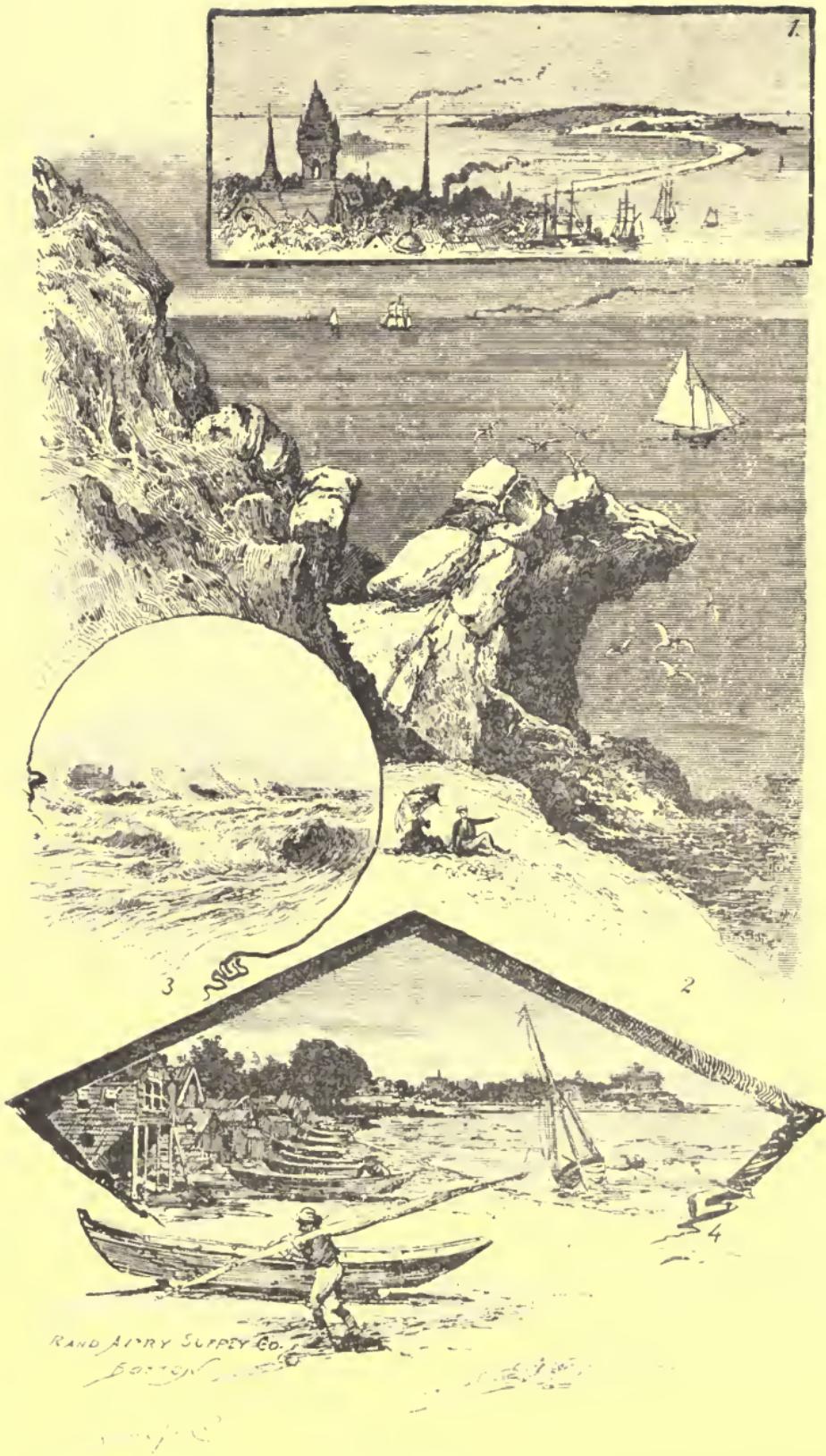
are sublimely reckless of the ancient local laws, among which appear these: "No garment shall be made with short sleeves, and such as have garments with short sleeves shall not wear the same unless they cover the arms to the wrist."—"No person who is not worth two hundred pounds shall wear any gold or silver lace, or any silk hose or scarfs."

A spirited local writer dryly remarks that "Boston is exceedingly fortunate in being so near to Swampscott, for Boston's aristocracy never appears at its best except when seen on Swampscott's pictur-esque shores."

The contrasts between the old and the new—the fishing-hamlet of a half-century ago, and the patrician summer-resort of today—afford interesting studies, and give piquancy to the place. Away back in 1830, Ann. Betsy Blaney began to take summer-boarders for three dollars a week, in a house that was built in 1656. In later years, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, Thurlow Weed and Wendell Phillips, Gen. Sherman and Phillips Brooks, became frequent visitors here; and also various members of the Lawrence and Saltonstall and Curtis families.

The town was once mainly supported by its fishing-fleet, but this hazardous industry has now faded into insignificance, and the fleet contains only a dozen schooners, whose anchorage-ground is off Fishermen's (or Blaney's) Beach. But the maritime character of the people has in no manner been modified, and many a famous yacht-captain, like Mart. Stone, of the *Mayflower*, may be met in the Fishermen's-Club *soirées*.

Approaching the village from the Lynn or the Swampscott station, along a street traversed by the horse-cars, you first pass the Soldiers' Monument, with the Mudge estate on one side, and on the other a glorious view of the sea. Thence the road runs eastward for a long way, lined by cottages and boarding-houses, their backs within a few feet of high cliffs, whose bases the ocean perpetually beats. Then the street passes for half a mile along the edge of Fishermen's Beach, with its clusters of fish-houses, old boats, drying nets, and other paraphernalia of the sea. Across the wide and level strand, the waves are seen dancing in the broad bay towards Egg Rock and Nahant; and on the rocky eastern headland—Lincoln-House Point—stands a great hotel, almost exclusively occupied by Bostonians. On and near this promontory are the Gaston, Curtis, Jewell, and other cottages. Then the street comes out on Whale's Beach, with the Ocean House on one side, and on the other the open sands and their fringe of surf, and a line of handsome villas, stretching away to Gallupe's Point, their grounds running down to the high-tide mark. The bold and rock-bound promontory that projects southward into the sea beyond is occupied by a number of aristocratic villas, each with its blue vistas of sea and sky. On the outer point, beyond the wave-swept rocks, amid which there is perpetual sea-music, lie the treacherous reefs of Dread Ledge.



1. Nahant, from Lynn. 2. Cliffs at Nahant. 3. Breakers at Swampscott.
4. Fishermen's Bay, Swampscott.

Out on Little's Point is a cluster of beautiful modern villas, on a high, sea-viewing plateau, and surrounded by well-groomed grounds. Among them are "Red Gables," the home of Mrs. Grace A. Oliver; "Blythewood," James L. Little's place; "Briergate," belonging to John Mason Little; "Grasshead," "Beachend," and other picturesque semi-colonial mansions.

Beyond Galloupe's and Little's Points, the long strand of Phillips Beach bends away to the north-east, with its bright sands fringed by an ever-shifting line of white breakers. Near the farther end rises the rocky headland of Beach Bluff, commanding (if we may believe Maury, of the Coast Survey) the noblest view on the eastern coast of the United States. Here stand the Hotel Preston and The Uplands, with other houses and cottages back toward the railroad.

The Clifton House, near the Clifton station, is the oldest hotel on the North Shore, and dates its origin from the year 1846. It stands on high ground, over a bold and rocky shore, and commands a succession of noble views, including Phillips Point, Nahant, the long gray line of the South Shore, and a limitless area of Massaehusetts Bay, with the shipping of Boston moving to and fro. A colony of cottages adjoins the pleasant grounds of the Clifton; and a casino affords the social and amusement centre for the people of the vicinity. Just beyond, near the Devereux station, and now used as a summer boarding-house, is the Devereux Mansion, where Longfellow wrote "The Fire of Driftwood":—

"We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The light-house, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown."

CHAPTER III.

MARBLEHEAD.

ABBOTT HALL.—ANCIENT MANSIONS.—BARNEGAT.—THE FADING DIALECT.—AGNES SURRIAGE.—SHOE-MAKING.—ST. MICHAEL'S.—FATHER TAYLOR.—YACHTSMEN'S PARADISE.—LOWELL ISLAND.—MARBLEHEAD NECK.—RIVERHEAD BEACH.—THE NANEPASHEMET.

IMMEDIATELY beyond Devereux station, the Swampscott Branch finds its terminal point at Marblehead, the famous old sea-port, in long-past times a hornet's nest of privateers. Another branch railroad runs from this point to Salem, a few miles distant along the coast.

Marblehead, the birthplace of Vice-President Elbridge Gerry, the recruiting-ground for the victorious crew of the *Constitution* and the famous Amphibious Regiment (14th Massachusetts) of the Continental Army, the scene of Whittier's poem of "Skipper Treson's Ride," lies out on a bare and rocky promontory in Massachusetts Bay, with a snug little harbor on one side, across which rise the summer-cottages and hotels of Marblehead Neck. The harbor is a mile long, and a third of a mile wide, with deep water at all tides, and a safe shelter from all storms. For a few days in each decade it is frozen over, but this contingency does not affect the hundreds of yachtsmen who make it their summer headquarters.

About this rocky strand poesy has woven some of its fairest chaplets, like Bensel's "A Marblehead Legend," Longfellow's "The Fire of Driftwood," Lillie Barr's "Captain Morrow's Thanksgiving," Lucy Larcom's

"Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes;"

and John W. Chadwick's "By the Sea-shore:"

"Far out at sea,
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine!"

In the town, the strange old streets wind around the hillsides and close among the dark colonial houses, with many an unexpected turn

and pitch and angle. Whoever would rightly comprehend this labyrinth of antiquity, unequalled elsewhere on our coast, should read the little "Guide to Marblehead" prepared by Samuel Roads, jun., one of the best-known of modern Marbleheaders. Herein also are interesting chapters on the ever-visible geology and the Indian forts and antiquities, and the stories of scores of venerable houses.

The most conspicuous building of the town, its tower a landmark over land and sea for many leagues, is Abbott Hall, a rather imposing brick edifice on Washington Square, given to the town by Benjamin Abbott, born here in 1796, and died in Boston in 1872. On the lower floor are the town-offices, and also the public library and free reading-room, with their valuable and interesting historic paintings (including Willard's "Yankee Doodle; or, the Spirit of '76"). The second story contains a public hall, for twelve hundred auditors, with a portrait of Mr. Abbott. Higher up comes the belfry, with its magnificent views over half the Massachusetts coast.

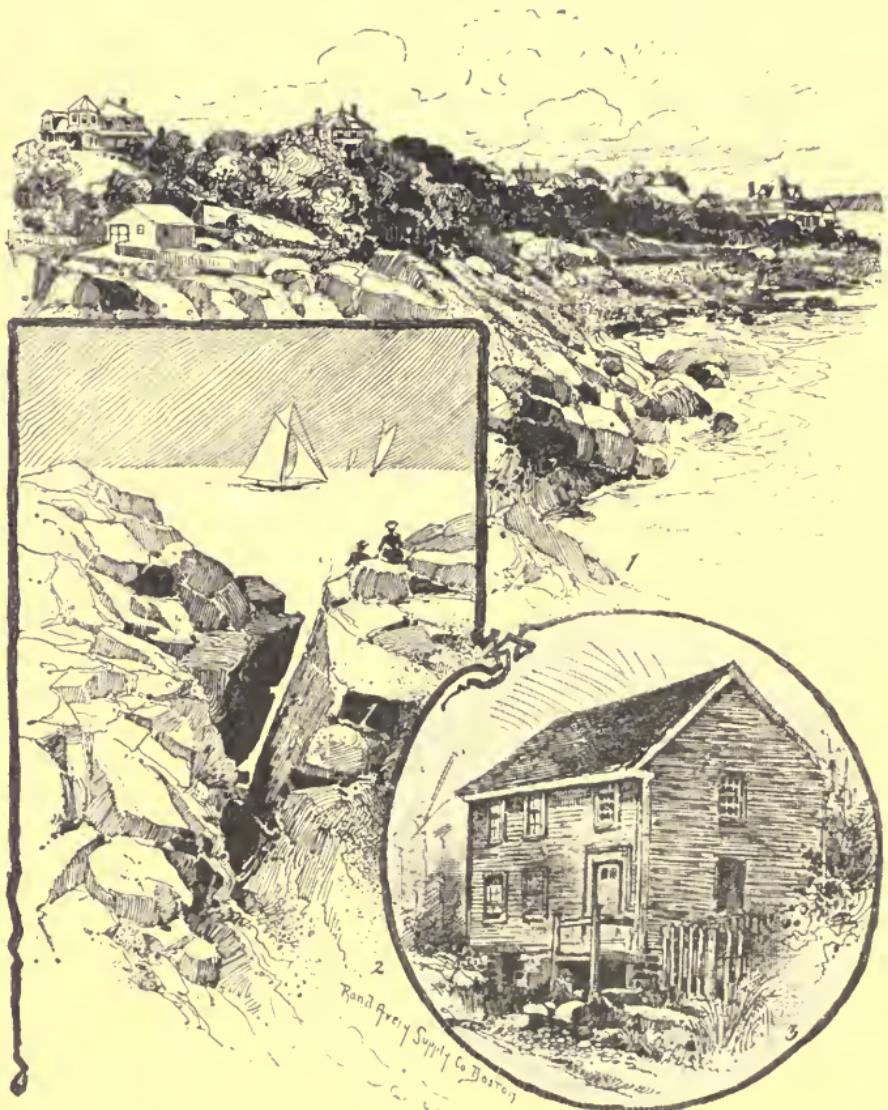
The mansion built by Col. Jeremiah Lee, in 1768, with materials imported from England, and at a cost of £10,000, still remains, on Washington Street, and is occupied by the Marblehead National and Savings banks. The main hall is wainscotted with mahogany, and has cornices and balustrades of the same costly material, richly carved and decorated. In this house Washington and Lafayette, Jackson and Monroe, have been honored guests.

The old mansion of the famous "King Hooper," with its rich and quaint wood-carvings, is on Hooper Street. Next door stands the grim little building of the Grand Bank, built of the granite which underlies its foundations. The birthplace of Elbridge Gerry is at the corner of Washington and Pickett Streets. On Washington Street, near State, stands the old town-hall, built in 1727, and in whose forum the patriot orators of 1776 made their appeals to the people. In this Faneuil Hall of Marblehead, the local company of light infantry assembled before going to Boston Common, in April, 1861, the very first company of American militia to report for duty in answer to President Lincoln's call for troops.

Among the other old houses, are that of Capt. John Schman (on Selman Street), who captured Prince-Edward Island, in 1775, and on being reproved by Washington threw up his commission; that of Com. Samuel Tucker, of the Continental Navy, who took more prizes and fought more sea-fights than any other naval hero of the age; the birthplace of Chief-Justice Joseph Story; Gen. John Glover's house, papered after the war with Continental money; the old tavern into which the British frigate *Lively* plumped several cannon-balls, in 1775; the custom-house, weather-beaten and venerable as the rocks about it; Floyd Ireson's house; the house in Darling Street where sat "Hannah binding shoes," the pirate's house, evacuated in a hurry, with vast treasures, when its treacherous owner heard that the king's men were

after him; the old house on Training-field Hill, in which lived Michael Bowden, the loyalist, whose domicile was stormed by the angry populace.

The little black house perched up on the rocks, on Front Street, near Tucker Street, is the oldest in town, bearing date from before



1. Peach's Point, Marblehead. 2. Chasin, Marblehead Neck.
3. Tucker house, built 1640.

1650, and moored to a stone chimney of huge dimensions. Front Street follows the harbor-line to Fort Sewall, an abandoned and useless stronghold, with locked casemates and dungeons, and crumbling walls. The paternal government of the republic allows Marblehead to use the old defense as a public park.

One day during the War of 1812, three British men-of-war chased the frigate *Constitution* into Marblehead Harbor, and would have captured her there, but that the men of the village rushed to the fort and from its guns poured such a torrent of singular missiles at the royalist ships that they wore about and put to sea.

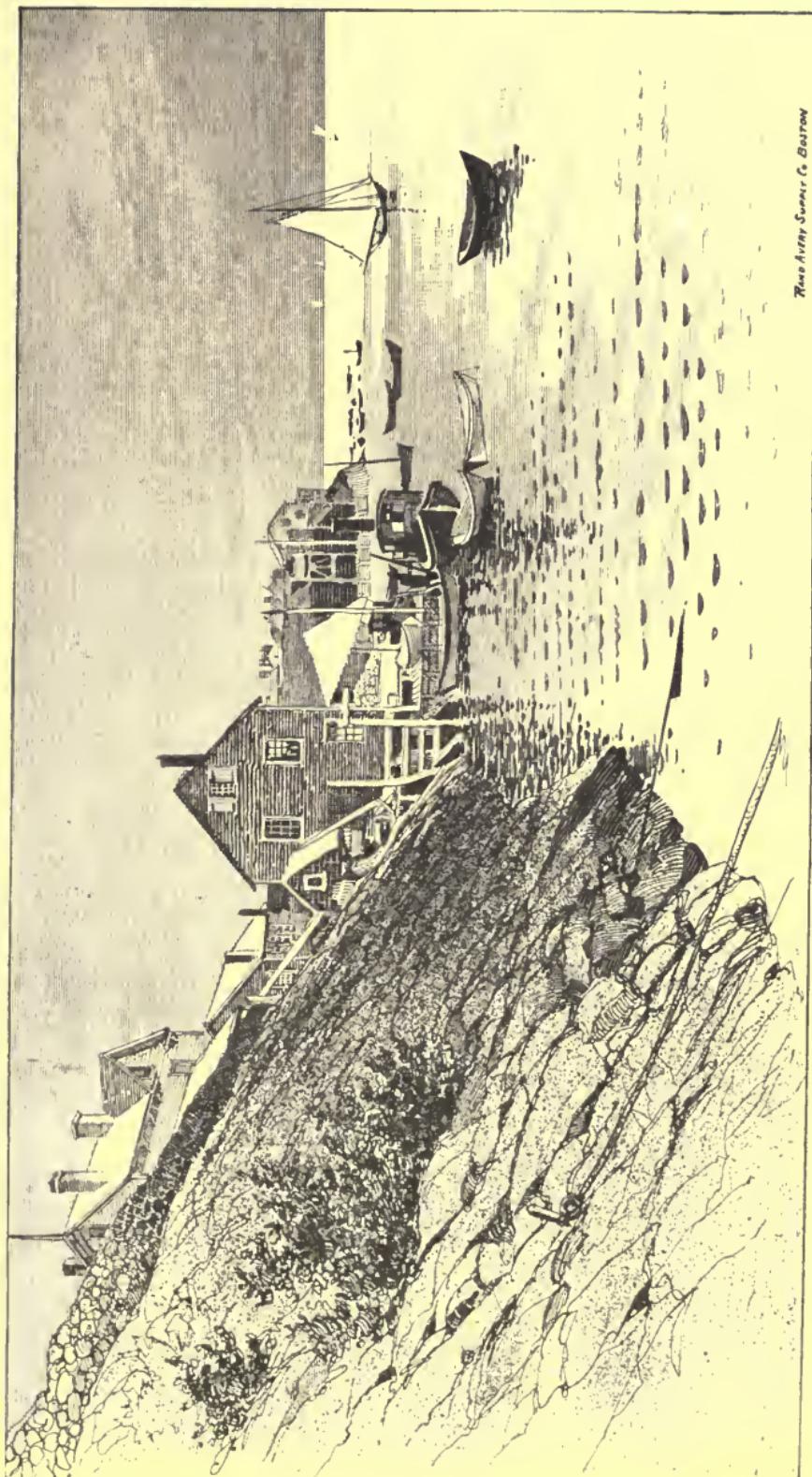
The old part of the town, where survive the memories of the stalwart men of Jersey and Guernsey who founded this old-time fishing-colony, is remote from the railway, and bears the odd title of Barnegat. Here the lanes wander around between the rocks, and the houses face every way, and the people "crim" when the winter winds blow, and are sometimes "grouty," and "squeal" rocks at unsuspecting cats. The remarkable Marblehead dialect, composed of idioms from the Channel Islands and the west of England, whence most of the original settlers came, has now wellnigh vanished, and is preserved only in "Agnes Surriage" and "Skipper Ireson's Ride," with its refrain :

"Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt,
Tor'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corr
By the women o' Morble'ead."

From the water-front you may clamber up Shinbone Alley to its head, where the Fountain Inn used to stand, and where the noble Frankland first saw Agnes Surriage, the rosy village-beauty, barefooted and on her knees, scrubbing the floor. Near by is the corner that has always been known by the Marbleheaders, for some occult reason, as "Nowhere;" and in the same quarter the ancient cemetery spreads along the hill-top, with the grave of Lattimore, dated 1690; that of Peter Dixey, a mariner so ignorant that he sounded all the way from England to Marblehead; and various locally distinguished Reads and Dixons and Lees, and others. On the highest point, occupying the place of the old meeting-house, is a tall monument commemorating the Marblehead victims of the storm of September 19th, 1846, on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, when sixty-five fishermen from this town were engulfed, "leaving forty-three widows and one hundred and fifty-five fatherless children."

The view from the burying-ground includes a vast area of sea and shore, and the old salts of the village delight in coming up hither, to smoke their pipes, and look off on the blue plain and its islands and sails. On the high bluff near by stood Fort Washington, a defensive work of the Revolutionary era.

Sojourners at Marblehead should carefully read Byner's capital historical romance of "Agnes Surriage," founded on Sir Harry Frankland's singular adventures here, in the old Provincial days, and containing most brilliant descriptions of the ancient town and its ways. Frankland's grandfather was Oliver Cromwell's great-grandson, and his father was governor of the East-India Company in 1716, when Harry was born, in Bengal. In later years he was an intimate friend of



From Avery's *Summer in Boston*

TUCKER'S WHARF, MARBLEHEAD.

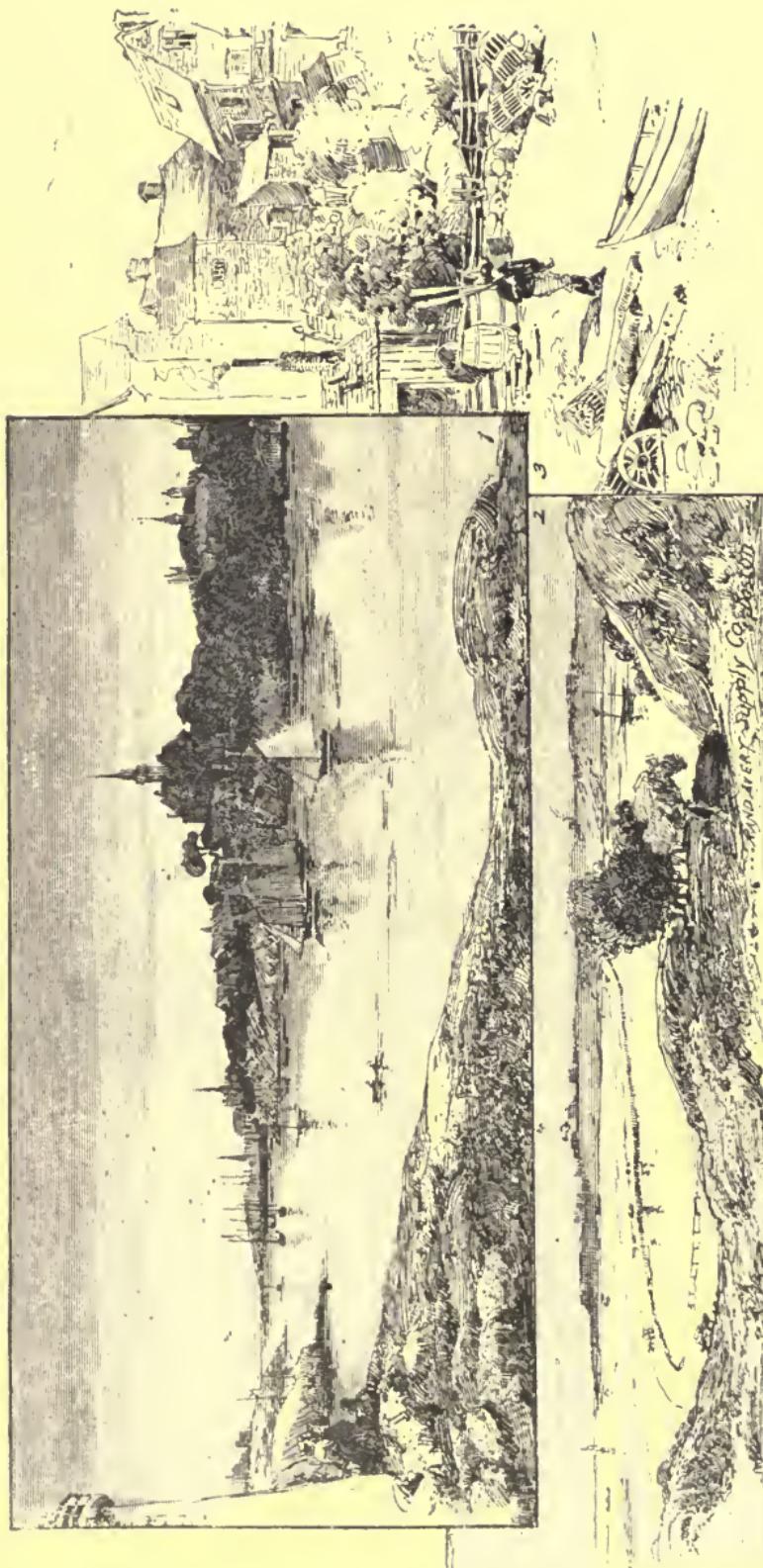
Walpole, Fielding, and Chesterfield (the latter of whom he greatly resembled); yet destiny gave his fate into the hands of a Marblehead fisherman's daughter.

Near the site of the Fountain Inn (at whose well romantic visitors may drink) is the "Old Brig" house, long ago the home of Edward Dimond, the famous wizard and sea-captain, whose ship's decks at morning were often found heaped high with fish, caught by goblins during the night. It is a matter of tradition that Moll Pitcher, the fortune-teller of Lynn, was Dimond's daughter, born in the "Old Brig."

Shoe-making has always been an important industry of the town, for when the fishing-fleets came home in the late autumn, their mariners settled down for the winter at this more comfortable work; and every Marblehead home had its little one-story shop near by, perched on the crags, or nestling in the yard. Here the master of the family spent the winter making shoes by hand, the while over his lapstone he discussed with his neighbors the politics of the day, or told marvellous stories of the sea and its perils. The fisheries have long since passed away, and the connected industry has developed into the chief business of the town, its broader and more scientific development taking the form of complex labor-saving machinery, in great buildings, and with battalions of trained workmen. This industry suffered great losses by fires, in 1877 and 1888, which swept away all the district of shoe-factories.

Cotton Mather says that when a Puritan minister preached to the Marbleheaders, exhorting them to be a religious people, lest the purpose of the foundation of Massachusetts should be frustrated, a fisherman spoke up: "Sir, you are mistaken. You think you are preaching to the people at the Bay. Our main end is to catch fish." These men were without government for nearly half a century, because in Massachusetts no one but church-members could hold office; and Marblehead had no church-members. Her people came here for fish and fight, and their chief luxury was a glass of grog and a pipeful of "dog-leg" or "pig-tail." But they were an honest and fearless tribe,—sturdy, generous, and warmhearted.

Old St. Michael's, the third Episcopal church in Massachusetts (coming after King's Chapel, Boston, and Queen Anne's Chapel, Newbury), was built in 1714, of materials brought from England, and the stanch oak timbers from the mother-land still uphold the edifice, which was refitted in 1888, and provided with a number of beautiful memorial windows of stained glass, one of them presented by the Senate of Massachusetts. The chandelier was given by "John Elbridge, esq., of ye city of Bristol, 1732;" the reredos in the chancel came also from English benefactors; and some of the trees in the church-yard were brought from Canterbury. The royal arms were torn down from the reredos and destroyed by Marblehead patriots, who also rang the church-bell until it fell to pieces.



IN AND AROUND MARBLEHEAD.

1. Marblehead Harbor, with the point of the Neck.
2. Causeway, connecting Marblehead Neck with the mainland.
3. In the old fishing-town.

It was at Marblehead, in 1819, that the young Methodist preacher, afterwards world-renowned under the title of Father Taylor, came down to save a sinking church, and found an unexpected reward in the lovely Deborah Millett, who became his wife, the famous Mother Taylor of the next fifty years. Looking across one day from the cliffs of Nahant to the gray houses of Marblehead, the great evangelist jubilantly cried out: "*There I found a jewel.*"

Of all the smaller harbors on the coast, this is the favorite haven of yachtsmen, and on the blue sea outside are the best courses for racing. For the last few years these waters have been visited by the best yachts in the world, *Volunteer*, *Mayflower*, *Puritan*, *Priscilla*, *Genesta*, *Galatea*, lying at anchor in the snug little harbor for days, and then spreading to the breeze vast clouds of snowy canvas, and stretching to



FORT SEWALL, MARBLEHEAD.

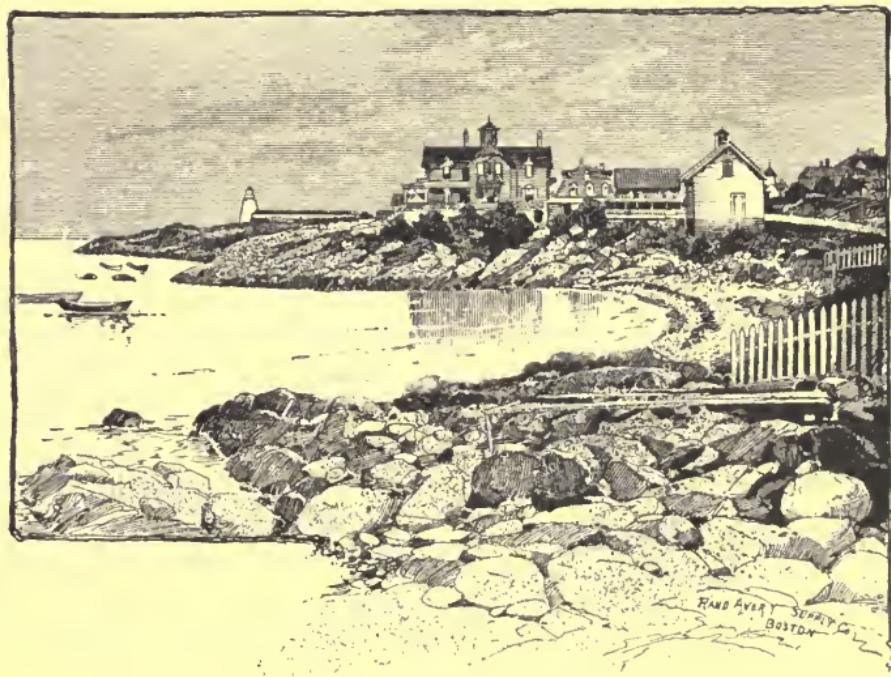
seaward until they sink below the distant horizon. Three large yacht-clubs have their houses on this harbor,—the Eastern, the Corinthian, and the Bay-View (the latter being on Goodwin's Head).

On the east end of the Marblehead peninsula, at Peach's Point, Benjamin W. Crowninshield has established a village of summer-cottages, with pleasant grounds. Farther around, at Nangus Head, are the remains of a fortress, built during the Civil War, and overlooking Salem Harbor.

A little over a mile outside of Marblehead Light is Lowell Island, with its great building, designed and for some years used as a summer-hotel, having been erected by the Lowell Railroad to draw summer-travel over their route. It was latterly purchased by Frederick H.

Rindge, of California (formerly of Cambridge), and endowed as a sanitarium for convalescent children of poor families, under the care of Episcopalian sisters.

Marblehead Neck, the fashionable summer-resort and the headquarters of the Eastern Yacht-Club, lifts its half-league of rocky hills to the eastward of the ancient town, across the harbor, and towards the open sea. Lying thus between the harbor and the ocean, it is all but an island, being joined to the mainland only by the low isthmus of Riverhead Beach, nearly a mile long. A capital road encircles the entire domain, and runs out as far as the light-house on the extreme point, affording one of the grandest drive-ways on the coast. The views include the quaint old town and gray wharves of Marblehead,



DISTANT VIEW OF MARBLEHEAD LIGHT.

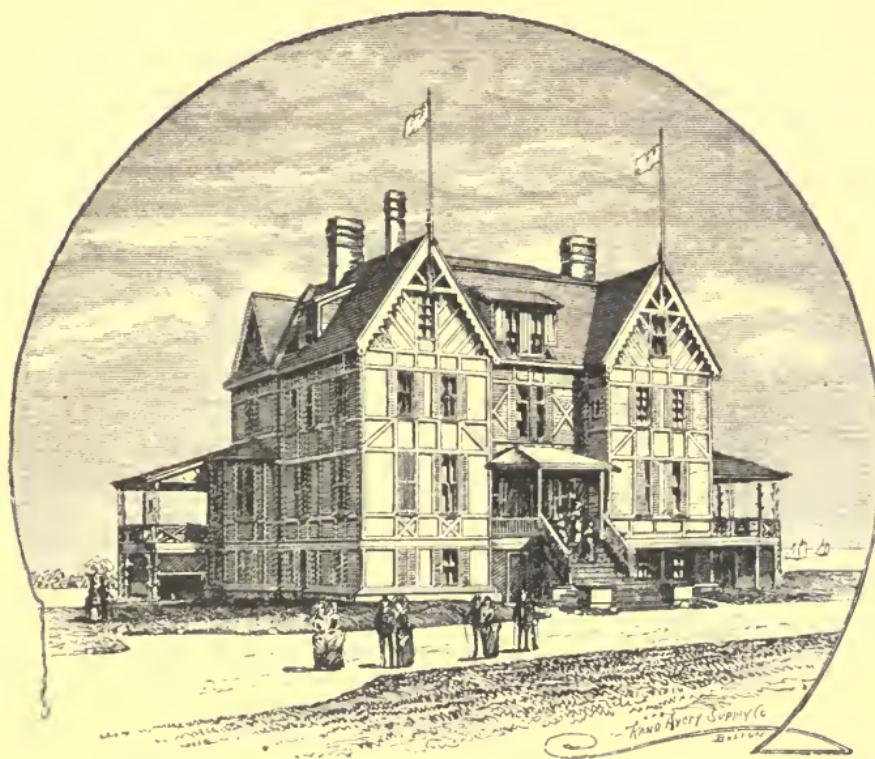
with Beverly and Manchester, Magnolia and Gloucester, beyond, and across the Misery and Baker's Islands; while toward the south appear Nahant, Egg Rock, Lynn, the outer guards of Boston Harbor, and the noble Blue Hills of Milton.

The peninsula is composed of trap-rock, with strata and bowlders of porphyry, quartz, and inferior granite. The area is two hundred and sixty acres, a bleak and almost treeless tract, amid which the cottages stand unrelieved, save by the sapphire background of the sea.

The causeway which forms the stem to the great pear-shaped peninsula was built on a sandy bar, broken through in the Minot's-Ledge storm, when the harbor was wellnigh ruined. In driving across, the

roaring of the sea, the beautiful views over the waters, and the smell of kelp and sea-weed give continual pleasure.

The Nanepashemet, the chief hotel, occupies an admirable situation high on the bluff over the sea, and commanding views of vast extent and unrivalled beauty. The name of this hostelry was that of the ancient Indian chieftain of this region. Henry Guy Carleton says that but one man ever tried to pronounce it, and he died the day after, of a broken jaw. The hotel is one mile from Devereux station, on the Swampscott Branch (seventeen miles from Boston); and public conveyances run each way to and from trains. A steam ferry-boat also plies between Marblehead and the Neck, crossing the little harbor.



EASTERN YACHT-CLUB HOUSE, MARBLEHEAD NECK.

Among scores of cottages along the Neck are the summer-residences of several distinguished men, who find in this retreat true recreation and repose. There are also many handsome estates which are leased every season to families from the cities; and a few small boarding-houses, out on the point toward the light-house. Off this cape lies Marblehead Rock, whereon the old-time fishermen used to cast small coins, when outward bound, to ensure good luck and a full fare.

Among the interesting localities are Castle Rock, with its magnificent marine view; the Churn, with its remarkable surf effects; Elephant Rock; and other phenomena of the shore. On the harbor

side are the great villas of Charles W. Parker and Frank Peabody, of Boston; and also the summer-home of Edward Burgess, the famous designer of yachts. Maj. D. H. Follett, of the Massachusetts artillery, has a charming place at Point o' Neck, beyond the Livermore and Walter H. Sweet places. One of the most elegant estates on the Neck pertains to Mrs. Kimball, of Salem, with its flower-lined road leading from Ocean Avenue. On the harbor side are the great admiralty houses of the Eastern Yacht-Club and the Corinthian Club, gay with pennons and banners, and frequented by the most expert yachtsmen in the world.

Let us leave Marblehead with a verse or two of Chadwick's "By the Sea-shore:"

"The curvéd strand
Of cool, gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
The tide is low,
But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet,
With twinkling feet,
Hurry and seurry to and fro,
And sip, and chat
Of this and that
Which you and I may never know.

Each higher wave
Doth touch and lave
A million pebbles smooth and bright;
Straightway they grow
A beauteous show,
With hues unknown before bedight.

High up the beach,
Far out of reach
Of common tides that ebb and flow,
The drift-wood's heap
Doth record keep
Of storms that perished long ago.

Where ends the beach,
The cliffs upreach
Their lichen-wrinkled foreheads old;
And here I rest,
While all the west
Grows brighter with the sunset's gold."

CHAPTER IV.

SALEM.

THE INDIAN CORN-FIELDS.—ASIATIC COMMERCE.—FAMOUS SALEMITES.—THE SIDON OF AMERICA.—BIRTHPLACE OF HAWTHORNE.—ST. PETER'S.—VAST COLLECTIONS OF RARE CURIOSITIES.—FIVE SOCIAL STRATA.—THE WILLOWS.—SALEM HARBOR AND ITS ISLANDS.—SALEM TUNNEL.—BEVERLY.

TURNING back refreshed from our marine excursion down the shores of Swampscott and Marblehead, we may go forward again on the main line of railroad, from Swampscott, across a singularly arid and inhospitable region of low rocky hills, solemn evergreens, blue waters of ponds and streams, secluded farms, and vast gray and lichen-covered ledges. If we do not wish to return from Marblehead by the Swampscott Branch, we may ride direct to Salem by the Marblehead Branch, entering the main line near the deep cut at Castle Hill. anon we approach the gray old houses of Salem, the mother-city of the Massachusetts colony, crossing the pond at whose outlet once stood the mills that cut up the Honduras mahogany brought hither by the Salem ships.

Edmund Gosse, the English poet and critic, wrote: "I had a wonderful day at Salem. A soft sea-mist hung over the town as I wandered about it. I was deeply impressed with the strange sentiment of the place, and walked about the streets until I was thoroughly soaked with the old Puritan spirit." In such spirit of impressibility every visitor should enter the dear old mother-city of Massachusetts, and recall, amidst its practical activities of today, the legends and traditions of the past quarter of a millennium. For it was away back in 1626, when he found that Cape Ann's bare rocks and "immeasurable expanse of lofty forests shrouded in the gloom of ages" gave his little colony only a point of vantage for fishing, without opportunities for cultivating corn or pasturing the cattle that the Dorchester Company had, that Roger Conant led thirty of his people to Naumkeag, the site of Salem, and established them there. Like Boston and Plymouth, and other New-England towns, Salem was settled in the clearings made by the Indians for their corn-fields, trees then being abhorred by the colonists, and one of the chief advantages of the site being (in the Rev. Mr. Higginson's words) that there was "not a tree in the same." For some time the Indians and English planted the fields in common.

The charter given by the Council of Plymouth to Conant's men was superseded by a new one, under which Gov. John Endicott and his colonists landed at Salem, in 1628, incorporating the town the year following, and making it the capital of Massachusetts.

The usual mode of travelling between the little log-built villages along the Massachusetts coast was in dug-outs or canoes, made by hollowing out pine logs twenty feet long and not quite a yard wide. In such frail vessels the sportsmen of the colonial days "went fowling two leagues to sea."

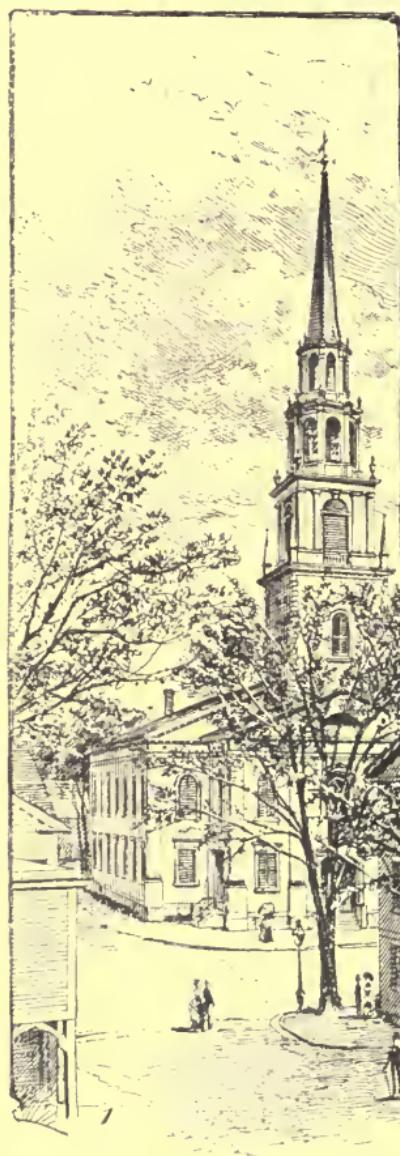
It has been pointed out that the great commerce of Salem and of Venice had much in common, both beginning by the free boating of farmers and fishers on convenient waters about their homes; rising to high prosperity by sending salt-fish to Catholic countries; and further aggrandized by importing Oriental silks and spices, and other precious commodities. In less than forty years the navigation had increased so greatly that when the Indians broke out in war, in 1677, they seized thirteen Salem ketches (kethched them, perchance), "and captivated the men," by reason of which, and to somehow help the captivated fishermen, the First Church kept a solemn fast. The subsequent rise of a world-embracing commerce here, and the achievements of its sea-kings, form one of the most glorious chapters in American history. Here were the very first vessels to open our commerce with Calcutta and Bombay, Arabia and Madagascar, Batavia and Australia, Para and Montevideo, Zanzibar and Sumatra, and the ports of China.

"Some native merchant of the East, they say,
(Whether Canton, Calcutta, or Bombay),
Had in his counting-room a map, whereon
Across the field in capitals was drawn
The name of Salem, meant to represent
That Salem was the Western Continent,
While in an upper corner was put down
A dot named Boston, *SALEM*'s leading town."

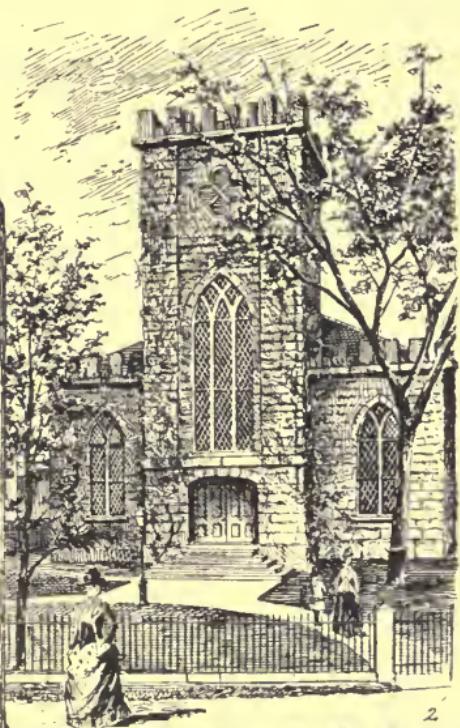
—*C. T. Brooks.*

Many volumes (and right interesting ones, too) could be written of the past and present citizens of Salem,—of Frederick Townshend Ward, admiral-general and high mandarin of China, and the foremost soldier of the empire; of Jones Very, the inspired recluse poet and mystic, the Western George Herbert; of Col. J. W. Fabens, the best of whose poems was that brilliant college-song, "The Last Cigar;" of Charles H. Foster, the world-renowned Spiritualist, "the modern Cagliostro;" of Mary E. C. Wyeth, the "Ethel Gray" of poetic literature; of Goody Spencer, an exile from England, who first introduced candy Gibralters to American youth; of Charles T. Brooks, poet himself, and translator of Goethe and Richter; of Gen. James Miller, the hero of Lundy's Lane; of Gen. Israel Putnam, one of Washington's bravest officers; of Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford,

and prime minister of Bavaria; of John Rogers, the sculptor; of W. H. Prescott, the historian of Mexico and Peru; of Gen. F. W. Lander,



1. South Church, Salem.



2

BRADLEY SUPPLY CO.

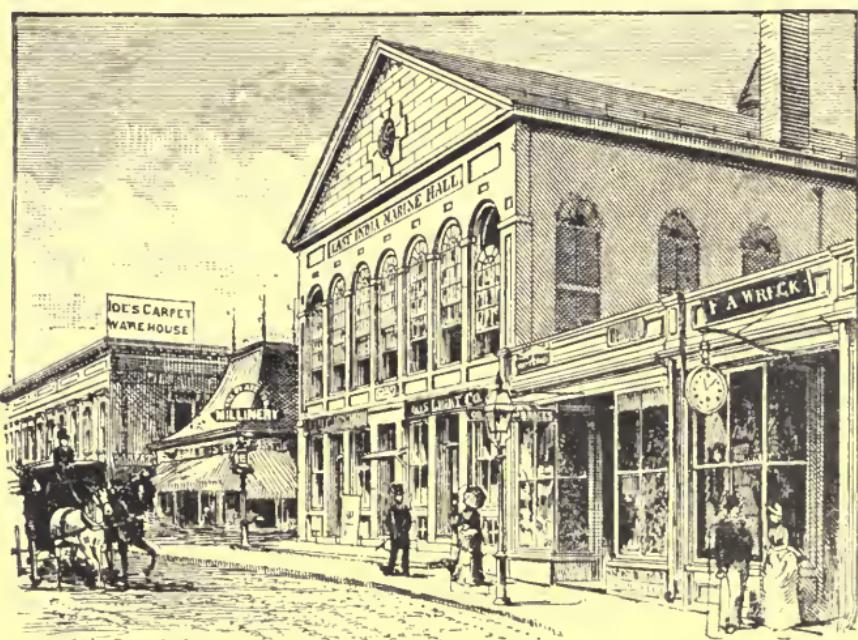
2. North Church, Salem.

one of the heroes and victims of the Civil War; of Bradstreet and Endicott, Pickering and Cabot, Bowditch and Peirce, Derby and Crown-

inshield, and scores of others, proudly conspicuous in the annals of America and of the world.

The aristocratic old families of Salem—the Endicotts, Crownin-shields, Tuckermans, Silsbees, Peabodys, Rantouls, and a few others—have enjoyed the advantages of wealth and ability, singly or together, ever since the foundation of Massachusetts, and are reputed to be singularly exclusive, because satisfied in their own charmed circle. On Essex Street is the venerable colonial-looking house of William C. Endicott, Secretary of War of the United States during President Cleveland's administration.

You may ramble at will down the quiet old semi-rural streets, under their lines of spreading trees, and study the great mansions of dull red



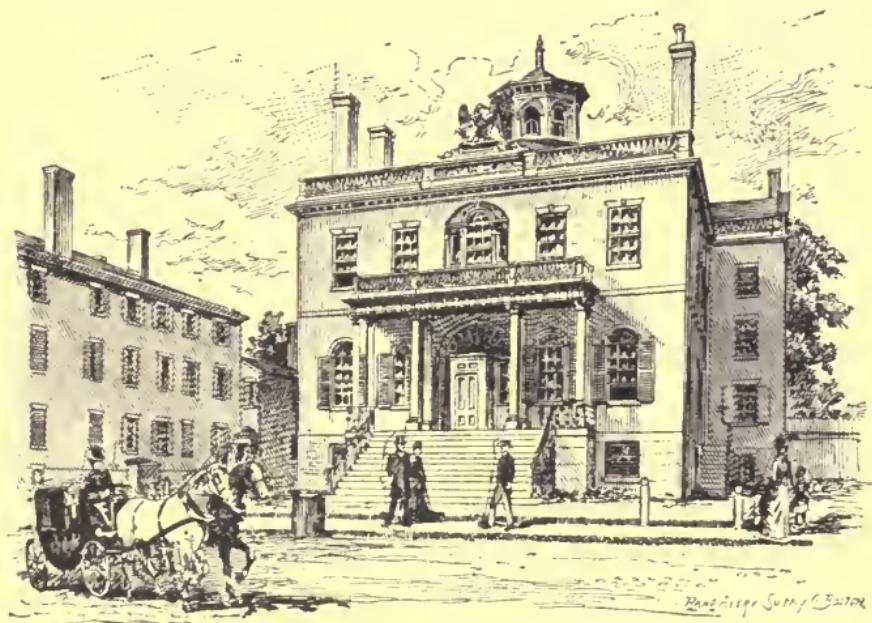
RAND, Avery, Supply Co., Boston.

EAST-INDIA MARINE HALL, SALEM.

brick, ivy-grown and secluded, where the East-India merchants dwelt in stately simplicity and grave decorum, in that far-past time when Salem was the Sidon of America. Here are quaint old dame-schools and cent-shops, architecture of the Georgian era, and everywhere memories of Alice Pyncheon and Wizard Manle and Doctor Grimshawe and other creatures of the romancer's fancy.

If time allows, you may go down to the old North Bridge, and see the granite and bronze memorial, showing where three hundred British troops under Lieut.-Col. Leslie were sent back to their boats by armed Essex; or the Peabody house, on Charles Street, where Hawthorne wooed his wife; or Nathaniel Bowditch's birthplace, on Kimball Court; or Rufus Choate's house, at 12 Lynde Street; or the Narbonne house,

at 71 Essex Street, built before 1680; or the quaint old brick city-hall, with its valuable portraits of Saltonstall, Lafayette, and Washington; or the birthplace of Timothy Pickering, at 18 Broad Street, still in the Pickering family; or Gallows Hill (near the Peabody horse-railroad), where the alleged witches were put to death, in 1692; or the Essex-County court-house, with Vinton's portrait of Judge Otis P. Lord and William M. Hunt's portrait of Chief-Justice Shaw; or the State Normal School, on Broad Street; or the handsome neo-colonial post-office, 118 Washington Street; or the Old-Ladies' Home, in the Crowninshield mansion, 114 Derby Street; or the Common, also called Washington Square, set apart in 1714 for a training-field, and surrounded by double rows of elms: or the custom-house on Derby Street, now seventy years old, with its memories and relics of Hawthorne, and the sea-viewing



OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE, SALEM.

cupola where the great novelist used to coin his airy fancies; or the old Dr. Grimshawe house, with its spidery legends.

And for a longer excursion you may ride to Peabody, the great leather-manufacturing town, with its Peabody Institute, enshrining a magnificent portrait of Queen Victoria, presented by her to George Peabody, painted on a sheet of pure gold. Here, also, is a handsome modern town-hall; and the grave of Eliza Wharton. There is another interesting trip to Danvers, with the famous old Collins house, and other architectural and legendary antiquities.

Down on narrow Union Street, at No. 21, overhanging the sidewalk, is the old dormer-roofed, huge-chimnied house in whose upper north-east corner-room Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, in the year 1804. The house is now occupied by an Irish family, whose hard-working

mother and head at times allows visitors to see the chamber hallowed by the birth of America's greatest novelist.

Hawthorne himself has said that the House of the Seven Gables was a creature of his imagination, solely, but the quaint old house (built in 1662) in Turner Street, the last on the right-hand side going from Derby Street, doubtless gave him many suggestions for the wonderful romance. It was one of his favorite haunts, and in it he wrote "The Grandfather's Chair." Amid such scenes passed much of the life of "the New-England Chancer," whom a noted Boston wit described so well in saying: "He looks like a born pirate."



OLD WITCH HOUSE, SALEM.

The Roger-Williams house, 310 Essex Street, at the corner of North Street, belonged in 1635-36 to Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island; and there exists a tradition that the preliminary trials of the witches were held here, in 1692.

Old St. Peter's Church, with its dark granite walls and chapel, its memorial tablets and tombs, and its ponderous tower upholding a sweet chime of bells, was the first Protestant-Episcopal church in New

England, founded in 1639 by John and Samuel Browne; and the present edifice was erected by Bishop Griswold, in 1833.

The Peabody Academy of Science occupies East-India Marine Hall (161 Essex Street), with an immense and interesting collection of curiosities from all parts of the world.

The Essex Institute owns and occupies the princely old Tucker-Deland mansion, next to Plummer Hall, with its library and collections, of great antiquarian and historical value.

Plummer Hall, at No. 134 Essex Street, on the site of Gov. Simon Bradstreet's house, and William H. Prescott's birthplace, was built in 1857 for the Salem Athenæum (founded in 1810), and contains rich portraits by Copley and Smibert, and historical paintings, relics of the Puritan pioneers, old maps and prints, autographs and medals, and a noble library-hall. Just back of Plummer Hall is the First-Church building, which was erected in 1634, became "a skoole house and watch-house" in 1670, when a larger church was built. In 1760 the town sold it, and it served for many years as a tavern. In 1864, the sturdy frame was re-erected on its present place, and placed within a good covering. In this oldest of American Protestant churches, with its quaint little gallery, are preserved some interesting curiosities,—Hawthorne's and Bowditch's desks, spinets, spinning-wheels, and various ecclesiastical relics.

The collections of curiosities in Plummer Hall, East-India Marine Hall, and the Essex Institute are so great as to defy outline, but every one should see them, aided by the kindly old custodians and the official catalogues. The East-India Marine Society was founded in 1799, by the masters and supercargoes of ships that had made the great voyage to the East Indies.

Time and space fail us to tell of the witchcraft persecution of two centuries ago; the campaigns of the old First Massachusetts Regiment, back in the Stuart era; the gallant deeds of hundreds of Salem privateers on the high seas; the valor of the three thousand soldiers who went from this town into the Civil War; and many other picturesque episodes of long ago. The true color of the past is shown in such delightful recent books as Eleanor Putnam's "Old Salem," Marianne C. D. Silsbee's "A Half-Century of Salem," and Henry M. Brooks's "Olden-Time Series," besides Hawthorne's romances and notes and biography.

Of late years there has sprung up a new Salem within the old, a metropolis for the adjacent populous towns of Essex South, with active manufactories, richly endowed scientific institutions of continental fame, and a brilliant local society, made up in part of cultivated *immigrés* from Boston, who find here the choicest advantages of urban life, in a venerable and classic city. Here dwell Edward S. Morse, the foremost of connoisseurs in Japanese pottery, and whose collection is the finest in the world; Philip Little, the architect of the neo-colonial;

Ross Turner, the artist; Henry M. Brooks, the courtly old antiquary; and many another notable person. The population of the city is about twenty-eight thousand, whom a connoisseur in local ethnology groups into five clearly distinct and unmilling classes,—the descendants of the first settlers who were of gentle blood in England, like the Saltonstalls; the families of the colonial yeomanry, like the Dexters; the people of other communities long since drawn to Salem, and distinguished for ability or culture, like the Grays and Bertrams; the comfortable tradespeople moving in from elsewhere; and the operatives of every nationality. It will be remembered how the condescending Henry James, in writing about Hawthorne, covered the whole community with an ignoble mantle of provincial narrowness, and how brightly and gallantly certain of the Salem gentry gave answer to the great cosmopolitan pessimist.

You may take the horse-cars in twenty minutes to The Willows, the north-eastern part of Salem Neck, on the old-time Hospital Point, looking out on the beautiful Beverly shores, the craggy strands of Marblehead, and the green islands and level horizons of the outer harbor. This is the favorite picnic-ground of Salem, with pavilions and dining-rooms, fire-works and flying-horses, boats and bath-houses, bowling-alleys and rinks, shooting-ranges, electric lights, and other diversions. At the other end of Salem Neck, on Winter Island, is the summer-resort of Juniper Point, with its hotels and cottages, and lovely views of the harbor and its islands, and Massachusetts Bay.

Salem Neck also has the fading ruins of the two forts, Lee and Pickering, the one on high ground commanding the outer harbor, and the other frowning on the inner channels, but garrisoned only by mild-eyed cows, and with its magazine used only for the storage of butter and milk. Alongside the battery rises the shapely tower of the light-house.

Farther down the bay rise the two light-houses on Baker's Island, a bold and rocky bluff of about sixty acres, with a summer boarding-house on its westerly side. Here also are the Misery Isles, which have been dug over by Spiritualists, in search of buried treasures.

Passing out from the castle-like stone station of Salem, the cars rumble into the long, dark Salem Tunnel, for half a century happily known as the "Kissing-Bridge" of this route, and the *locale* of more than one bright osculatory poem. And it may be mentioned here that Dr. Holmes, or some equally good authority, has declared that the prettiest girls in America are those of the three "Ports" on this railway,—Newburyport, Portsmouth, and Portland.

Too soon the romantic shades of the tunnel are left behind, and the broad lagoon of North River opens on the left, bordered by several manorial estates of old Salem families. Then a long bridge is traversed, with the highway bridge beyond, and the snug berth between

the two occupied by the moorings of a line of yachts. This famous Beverly Bridge had its centennial celebration in the year 1888. Still farther to the eastward, beyond Salem Neck and The Willows, opens a broad reach of the blue sea, studded by the islands off Salem Harbor, — the Great Misery and Baker's Islands, with tall light-houses.

Beverly covers a group of pleasant streets between Bass River and Mackerel Cove, with about five thousand inhabitants, and ten good churches. Here Conant and Balch and others of the old Dorchester Company settled, in 1630, after the Endicott colony took possession of Salem; and about forty years later they petitioned the General Court to change the name of the town, "because, we being but a small place, it has caused us a constant nickname of *Beggarly*." The first Britannia works and the first cotton-mill in America were established here.

The first naval vessel sent out by the Continental Congress was the *Hannah*, of Beverly, whose captain was commissioned by Washington, Sept. 2, 1775. So the Rattlesnake flag floated over the harbor of Beverly, under the authority of the United States, was the very first national American naval ensign spread to the breeze.

The seafaring occupations of the citizens brought them great gain for many years, and carried them into far foreign waters, but all this has since passed away, and the wharves are crumbling to ruin, and the fish-flakes have vanished from the headlands. In the new *régime*, it is a place of shoe-factories, full of peaceful activity and comfortable competency. There are forty firms engaged in this business, employing two thousand operatives, and with an annual product of over three millions of dollars.

In her "Skipper Ben," Lucy Larcom makes us listen to the

"Beverly bells!
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells."

Let us hear also Miss Larcom's poetical rendering of the geography of our North Shore :

" You can ride in an hour or two, if you will,
From Halibut Point to Beacon Hill,
With the sea beside you all the way,
Through the pleasant places that skirt the bay;
By Gloucester Harbor and Beverly Beach,
Salem, witch-haunted, Nahant's long reach,
Blue-bordered Swampscott and Chelsea's wide
Marshes, laid bare to the drenching tide,
With a glimpse of Saugus spire in the west,
And Malden hills wrapped in dreamy rest."

It is at Beverly that the Gloucester Branch leaves the main line and runs eastward along the coast to the tip of Cape Ann, seventeen miles away. This region is one of the great summer-parks of New England, and in fancy we must run down through its rare maritime charms, and get a passing glimpse of the great headland of granite.

CHAPTER V.

CAPE ANN.

BEVERLY SHORES.—MONTSERRAT.—PRIDE'S CROSSING.—BEVERLY FARMS.—WEST MANCHESTER.—MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.—THE MASCONOMO.—WILLIAM BLACK.—A FINE MEMORIAL LIBRARY.—MAGNOLIA.—HUNT'S STUDIO.—RAFE'S CHASM.—NORMAN'S WOE.—GLOUCESTER.—BASS ROCKS.—ROCKPORT.—PIGEON COVE.—ANNISQUAM.

AT Beverly the Gloucester Branch swings off to the right from the main line and runs to the north-east, out by the famous summer-resorts of Cape Ann, "the land of rocks and roses," with many a glimpse of the wide blue sea, the rugged isles off shore, the villas of the wealthy summer-colonists, and the invincible wildernesses of ledgy hills and sea-blown woods which constitute the greater part of the cape, and have a weird and singular picturesqueness in the eyes of dwellers in more fertile lands. Beverly is just half-way from Boston to Rockport, which is at the extreme end of the cape and of the railroad.

The line of coast eastward begins with seven long miles within Beverly town, with groups of handsome summer-cottages at Hospital Point, Curtis Point, and along to Beverly Farms,—a little Riviera, facing the bland south, and blessed with a benign and equable climate. For fully sixty seasons, it has been a favorite summer-home for well-known Boston families, and during the last twenty years land here has increased in value to an enormous degree.

Montserrat station is not far from the old Cove Village, and the beautiful estates on Hospital Point, occupied by Henry W. Peabody, A. A. Lawrence, Charles Endicott, and other gentlemen. The locality was named by Beverly sailors, in the days of her maritime glory, from Montserrat, in Spain. The road to the sea dips away through a deep forest which screens all vision of the paradise beyond.

The shores in the vicinity of the Pride's-Crossing station are occupied by a series of fine summer-estates, with wide parks, and facing the blue sea. The pioneer of this delightful region was Mr. C. G. Loring, of Boston, in the year 1844, four years before the railroad was built; and soon afterward Robert Treat Paine bought lands here for six thousand dollars, from which over a quarter of a million dollars' worth has since been sold. On this estate now stands Mrs. Tyson's

house, high up on Eagle Rock, a castellated stone building one hundred and thirty-two feet long, with towers; and also the costly Queen-Anne villa of Eugene V. R. Thayer. Here also stands the handsome house of Gen. Charles G. Loring, erected by the famous architect, W. R. Emerson. The great castle of the late Henry P. Kidder, the Boston banker, cost two hundred thousand dollars, and its land one hundred thousand more, but the owner did not live to occupy it. The Morse domain contains three villas of the Morse family, and that of Dr. Shattuck. Toward Beverly are the estates of Gen. Palfrey, William Endicott, and Charles U. Cotting.

Beverly Farms is another station dependent mainly on patrician summer-cottagers, whose handsome carriages roll luxuriously over the adjacent roads. Opposite is the great estate of the Hon. Franklin Haven, with its magnificent lawn sloping down toward Great Misery Island. The sea is not visible, but a short ride leads to the beautiful West Beach, with its rugged outer guards of rocky islands. Beverly Farms is the most aristocratic of the North-Shore resorts, for its summer-residents are among the flower of Boston society, and there are no public houses or hotels to break the charm of its exclusiveness. The villas are secluded amid foliage and shrubbery, with compensating glimpses of the sea and its islands. Among the summer-residents are Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and his family.

A belt of pine woods lies between the railway and the sea, traversed by winding drive-ways leading to the summer-cottages. As the train crosses Chubb's Creek, the frontier between Beverly and Manchester, a beautiful view opens out to sea, with Great Misery Island lying hardly more than a mile away.

A little way beyond Beverly Farms, on the shore of a rocky cove, down which one looks to the rugged islands outside, is the station of West Manchester, near the magnificent hill-top *chateau* of Col. Henry L. Higginson, and the summer-places of Dr. Bartol, N. B. Mansfield, the Abbotts, Boardmans, and other Boston families.

Manchester-by-the-Sea nestles around a snug little harbor on Massachusetts Bay, with its rare variety of scenery, wave-swept promontories and beaches, quiet rural roads winding through hedges and hayfields and deep overarching forests,—a quaint old maritime village, abounding in memorials of the colonial days. Down on the point, seaward from the station, rises the Masconomo House, built in 1878 by Junius Brutus Booth and named for the chieftain who, two hundred and fifty years ago, ruled the Indians of this region. This place is famous for its pastoral performances of "As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." For Manchester has been a favorite resort for actors,—the Booths, Lewises, Schaeffels, Conways, Joseph



WEST MANCHESTER.

Rawberry ⁵ 100 is - 1000

Proctor, Mrs. Bowers, Osmond Tearle, Jefferson, Warren, and other players of renown; and in the old Driver place John Gilbert spent twenty-five or more summers.

In front of the Masconomo is the famous Singing Beach (the Old Neck Beach of the Provincial days), whose sands give forth a musical sound when walked upon or stirred. The only other sands of this kind in the world are in Arabia, Scotland, and Hawaii.

Gale's Point makes out from the beach on the south, with several beautiful summer-estates, including that of John L. Bremer. Here also is the Russell-Sturgis estate, and the quaint little Episcopal chapel, so precious to Mr. Sturgis.

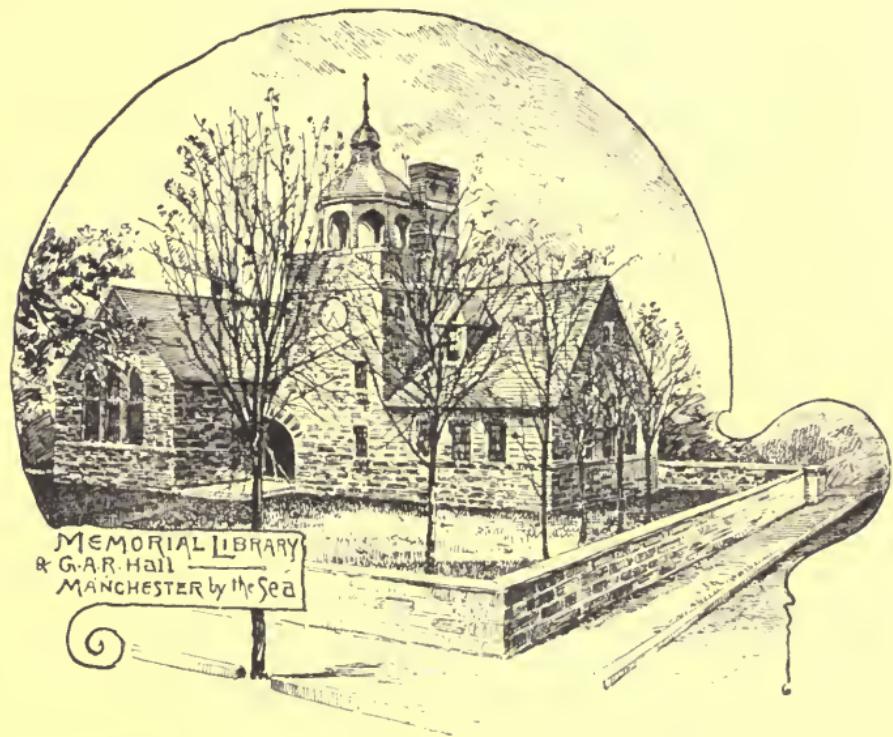
The far-viewing Eagle Head rises on the north of the beach, near the Towne and Bullard places, and farther along is Dana's (or Graves) Beach, running out to the sharp cliffs of Shark's Mouth. Here Richard H. Dana, sen., built his secluded summer-cottage, fifty years ago, and among these wild scenes the poet of "The Buccaneer" dwelt for many a decade. The shores hereabouts are also described by Prof. E. P. Tenney, in his singular Thoreau-like novel, "Coronation;" and by Admiral Porter, in his "Allan Dare and Robert le Diable."

On the wild Thunderbolt Rock rises the villa of the late James T. Fields, now occupied by his widow. "What do you think?" said a villager to Mr. Fields, long ago; "some fool has purchased Thunderbolt Rock." To whom the genial author made answer: "Yes, I bought it the other day." He named the locality "Manchester-by-the-Sea;" and Dr. Holmes made sport of it by dating his letters, "Beverly-by-the-Depot," and Whittier joined in with the superscription of "Danvers-among-the-Hollyhocks." For Holmes and Whittier, Longfellow and Bayard Taylor, Miss Jewett, and many another famous author, have been guests here; and also William Black, who wrote, in "Green Pastures and Picadilly": "First of all we went down to Manchester, a small, scattered, picturesque watering-place, overlooking Massachusetts Bay, the Swiss-looking cottages of wood dotted down everywhere on the high rocks above the strand. And when the wild sunset had died out of the western skies,—the splendid colors had been blinding our sight until we turned for refuge to the dark, intense green of the trees in shadow,—we had our chairs out on the veranda up here on the rocks over the sea. We heard the splashing of the waves below; we could vaguely make out the line of the land running away out to Cape Cod."

The Memorial Library and Grand-Army Hall building was presented to the town in 1887 by one of its Boston cottagers, Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, once president of the Atchison railroad, and of the Somerset Club. It cost forty-five thousand dollars, and is of seam-faced rough stone, with memorial windows, Mexican-onyx and yellow Numidian-marble panels, a roof suggested by that of Merton-College Library, in old Oxford, a screen made of fragments of mediaeval oak-carving

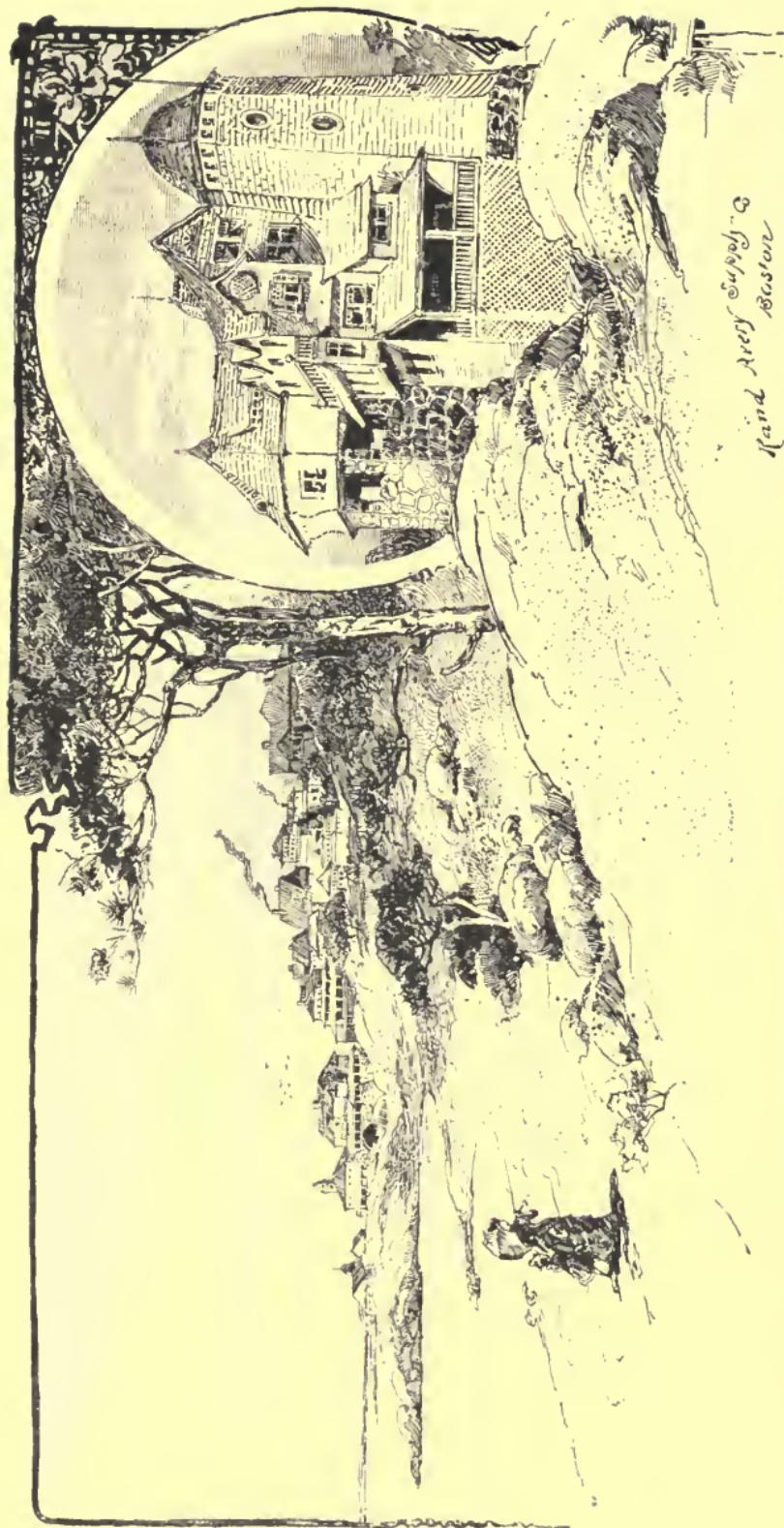
brought from Morlaix, in Brittany, and a picturesque tower. The architect was C. F. McKim. Over the arch are Goethe's words: *Choose well, your choice is brief and yet endless.*

Space fails to tell of the lovely drives through the perfumed aisles of the Essex Woods, rich in mosses and ferns, and in vistas of flickering light, and the music of the pine-trees; of the many rambles along the resounding shore, over breezy headlands and surf-swept beaches; of the beautiful villas and grounds of the Wigglesworths and Curtises and Hemenways, and other noble New-England families; of the quaint old village, on its secluded river-harbor, with its tall white churches and garden-bordered colonial houses.



The first of the summer-cottagers here (after Dana) were Russell Sturgis, jun., and President Bullard; and the development of this wild and picturesque strand into a maritime Belgravia has since gone forward apace, until the valuation of the town has grown in twenty-five years from eight hundred thousand dollars to nearly four million dollars.

The venerable Rev. Dr. Bartol, the chief mover in the development of Manchester as a summer-resort, said: "The men once here had the hoe in one hand and the gun in the other. The earth-works still remain on Glass Head and Norton's Neck, behind which they lay ready for the fight. Next, Manchester was a fishery. Sixty sail of vessels, large and small, went from this port. The wharves and stone steps



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MAGNOLIA FROM THE NORTH-EAST, WITH A SPECIMEN OF ARCHITECTURE.

for the landing of their freight may still be seen, and the old houses, decayed or transformed, in which it was stored. Lastly, Manchester, in our day, has become a splendid watering-place, known as such throughout the United States."

Magnolia, one of the most charming of our Massachusetts-coast summer-resorts, lies about a league to the southward of its railway station, on a rocky point projecting into the sea, with rugged cliffs on one side, perpetually fringed with surf, and on the other the beautiful sandy curve of Crescent Beach, with its opportunities for sea-bathing.

Public carriages meet the trains at Magnolia station, and wind down an enchanting little wood-road, amid mingled perfumes of the sea and the pines, and with many glimpses of the wide blue horizon towards Europe.

The obscure little fishing-hamlet of Kettle Cove has within a quarter of a century given place to this lovely summer-village, with its score of quaint Elizabethan, Dutch-colonial, and neo-colonial cottages, a half-dozen hotels and boarding-houses (Hesperus, Ocean-Side, Oak-Grove, Crescent-Beach, etc.), and a picturesque chapel of gray field-stone and rough-cast plaster, low and broad, with a huge open fireplace and a memorial window representing the Annunciation.

At Magnolia, William M. Hunt, the greatest of American artists, altered an old barn into a studio (in 1877), which he christened "The Hulk," and in whose great loft he painted some famous pictures. Here he exemplified his motto, "Draw firm and be jolly;" and his disciples gathered around him to hear the inimitable "Talks on Art." Among the people who used to come to Magnolia in the old days were Freeman Clarke, Susan Hale, Helen Knowlton, Pumpelly, Bynner, Cranch, Gauengigl, and many other famous persons.

A little way from Magnolia is the wonderful Rafe's Chasm, a trench one hundred and seventy-five feet long, and sixty feet deep, and from six to ten feet wide, cut by Nature out of the live rock of the cliff, and opening directly into the bay. When a heavy sea is on, the breakers crash into this long recess with enormous force, roaring like heavy artillery, and flying upward in sheets of milk-white foam. In 1879 a young lady was swept away by these tremendous surges, and met her death. The sad event is commemorated by an iron cross.

Off the point, and joined to it by a bar at low tide, is the huge black rock of Norman's Woe, where tradition says that Richard Norman, of Gloucester, was wrecked, in 1680.

"For on this rock,
Two hundred years ago, was Captain Norman,
In his good ship from England, driven and wrecked,
In a wild storm, and every life was lost."

It is more famous as the scene of Longfellow's magnificent ballad,

“The Wreck of the *Hesperus*,” written on a dark December night of 1839, and first published by Park Benjamin, in the New-York “World.”

“ And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.”

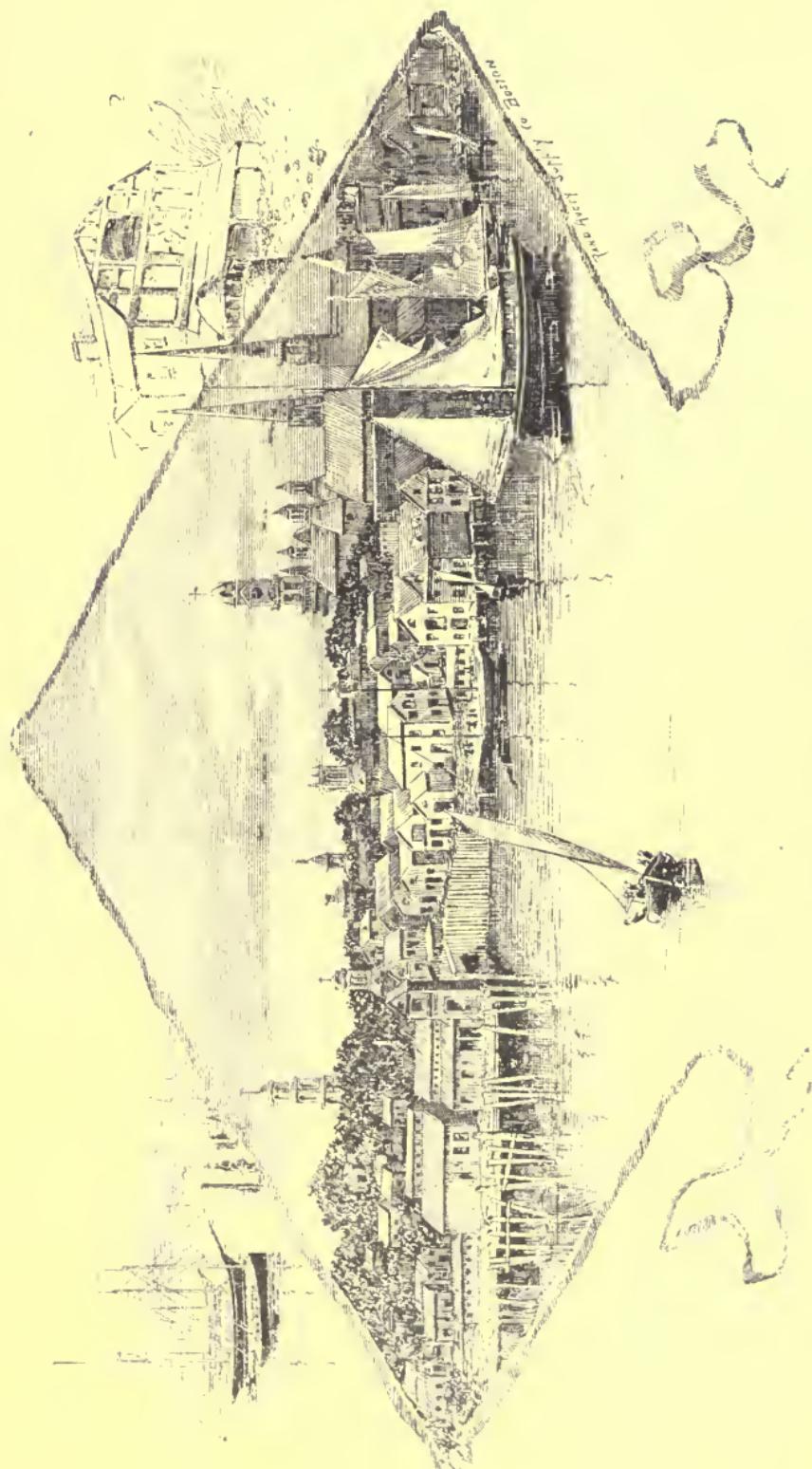
There are numberless footpaths winding away into the deep woods that border the shore, and passing through delicious jungles of berry-bushes and wild flowers. It is about two miles to the tangled swamp which bears the glorious *magnolia glauca* flowers, beautifully white and pure, and rich in a sweet Florida fragrance. The plants grow to a height of ten feet, and this is the only New-England locality where they are native. They were first discovered by Cotton Mather while on his way from Salem to “the old sea-brown fishing-town” of Gloucester. The strange penetrating perfume of the Southern flowers arrested his attention, while driving along the road, and he descended from the carriage and hunted through the thickets until he found their creamy petals.

Cape Ann, for centuries the nursery of hardy seamen for the Massachusetts fleets, with its lonely and arid hills and surf-beaten cliffs, its famous sea-ports, its vast granite-quarries, and its rosary of summer-villages, is without doubt one of the most thoroughly interesting regions in the old Bay State. The scenes of Sarah Orne Jewett’s “A Marsh Island,” and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps’s “An Old Maid’s Paradise,” are laid here; and the rare natural beauties of the scene are set forth in Lucy Lareom’s volume, “Wild Roses of Cape Ann.” The history and legendry of two hundred and eighty years drape every headland with imperishable charms, worthy enrichments of localities so dowered by the grandeur of ocean scenery.

A few years ago the artists discovered the great capabilities of Cape Ann, and its resemblance in some respect to the coast of Brittany, that paradise of painters. Winslow Homer lived with the light-keeper on Ten-Pound Island, and found his inspiration in and about Gloucester Harbor; Picknell, at Annisquam, founded a new school of art; and William M. Hunt and his enthusiastic pupils had their studio at Magnolia.

As Gen. James Grant Wilson says: “The pure and bracing air of Cape Ann is to a long-pent-up city-man a cordial of almost incredible virtue.”

Gloucester is a quaint old city of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, clinging to the rock-ribbed hills near the end of the cape, and conquering all seas by the heroism of its mariners. You may wander along its busy streets, and note the handsome city-hall, with the monument to the soldiers and sailors of the Secession War; the picturesque



A GLIMPSE OF GLOUCESTER.

new high-school; the Sawyer Free Library, with its snug reading-rooms; the great Catholic Church of St. Anne, a favorite shrine of the Portuguese and provincial fishermen; the crowded fish-flakes on Fort Point; and the little beach near the Pavilion Hotel, looking out to Stage Rocks and Ten-Pound Island.

The gallant Champlain, with his company of French mariners, was the first man of white skin to explore the coast hereaway, somewhere about the year 1605; and he gave to Gloucester Harbor the pleasant title of *Le Beau Port*. Capt. John Smith visited the cape in 1614, and he gave it the name of Tragabigzanda, in honor of a fair Turkish prin-



OLD WHARVES AT GLOUCESTER.

cess who had befriended him many years before while a captive to the Moslems in Constantinople. But Prince Charles of England thought it worthy of a more Christian title, and gave it the name of his royal mother, Anne of Denmark, the wife of James I., and the first "queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland."

Classic writers tell us that the inventor of salt-fish was honored by a statue in the Athenian market-place, as a benefactor of Greece.

When the Pilgrims importuned King James for a colonial patent, he asked them what profits might arise from the projected settlement. "Fishing," said one. To whom the majesty of England made answer:

"So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles' own calling."

By the extension of these wonderful fisheries, Gloucester has become the chief port in all the world for this business, and employs upwards of five thousand men in its fleets. The noble apostrophe of Edmund Burke, uttered in the English Parliament, in 1774, is as true now as then: "No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not witness of their toils; neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried their most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people."

"Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's Bank,
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
Through storm and wave and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

"The cold North light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines, or wrestling with the storms;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home."

—John G. Whittier.

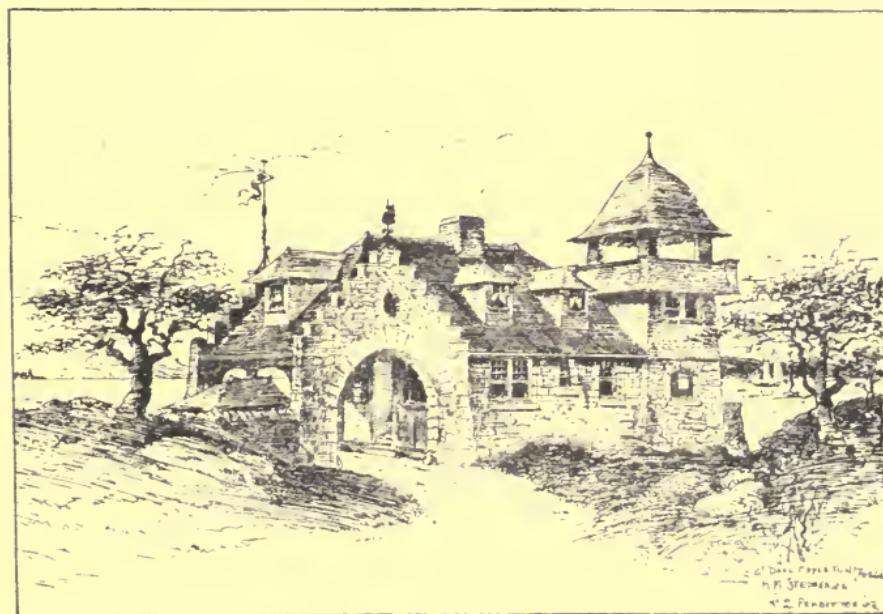
Gloucester was bombarded by the British sloop-of-war *Falcon* in 1775, and many of the houses received hard royalist cannon-balls. But the Cape-Ann minute-men held the town and prevented the enemy from landing. The good town was incorporated in 1642, under the name of GLOUCESTER, commemorating the old cathedral-city of England, from which many of the first settlers had come.

Bass Rocks are about a mile and a half from town, near Good-Harbor Beach, looking fairly out on the resounding Atlantic. Close by, the white surges sweep round the well-named little Salt Island and Milk Island; and farther out in the north-east are the great light-house towers on Thatcher's Island, "the eyes of Cape Ann." There are about fifty summer-villas in this vicinity, occupied by families from New York, Philadelphia, and other cities. Good-Harbor Beach is a beautiful crescent of white sand, buttressed by huge piles of rock at either end; and an adjacent shallow inlet has warmer salt-water for bathers who dread the shock and chill of the breakers. In the vicinity you may also visit the Rocking Stone, or Pebbley Beach, or Briar Neck, or Norman's Woe, or Fernwood Lake, or Rockport, or you may sail and fish in Gloucester Harbor, or on the sea outside.

Edwin Percy Whipple said: "The primal advantage of the situation is that the south and south-west winds blow direct from the ocean; whereas in many localities close to the sea the only sea-breeze is, as at Boston, from the north-east. I have been repeatedly burnt and half suffocated by a withering south wind from the land, in places where the broad ocean was stretched out mockingly before me, and only giving an ocean flavor when it was chillingly 'nor-nor-east.' To an

ordinary July observer, the principal productions of this portion of Cape Ann appear to be rocks and roses. Hence it is, I suppose, that the air in the hot season is so sweet, pure, and invigorating."

Eastern Point, which lies between the outer harbor of Gloucester and the open sea, is bordered with rocky shores and little beaches of white sand, and affords enchanting views of Gloucester, Manchester, Marblehead, the deep-blue hills of Essex and Milton, and the far-surrounding seas. At the end is Eastern-Point Light; and on one side appear the ruins of a fort, built during the Secession War to guard the port of Gloucester. Among the other attractions of this four-hundred-acre peninsula are the oak-trees, massed in a pleasant grove, and a large pond of clear fresh water, fragrant with many lilies. The entire domain was purchased in 1888 by a syndicate of Boston and Western



GATE HOUSE, EASTERN POINT.

capitalists, and opened as a summer-resort, with an entrance-lodge built of field-stone, four or five miles of fine roads, a handsome hotel (the Beachcroft), and a number of architecturally attractive cottages. No house may be built here to cost less than five thousand dollars, and no boarding-houses are allowed. Sea-walls, pier, and esplanade add to the new attractions of this patrician marine colony.

There is hardly a better excursion on the New-England shore than that "around the cape," a distance of perhaps fifteen miles, by admirable roads, passing from Gloucester by Bass Rocks and Long Beach to Rockport and Pigeon Cove, and then to Lanesville and Bay View, Annisquam and Riverdale, and back to Gloucester again.

Rockport, the end of the railway, is a singular and interesting little sea-port, among the rocky hills, crowned with imperishable

harvests of bowlders. It is at the head of Sandy Bay, where the iron-bound shores are indented into a sharp angle, one shore running nearly north and the other eastward toward Straitsmouth Island and Rockport Light. The haven is thus left open to the wild north-east gales; and the United-States Government has been for some years endeavoring to construct a shelter here by building a colossal granite breakwater, nine thousand feet long, from Avery's Rock north-westward by Abner's Ledge toward Andrew's Point (near the Ocean-View House). If it is ever completed, it will have cost many millions of dollars, and will make one of the best and most useful harbors on the New-England coast. The village rambles oddly over the rugged hills, with winding streets, and a multitude of little wooden cottages, a ruined cotton-mill of granite, and a lonely Dock Square, from which a narrow lane leads out on the point between the two enwalled havens, with scores of ancient gray fish-houses, boats of all kinds, drying nets, anchors on the retired list, and redolent fish-flakes. Against the high end of this



interesting promontory the sea breaks heavily, and its murmurings thrill through the quiet streets. The town has a population of about four thousand, with a considerable fleet engaged in the cod and mackerel fisheries, and in the carrying-trade along the coast. And if one will take the trouble to climb Pool's Hill, or Pigeon Hill, he can overlook a hundred leagues of sea, and great expanses of inland country, with the distant blue crowns of Monadnock, Agamenticus, and the Uncanoonuc Mountains.

The Congregational Church is nearly one hundred and fifty years old; and in the War of 1812 its tower was shattered by a cannon-ball from a marauding British frigate.

Two and a half miles southward, by the road passing Whale Cove and Lobolilly Cove, and near the two tall light-houses on Thatcher's Island, is Cape Hedge, with Pebble-stone Beach, where the famous Bennett-Mackay commercial cable was landed, from the steamship *Faraday*, in 1884. Beyond stretches Long Beach, a half-mile of smooth hard sand, making a good drive at low tide.

Thatcher's Island commemorates Anthony Thatcher and his wife, the only persons saved when their pinnace was wrecked hereaway, back in the year 1635, what time the Rev. John Avery, minister-elect of Marblehead, and eight other persons were lost in the sea. In 1771 the Provincial government bought the island, and some years later a lighthouse was erected here. In 1861 the United States built on this lonely strand two colossal granite light-houses, each one hundred and sixty-five feet high, and visible over many leagues of dangerous sea.

Rockport is the end of the railway; and stages connecting with the trains run thence a mile and a half to Pigeon Cove, traversing a high gallery-like road over the sea, and passing a line of great granite-quarries.

Pigeon Cove, on the remotest seaward tip of Cape Ann, high over the rocky cliff's whose bases are incessantly scourged by the murmuring ocean, is one of the most charming of summer-resorts, rich in its cool and bracing air, and with views of amazing grandeur, extending from Thatcher's Island and Straitsmouth far around to the dim shores of New Hampshire and Maine. The high plateau is covered with a dense evergreen forest, traversed by admirable roads, and dotted here and there with the little cottages of summer-residents; and overlooking the wide expanse of sea are the three hotels,—the Ocean-View, Linwood, and Pigeon-Cove.

The origin of the name Pigeon Cove is said to be that many years ago a man named John lived there who was famous for making pies, and was known as Pie John; and the hill was spoken of as Pie-John Hill, which gradually shortened into Pigeon Hill. Its summer charms were discovered in 1840 by Richard H. Dana, sen., who passed a part of the summer in a fisherman's house hard by, and was followed the next season by William Cullen Bryant. In later years, it became the favorite resort of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, the Nestor of Universalism; the younger Dana (he of "Two Years before the Mast"); Dr. Bartol and James Freeman Clarke; Thomas Starr King and Henry W. Bellows; Edwin Percy Whipple, the essayist; Sara Jewett, the actress; and scores of well-known artists. The best of the cottages is the new stone *chateau* of John M. Way, of Boston, out near the northern point of the cape, with its tall tower overlooking the blue Atlantic plain.

Near Pigeon Cove is the "witch house," built two centuries ago, according to tradition, by two young men named Wheeler, whose sister had been brought under suspicion of witchcraft, at Salem. Fleeing from the ill-omened town at night, they rowed a small boat round Cape Ann, and made here a safe home for the persecuted maiden. Not far away is the house which was built by the sturdy yeoman Gott, in the year 1640, and is still occupied by his descendants.

The drives to Halibut Point and Folly Cove, and the rambles

through the Cathedral Woods and over Pigeon Hill, are full of interest and diversity. And if one's thoughts are inclined toward bathing, there are great hollows in the rocky shore, guarded by lines, and affording opportunities for enlivening contact with salt-water. When one tires of the sea, there are delightful rambles through the ancient woods and picturesque glens inland, along grassy old cart-paths and wood-roads, extending even from Rockport to Annisquam. Bryant said that "no place of resort by the seaside in New England has such forest attractions as Pigeon Cove. Full of pleasant paths running in every direction, the woods here look like a beautiful rural temple. I have never visited any woodlands more lovely." The sportsman who has trolled for blue-fish in the bay, or caught ten-pound cod from Ocean Bluff, or shot ducks off Annisquam, or sailed along the outer sea in a swift yacht, has enjoyed some of the best phases of coast-life.

It is about four miles from Pigeon Cove to Lanesville, over a noble sea-viewing road, and by the head of Folly Cove, fringed with spray-swept rocks. The embowered Willow Road will call for a pleased attention here; and the quaint little harbor below the village, protected by high stone breakwaters, and sheltering the vessels of the Lanesville Granite Company.

The road follows the bold shore to the south-west for about a mile to Bay View, the port and village created by the Cape-Ann Granite Company, whose stone has been used for the Boston post-office, the West-Point Military Academy, the Scott monument at Washington, and elsewhere. On the sea-viewing hill near this hamlet are the handsome estates of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler and Col. Jonas H. French, two stone houses, amid beautiful grounds. The north shore from Ipswich to Portsmouth is visible from thence, and the long promontory of Davis Neck projects into the sea just below. About a mile from Bay View the road reaches Annisquam, a well-known summer-resort.

Annisquam is on a high, rugged promontory between the lovely inlet of Lobster Cove and the openings of Squam River, where it pours its tides into the northern sea. In the lee of this high, rocky rampart, around the little harbor, nestle the old-time houses and sea-blown trees of the hamlet, for so many years a favorite haunt of artists.—Picknell, Hayden, Cranch, Boyden, Bolton Jones, and others,—who find this region inexhaustible in its beauties of Nature. In old times it was known as *Womusquam*, or "Pleasant Water," but this melodious Indian name has degenerated, in the local vernacular, into plain 'Squam,' by which title it is known to thousands of mariners, up and down the coast. For in the past it was a famous fishing-port, building its own staunch vessels and sending them on remote and perilous voyages, to the Grand Banks and the Bay of Chaleur. Now all this gallant trade has passed away, and the unused wharves are mouldering away on the slow tides. The chief distinction of the place now is as a summer-resort, with the Grand-View House on the heights above, and several

summer boarding-houses in the village, and almost every dwelling with its "spare room" ready for guests from the city. You may row up the river by daylight or moonlight; or cruise around the cape in a yacht; or fish in the bay to the northward; or bathe in the comfortable still water; or shoot coots and duck and sheldrakes (in spring or autumn); or watch the pageant of ending day from Sunset Rocks; or ramble among the Druidic stones and colonial cellars on Dogtown Common, a league away; or visit the attractive Squam light-house; or drive along or around the cape; or be diverted with picnics, clam-bakes, lunches, or tennis—and always the clear marine air, and the myriad changing phases of sea and sky. Just across the river (over which a ferryman will take you in his dory) are the weird white sand-hills of Coffin's Beach, stretching away for nearly two miles to the singular hillock of Two-Penny Loaf, near the mouth of the Chebacco (or Essex) River. At low tide the beach forms a magnificent esplanade, six hundred feet wide, and admirably adapted for riding or walking. Near by are the picturesque ravines and sea-viewing roads of Willoughby Park, one of the more modern summer-resorts for cottagers. Coffin's Beach was named from the neighboring family of farmers, whose ancestor, Tristram Coffin, acquired five hundred acres hereabouts, in the year 1688.

The road from Annisquam to Gloucester, about four miles long, is traversed several times daily by stage-coaches connecting with the trains. It follows the course of broad and sluggish rivers and lagoons, and traverses the long rural hamlet of Riverdale, with its soldiers' monument. Near the Green is the old Low mansion; and the Ellery mansion, built about the year 1702, for many years a parsonage, and then for other decades a tavern, famous for its good "licker." It has been in the Ellery family for one hundred and fifty years.

As the road draws near to Gloucester, it passes the Poles hill, with its weird traditions of bloodshed and sorrow, far back in the colony days. In this neighborhood, also, stood (until recently) the old Murray meeting-house, erected in 1780, and for many years used as the church of the Universalist Society in Gloucester, the first parish of that denomination in America. It was removed to Riverdale in 1811, and became a repository for carriages and boats.

In the old days there was open communication from one side of the cape to the other, through the tranquil current of Squam River and its connected canal, and many a roving Yankee privateer escaped from one end or the other of this marine passage, to prey upon British commerce. If the royal frigates blockaded the Annisquam end, the little fleet of marine wasps crept out on the south; and when the frigates lay off the southern exit, the privateersmen fled seaward across Ipswich Bay.

CHAPTER VI.

ESSEX NORTH.

WENHAM LAKE.—ESSEX, AND RUFUS CHOATE.—IPSWICH.—ROWLEY.—
DUMMER ACADEMY.—INDIAN HILL.

BUT we have left the express-train on the main line at Beverly over long, and it behooves us to fly back to it on the wings of the broomstick of the traditional Essex-County witches, and fare away on our route to the great northern beaches. We swing along the shore of East River; past the high reservoir of the Salem water-works, resembling one of McClellan's Virginian earth-works; and in sight of the famous Wenham Lake. Close to the village gleams its silvery expanse, more widely renowned than any other American pond of similar size, for thence were taken, for many years, the great blocks of ice that helped so far to make life endurable in India and Cuba, and the Gulf States, and other remote torrid regions. The name of Wenham was a familiar and grateful sound in Martinique and Allahabad and Cairo, and scores of places where Boston and New York had scarcely been heard of.

Wenham extends its fair and fertile acres along the track and far away on either side, with good roads winding out among the comfortable farms, and rounded hills and silvery lakes diversifying the fair country-side. The picture drawn by a colonist centuries ago is still essentially true: "Wenham is a delicious paradise; it abounds in rural pleasures; and I would choose it above all other towns in America to dwell in. The lofty trees on each side of it are a sufficient shelter from the winds; and the warm sun so kindly ripens both the fruits and flowers, as if the spring, the summer, and the autumn had agreed together to thrust winter out of doors."

A few miles to the eastward, by the Essex Branch, leaving the main line at Wenham, is the ancient maritime hamlet of **Essex**, the Indian *Chabacco*, and in colonial days known as the Second Parish of Ipswich. In the old times this salty town was famous for its vessels, which were among the stanchest and handsomest in the American fleets. In one of them Dr. Kane made a perilous voyage into the lonely North, toward the Pole. The ship-yards are but little used now, during the dormant period of American commerce.

The railway has stations at Hamilton village, Woodbury's, Essex

Falls, Essex, and Conomo, the latter being at the eastern end of the town, near the salt-marshes and the sea.

The chief landscape beauty of Essex is found around Chebaceo Pond, whose picturesquely diversified shores are covered with fine old woodlands. Here John Whipple built the Chebaeo House, on the old Knowlton farm, just before the Civil War, intending it for a summer-hotel; but picnics and dinner-parties sought this delightful region in such numbers that the house was finally reserved for them.

Essex River, deep and narrow, winds away from Chebaeo Pond toward the sea, and opens out into the broad lagoon inside of Castle Neck. Amid these sea-tides rises the high and bare Choate (or Hog) Island, three hundred acres, with three farm-houses, in one of which was born Rufus Choate, the great orator, jurist, and statesman.

A narrow arm of the sea flows around the island, and above one of its influent tidal creeks rises the ancient Choate mansion, built nearly two centuries ago, low-studded, bound together with a visible and ponderous skeleton of beams and rafters, and weather-stained by the sea-storms of two hundred winters. Off to the southward the view from the narrow windows sweeps over leagues of melancholy marshes and salt lagoons, and rests on the rocky promontories of Cape Ann.

From this delicious island Choate could look westward across the salt-marshes and see a dozen famous towns of Essex South, their spires relieved against the dark hills beyond; or northward, to the blue mountains of the Maine coast; or eastward, beyond the white and curving sand-beaches, to the long and level horizon-line of the northern ocean, stretching away in vague and impressive immensity. It was here, during his periodic summer-retreats, that the great orator caught the inspiration for his fascinating (and now, alas, long-lost) lecture on "The Romance of the Sea." Years afterward, when in the Senate of the United States, fighting with Henry Clay and James Buchanan, he wrote to his children here, lovingly telling them where the best playgrounds were to be found, and pithily counselling them to "be pleasant, brave, and fond of books." And then, with a warm outburst of local pride, he adds: "Give me the sun of Essex. One half-hour under those cherished buttonwoods is worth a month under these insufferable fervors."

During the last war with Great Britain, the bay off Essex was often visited by American cruisers and British frigates, their white sails flashing up from the far eastern horizon, as they swept in from the distant outer seas. Hither came the noble English war-ships,—the *Tenedos* and *Shannon*.—"sitting like two swans upon the water," as the village legends tell.

After our brief excursion into ancient Essex, we may go forward again on the main line through the pleasant fields of Hamilton, which was named in 1793, in honor of Alexander Hamilton, at that time filling the office of first Secretary of the United-States Treasury. In later times the little hamlet has been famous as the birthplace and home of that brilliant writer, Mary Abigail Dodge, widely known as "Gai Hamilton." It is a pleasant farming-town of about eight hundred inhabitants, anciently known as Ipswich Hamlets. Off to the left we may see the cottages and cabins of Asbury Grove, a famous place for Methodist feasts of tabernacles, where thousands of families gather every summer.

A brief run farther leads to quaint old **Ipswich**.

"I love to think of old Ipswich town —
Old Ipswich town in the East countree,
Whence, on the tide, you can float down
Through the long salt-grass to the wailing sea."

Ipswich is one of the ancient and legend-haunted towns of New England, still rural and picturesque, and full of quaint beauty and comeliness. It was the first point in Essex County visited by white men, when Capt. Edward Hardie and Nicholas Hobson came hither, in 1611, and were kindly received and entertained by the Agawam Indians. Few they were, and weak, even then, for some years before the tribe had been nearly annihilated by Passaconaway's braves in a great battle on Plum Island, when a thousand warriors died on the field of honor.

The traditions abide here of gallant old John Endicott, surveying the town bounds, and being entertained at the Rev. John Norton's parsonage, built in 1635, and the venerable house still standing on East Street (near the station), and where Mather and Endicott and Mogg Megone were also visitors; of the English regicides, hiding in a secret chamber in the Appleton house (now Mrs. Wilhelmina Wildes's), on Market Street, quite near Meeting-House Green; of George Whitefield, preaching the Gospel from the summit of a rock that is still shown, close by the church, imprinted also with a foot-print of the Devil; of John Procter, hanged in Salem as a witch, although all Ipswich pleaded for his release; of the old whipping-post and pillory, whose site is still shown; of the venerable house of Richard Saltonstall, an ancestor of the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall; of the "dusky Ariadne" of Heart-break Hill, who died of longing for an absent sailor-lad.

"It was a sailor who won the heart
Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
And she saw him over the sea depart,
While sweet in her ear his promise rung.

He never came back! Yet faithful still,
She watched from the hill top her life away,
And the towns-folk christened it Heart-break Hill,
And it bears the name to this very day."

The Pilgrims of Plymouth made an attempt to settle on this site, but were repelled by the "bitter cold" of the place; and it was left for the Boston Puritans to found a settlement here "(being the best place in the land for tillage and cattle), lest an enemy, finding it, should possess and take it from us." So Gov. Winthrop sent his trusty son John, and twelve yeomen, to occupy this strategic point, and head off the French or the Dutch. The houses of these pioneers were lowly thatched huts, lighted within by pine-knots; and in those doleful days wolves were so numerous that parents would not allow their children to go to church without men to guard them.

Cotton Mather said that the people of the church in Ipswich were such illuminated Christians that the pastors had not so much disciples as judges; and Gov. John Winthrop once walked all the way from Boston hither "to exercise among them the spirit of prophecy." At the time Gen. Washington visited Ipswich, on his presidential tour, October 30, 1789, Parson Cleveland was among those who went to pay his respects to him. Approaching with his cocked hat under his arm, Washington recognized him and said: "Put on your hat, parson, and I will shake hands with you."—The parson replied: "I cannot wear my hat in your presence, general, when I think what you have done for this country."—"You did as much as I," said the general.—"No, no," replied the parson.—"Yes," said the general, "you did what you could, and I've done no more."

Charming poems about Ipswich have been written by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Gail Hamilton, and John G. Whittier; and the latter has characterized it as "beautiful for situation on its fair river and pleasant hills overlooking bay and islands." There are few towns in New England of older date, or around which cluster more historical and legendary associations. If you can procure a little book called "Old Homes of Ipswich," published from the "Ipswich Chronicle" office, in 1884, you may find an illustrated account of the town's antiquities.

The firm and well-built roads of the town give many a view of the bright and winding little hide-and-seek river, and of the lonely eastern beaches, and the limitless blue sea outside. The chief public buildings are the Heard Library, a brick structure in the early classic style, erected by Augustine Heard, a native of the town; the great Manning School, with its museum, founded in 1874 by R. E. Manning, of New York; and the venerable and famous Ipswich Academy, for over half a century the finishing-school of the Puritan maidens of this region.

There is a neat little Episcopal church in the village, largely used by the visitors who in summer make the roads and waters about the ancient town joyous with their parties, or rest peacefully in their hammocks among the wild roses.

Some far-travelled writer has likened this region to Dorsetshire, in Southern England, and the ancient pastoral county may feel proud of the similitude. And what Capt. John Smith said of our Ipswich, in

the year 1614, still holds good: "This place might well content a right curious judgment."

The Ipswich Bridge, a massive stone structure with low Norman arches, was erected way back in the year 1764, at the cost of Essex County, the builder being Col. John Choate, who commanded the 8th Massachusetts at the siege of Louisburg, and constructed certain of the batteries that reduced that proud French fortress. At the dedication, Clark, the blind poet of Rowley, recited his "Lines," beginning:

"Behold this bridge of lime and stone!
The like before was never known
For beauty and magnificence,
Considering the small expense."

From the breezy summit of Town Hill (just north of Ipswich) you may look down on the quiet old streets of the village, and along the silvery curves of the river, and over to the weird hills of Plum Island, and so on out to sea, where the frowning cliffs of Cape Ann are fringed with white surf, and the distant Isles of Shoals rise above the blue waves. Two miles from the village the picturesque rural district called "The Farms" overlooks the sea, redolent with memories of the old colony days. Far out to the eastward the road by Heart-break Hill leads out on Castle Neck, close to the Ipswich Lights, and viewing leagues on leagues of open sea.

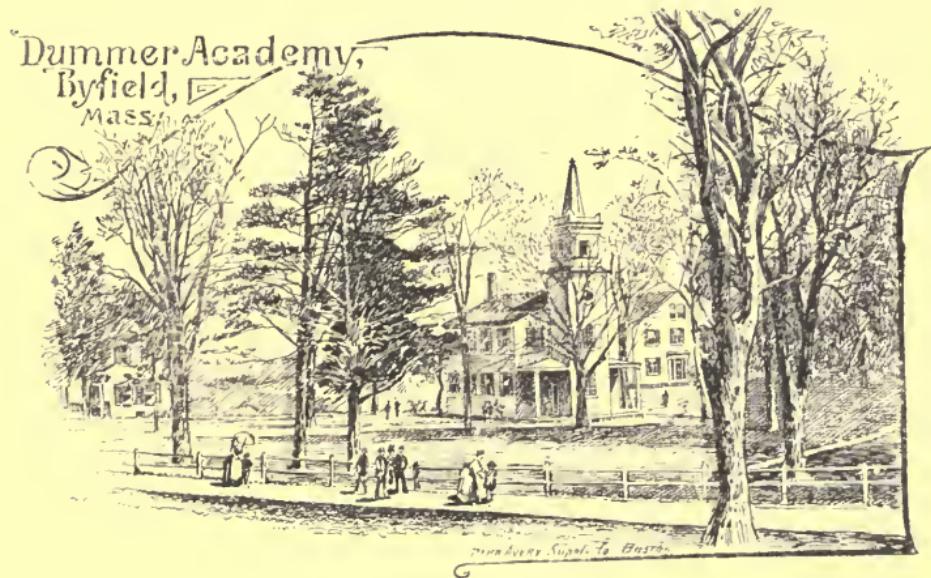
A little steamboat and numberless smaller craft ply on the Ipswich River, winding in and out among the salt-meadows, to Ipswich Neck and Grape Island and Plum Island, and other interesting localities toward the sea. Down this stream are the flats whence come the famous clams, now for centuries the delight of all gourmands, and rich in capabilities for chowders. And on either side stretch thousands of acres of level salt-marshes, fragrant with the strong and invigorating odors of the sea, and dotted with picturesque conical hay-mows.

Rowley station is close to the little tidal river of Rowley, which winds away to the eastward toward the desolate sand-dunes of Plum Island. The village lies to the south-west, a little over a mile distant. The town has nearly two thousand acres of salt-marsh, productive of great quantities of hay; and it also possesses some twelve thousand apple-trees. The first settlement occurred here in 1638, and the name of the place was that of its first pastor's English vicarage. In "The Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Savior in New England" it is recorded of Rowley's pioneers: "They consisted of about three-score families. Their people, being very industrious every way, soon built as many houses, and were the first people that set upon making cloth in this Western World; for which end they built a fulling-mill and caused their little ones to be very diligent in spinning cotton-wool, many of them having been clothiers in England."

From this little industrial seed, therefore, sprang the Lawrenees and Lowells, the Birminghams and Selmas, of our country, with their myriads of spindles and looms; while poor old Rowley, bereft of her dowry, is left to lonely meditation on the edge of her marshes.

As the train rushes across the sea-meadows beyond Rowley, the spectral sand-hills of Plum Island cut the horizon on the right, with wide expanses of the blue sea visible beyond, and hundreds of hay-cocks dotting the level green expanse of the marsh, like brown wigwams. When the line crosses the Parker River, you may catch a glimpse, far off to the left, of a little belfry, rising above the elm-trees. This is the famous Dummer Academy, more than a score of whose pupils have become congressmen of the United States.

Here stretched the estate of the wealthy and liberal Richard Dummer, one of the first settlers in Newbury. His grandson, William



Dummer, was for many years the popular lieutenant-governor and acting-governor of the province, and when he died, in 1761, he bequeathed his mansion (built 1730) and his farm of three hundred and thirty acres for the establishment of a grammar-school, which, in those days before the English grammar was known, meant a school for the study of Greek and Latin. So in 1763 the academy was opened. Fry, Tenney, Hinckley, Osgood, and the McClarys (one of whom was killed at Bunker Hill), and other Revolutionary officers, were students here. Here studied Tobias Lear, the private secretary and confidential friend of Washington; and here, side by side with Capt. Richard Derby, of the navy, the famous Com. Edward Preble coined his drowsy lessons; and Samuel Osgood, postmaster-general of the United States; and Theophilus Parsons, our most eminent jurist; and Senator Rufus King, minister to England; and many another illustrious man. The

academy-boys of today stroll peacefully over the wide pastures, or from the hill-tops look out over the winding rivers, the picturesqe salt-marshes, and the distant sea; or find an *academus* in the magnificent avenues of elms near by; or sail down the Parker, by Oldtown Hill and under bridges and through leagues of salt-marsh, and out by Cape Merrill, to the salty tides.

The Longfellow house (deserted now for twenty-five years) stands among rich smooth fields, near the head of tide-water on the Parker River, marking the ancient home of the ancestors of America's poet.

Back among the hills to the west is Indian Hill, the picturesque old home of the late Maj. Ben : Perley Poore, often called "the Abbotsford of New England," crowded with historical sonvenirs,—the chandelier that hung in Independence Hall when the immortal Declaration was signed, drums whose rat-a-plan sounded through the volleys at Bunker



Hill, the carved marble mantle from Capt.-Gen. Peter Stuyvesant's house at New Amsterdam, the pulpit from which Whitfield preached, documents signed by Napoleon Bonaparte, Sir Walter Scott, and others, and many other rare emiosities.

Beyond the Parker-River meadows, rich in Holland scenery which the deft pencil of Cuyp or Ruysdael might have por'trayed, the lonely Knight's Mills are passed, and then, on the left, the three poplar-trees that mark the location of the Devil's Den: then the old Boston turnpike, and the red powder-house of old Newbury, far off in the fields: and then the train sweeps around through a ceinture of cemeteries and reaches Newburyport.

CHAPTER VII.

NEWBURYPORT.

AN ANCIENT SEA-BLOWN CITY.—ITS EXTINCT COMMERCE.—JOPPA.—HIGH STREET.—LOVELY ENVIRONS.—PLUM ISLAND.—SALISBURY BEACH.—THE MERRIMAC RIVER.—AMESBURY.

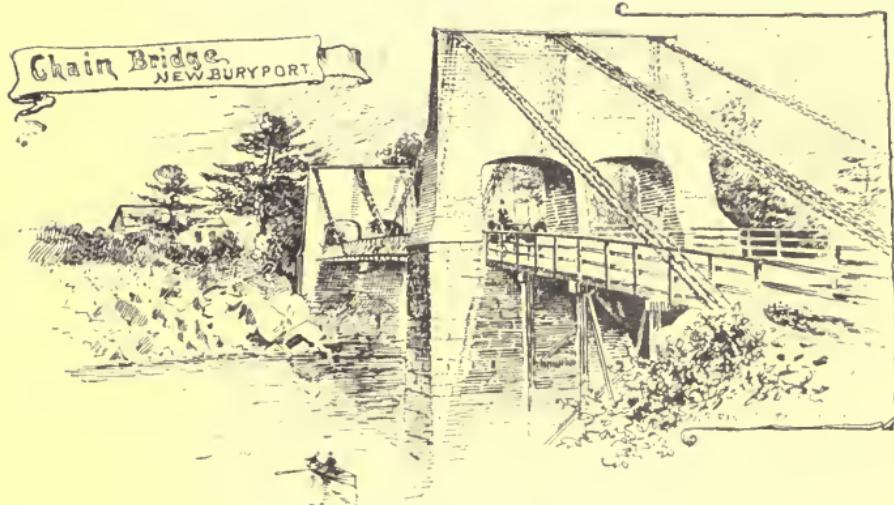
NEWBURYPORT has been happily designated by Joseph Cook as “the ancient sea-blown city at the mouth of the Merrimac;” and it is indeed a quaint and dreamy old place, full of memorials of the distant past. It is probably the most antique town in New England in appearance, for it has been content to drift along in the good old ways of the fathers, until a few years ago, when, through the exertions of its live business-men, it took on a new energy, and became one of the liveliest towns in Eastern Massachusetts.

Junius Henri Browne reported Newburyport to be like “some of the towns of old England.—Chester, Shrewsbury, Lincoln,—which have ceased to cherish expectations, whose importance is in the past.” It is a place of simple habits and old-time virtues, where frugality and sobriety supplant the anxiety and restlessness that so greatly cloud many lives. It has been well said that “Newburyport is at once the most American and least American of all American towns.”

In this quiet river-haven there are many old salts who know the currents of Labrador and the Straits of Belle Isle, the reaches below Calcutta, and the tides of the Baltic, as well as the streets that wind away under the trees from Belleville to Joppa. But the maritime industry is wellnigh extinct; the fishermen lag superfluous about the crumbling wharves; and the great ship-yards, in which the *Dreadnaught* and scores of her sister clippers were built, and many a stout war-ship of the United-States Navy, show hardly a sign of life. The town had several distinct fleets, for whaling, mackereling, the Porto-Bello sugar-trade, the Labrador fisheries, the Russia trade, etc. The port was of such consequence that it was closely blockaded by British frigates in the War of 1812, hovering around the river’s mouth like noisy eagles, and occasionally treating the lower part of the town to a shower of solid shot.

There is no finer thoroughfare in America than High Street, a broad and graceful avenue running along near the crest of the hill on which the city lies, almost parallel with the river, overarched with magnificent trees, bordered by colonial mansions, and stretching away for

three miles, from Deer Island to Oldtown Green. The home of Harriet Prescott Spofford is an ancient road-side tavern on Deer Island, near the lofty and graceful suspension-bridge, the first one built in America, and within sight of Hawkswood, the whilom estate of the literary Fletcher family, and Laurel Hill, where Sir Edward Thornton, the British ambassador, spent several summers, in a castellated house looking over the distant city to the outer sea; and "The Laurels," and Artichoke River, inspirers of Appleton Brown's delicious paintings and Whittier's verse; and Po Hill, of whose view Bayard Taylor said: "For quiet beauty it excels anything I have ever seen." Not far away (at the end of a branch railroad from Newburyport) is the prosperous manufacturing-village of Amesbury, with the home of John G. Whittier, the Walter Scott of all this region of legendary and poetic lore, who has thus beautifully described the seaward view from the neighboring hill :



" Its windows flashing to the sky,
 Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
 Far down the vale, my friend and I
 Beheld the old and quiet town;
 The ghostly sails that out at sea
 Flapped their white wings of mystery,
 The beaches glimmering in the sun,
 And the low wooded capes that run
 Into the sea-mist north and south;
 The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;
 The swinging chain-bridge, an I, afar,
 The foam-line of the harbor bar,"

Nor should the pilgrim omit to drive by the late Benj: Perley Poore's Indian-Hill Farm; or along the wonderful avenues of elms round Dimmier Academy; or up the river-road towards Groveland; or through the quaint maritime *faubourg* of Joppa, the part of Newburyport looking out across its sea-wall to the dark-blue ocean, and

rich in the gray old houses of the fishermen, huddled sociably around the narrow grassy lanes.

On State Street, the main business-thoroughfare (the old Boston turnpike, ending here at the Merrimac), is the Wolfe Tavern, one of the best hotels of the town. Capt. William Davenport commanded the Essex-North volunteers in the Conquest of Canada, and when he returned from the Plains of Abraham, in 1762, he opened a public house here, and named it in honor of his old commander, the gallant Gen. Wolfe.

In the ancient mansion on State Street now occupied by the Public Library, Washington and Lafayette and their suites were entertained in



princely style. The venerable Old South Church contains the remains of the great evangelist, George Whitefield, in a cenotaph of Egyptian and Italian marble. On High Street is the stately old mansion of Lord Timothy Dexter, whose many eccentricities have passed into history. Here also is the house of William Wheelwright, in whose honor bronze statues have been raised in Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso. On High Street, near the Bartlett Mall, stands the best statue of George Washington in existence, a heroic bronze figure, designed by J. Q. A. Ward, and presented to the city by one of its absent children, Mr. D. L. Tenney, of New York.

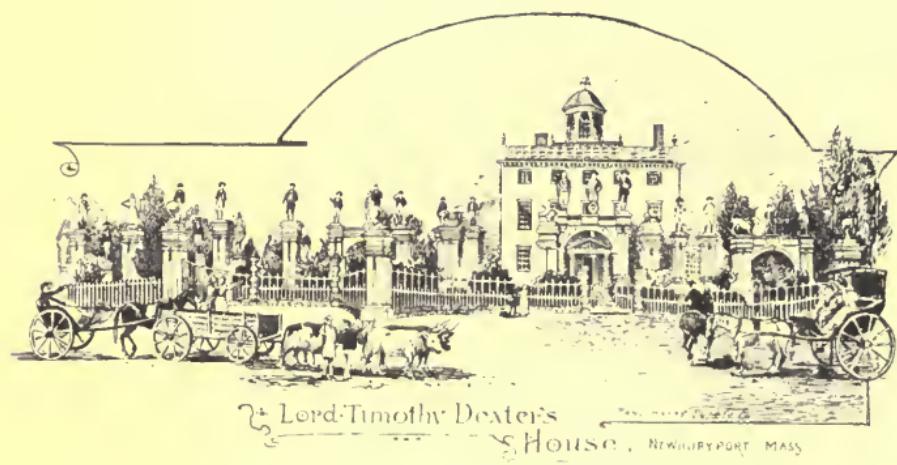
Among other natives and sometime residents of the dear old town were William Lloyd Garrison, the liberator, whose birthplace is shown,

back of the Old South Church; Caleb Cushing, the diplomat and jurist; Gen. A. W. Greeley, the Arctic voyager; Prof. C. C. Felton, the learned President of Harvard College; and Chief-Justice Samuel Sewall, whose diary reproduces colonial days so admirably.

The incidents connected with the more than a quarter of a millennium of history pertaining to this port, the visits of Talleyrand and Louis Philippe, the Great Fire of 1811, the British blockades, and the silver-mining excitement, cannot even be alluded to here.

The roads in the vicinity lead through a great variety of scenery, from the lonely cart-tracks to the marsh-islands and the neighboring beaches of Plum Island and Salisbury, and the pleasant rural highways of old Newbury. In this interesting town, down near the Parker River, and close to the picturesque Lower Green, stands the oldest tavern in America, opened by Jonathan Poor in 1640, and for centuries run as a roadside inn.

The horse-cars lead in little more than half an hour, through the

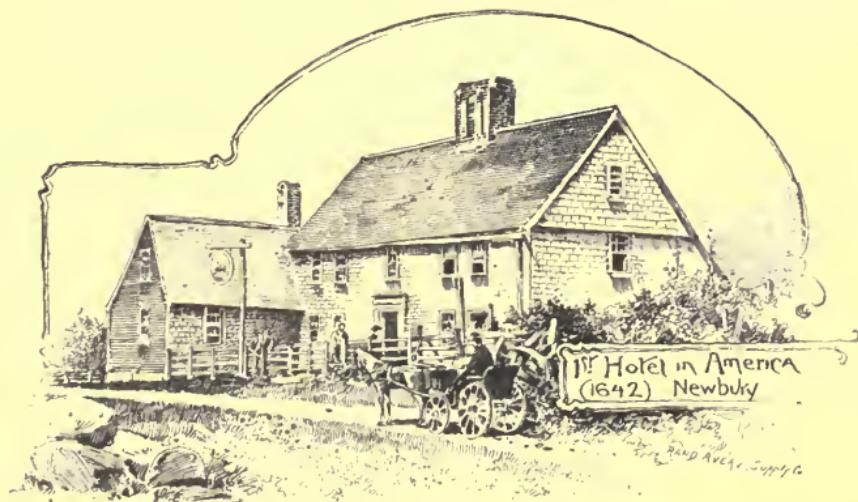


quaint streets of maritime Ioppa, and across the marshes which overlook the mouth of the Merrimac and the broad Ipswich meadows, to the weird sand-dunes of Plum Island, where the ocean beats with an unceasing roar. Here stands a hotel which was opened as far back as the year 1806, and has been enlarged and modernized within a few years, since the island has become a place of summer-cottages and vernal joys. This locality commands inspiring views over the marshes, laden with odorous salt-grass, and dappled with silvery pools of water, while in the background are the spires and towers of Newburyport, as effective from this point of view as in Italian coast-city; and in the farther distance, as blue as the sea, rise the beautiful rounded hills of Ipswich and Oldtown and Amesbury. One of Harriet Prescott Spofford's finest stories, "The South Breaker," refers to a locality at the mouth of the Merrimac on this shore, and she has also written no better poem than "Inside Plum Island."

“ Yet long as summer breezes blow,
 Waves murmur, rushes quiver,
 Those warbling echoes everywhere
 Will haunt Plum-Island River!”

The downward trend of the beach is so steep, and the undertow so strong, that sea-bathing may not be undertaken here; but in the tidal lagoon called the Basin, opening from the river, still-water bathing is practicable. Around this shore, and towards the light-houses, extends a colony of simply-built cottages, with a pier at which the steamboat from Newburyport stops, and a singular steam-railway. Plum Island stretches away to the southward for many miles, a perilous shore, sorrowfully renowned for fatal wrecks, down to the Bluffs, at the mouth of Ipswich River.

Public carriages run several times daily from Newburyport to Salisbury Beach; and steamboats also ply on the river, from the city to the



southern end of the beach, where horse-cars may be taken for other points.

Salisbury Beach will be forever memorable as the scene of Whittier's “The Tent on the Beach,” in which James T. Fields, Bayard Taylor, and the venerable poet himself encamped one summer, narrating the legends of the surrounding country and sea. Here they

“ Pitched their white tent where sea-winds blew,
 Behind them, marshes, seamed and crossed
 With narrow creeks, and flower-embossed,
 Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose leafy arms
 Screened from the stormy east the pleasant inland farms.

“ At full of tide their bolder shore
 Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat;
 At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor
 They touched with light, receding feet.
 Northward, a green bluff broke the chain
 Of sand-hills; southward stretched a plain

Of salt-grass, with a river winding down
Sail-whitened, and beyond, the steeples of the town."

Nothing can be added to this singing description, save to say that the bluffs are now dotted with summer-cottages, occupied mainly by families from inland Essex. There are also a few small inns; and a horse-railroad runs down to the mouth of the Merrimac, a distance of perhaps two miles. Public conveyances meet the trains at Salisbury station and are driven out to the beach, the last part of the route crossing a section of the famous Hampton marshes, an area of ten thousand acres, stretching from the Merrimac to Hampton River, and on which are stacked fifteen thousand tons of salt-hay. The beach also extends to the Hampton River, a distance of six miles from the Merrimac, but nearly all of its northern three-fourths is solitary and unoccupied. The great festal occasion of this locality here occurs on a certain day late in the month of August, when many thousands of people from the upper country assemble on the beach, and listen to speeches from famous orators, reviewing questions of living popular interest.

The beauties of the Merrimac above Newburyport may be enjoyed by taking the steamboat for Haverhill, from whose deck you may see Deer Island, Laurel Hill, Hawkswood, Salisbury Point, Rocks Bridge, and the other noted localities. By descending the river to its mouth, you may see the summer-villages there, and the great jetties now being erected, at enormous cost, to improve the navigation of the river.

Here we may read Whittier's poem, "The Merrimac," beginning:

" Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
There 's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean-gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light."

CHAPTER VIII.

HAMPTON AND RYE.

SEABROOK.—HAMPTON FALLS.—HAMPTON.—BOAR'S HEAD.—RYE BEACH.—LITTLE BOAR'S HEAD.—STRAW'S POINT.—CONCORD POINT.—A GROUP OF BEACH PICTURES.

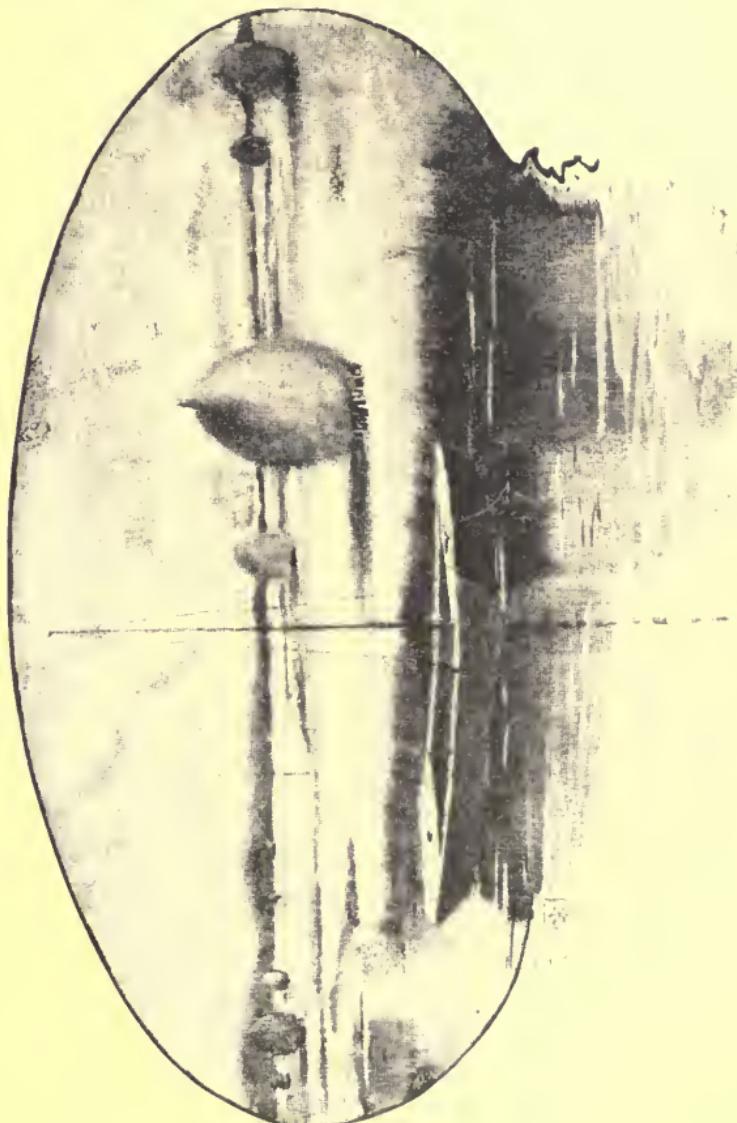
REFRRESHED by a rest at charming old Newburyport, we prepare to resume our northward journey once more.

Almost as soon as the train leaves the station, it runs out on the bridge over the Merrimac River, which flows in wide full current here, and affords a beautiful prospect, upward to Belleville and Po Hill, or downward by the gray old wharves and quaint spires of the city, to the two channel-piers below, and then on to Plum Island, with its white light-house and many cottages, and the broad mouth of the river, and Black Rock on the opposite shore, near the tall pointed beacon which facetious Essex North calls "Gen. Butler's Tooth-pick." Nearer the bridge, on the north shore, are the weather-beaten old houses of Ring's Island, one of the most ancient of the villages of Salisbury, and studded all over with legends. Flying across the salt-marshes of Town Creek, with long views on the left to upper Newburyport, the train presently comes to the level and outspread village of Salisbury. In this gray old town we may visit the Rocky-Hill Church, built in 1773, with its high-placed pulpit and helmet-shaped sounding-board, and the large square pew of the deacons; or the low-roofed birthplace of Caleb Cushing, the renowned jurist and diplomat; or the old home of Daniel Webster's mother; or the audience-room of the royal commissioners of 1699; or the remnants and relics of the more ancient Indian settlements, up by Hawkswood.

The Amesbury Branch runs from Newburyport to the brisk industrial village of Amesbury, from which carriages are shipped by thousands to all parts of the country. The home of Whittier is the great object of attraction for cultivated tourists.

Beyond Salisbury we traverse a long stretch of the Follomill Woods, one of the most beautiful and interesting forests in New England, and celebrated in the exquisite poetry of Whittier. Somewhere in this fair wilderness, the railroad enters Rockingham County, in New Hampshire, the famous old Granite State, whose rich tide-water plains are fringed with sea-repelling beaches, while inland they rise, by many a terrace of picturesque blue hills, and past many a lovely highland

lake, to the noble peaks of the White Mountains. The first town that the railway enters is Seabrook, whose many salty tidal brooks sink away into the sea to the eastward. The first settlements here were made in the perilous days of 1638; and a number of the pioneers suffered death in its most horrible forms, at the hands of the Indian lords of the soil.



HAMPTON MARSHES.

Not quite a mile from the station of Hampton Falls is the ancient hamlet of the same name, with its low-lying farm-houses and sleek cattle, and a monument erected by the State to Meshech Weare, the first president of New Hampshire, whose rule covered the dark years from 1776 to 1785. Away back in the year 1737, the governor of Massachusetts rode into the village, attended by the Legislature and escorted by five troops of horse, and met the governor and Legislature of New

Hampshire, to hold long debates with them about the boundaries of the two provinces. The dispute was carried on for many days, in the famous George Tavern; and finally the "poor, little, loyal, distressed province of New Hampshire" appealed its cause to the throne of England, whose king decided against the claims of Massachusetts, even then characterized as a "vast, opulent, and overgrown province."

As the train flies over the wide Hampton marshes, veined by Hampton River and its tributary creeks, off to the eastward, across the level plain, and beyond its many hay-mows, appear the houses on Hampton Beach, with the high headland of Boar's Head. The abundant salt-hay on these amphibious meadows is as valuable now as two hundred and fifty years ago, when it led the first company of immigrants, from bonnie old English Norfolk, to settle here, on the Indian domain called Winne cummet. This region has been made classic by the poems of Whittier, "The Wreck of Rivermouth," "The Changeling," "Hampton Beach," and others, in which occur admirable pen-pictures of the local scenery by field and flood.

" For there the river comes winding down
From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,
And waves on the outer rocks a-foam
Shout to its waters 'Welcome home!'"

At Hampton station, the broad platforms are oftentimes crowded with summer-travellers, and hotel-coaches line the adjacent roadway. Hampton is an idyllic old place, nestling under magnificent elms and amid broad green fields, "the loveliest village of the plain," with a couple of good inns, and a large summer-patronage. The people are all of American stock, simple and frugal in their habits, and dwelling, many of them, in houses that have been in the same families since the days of the royal Georges. For Hampton was settled as early as the year 1638, and remained for some years a practically independent border republic, negotiating in simple diplomacy with the similar commonwealths of Exeter, Dover, etc. For forty years these communes formed a part of Massachusetts.

Here you may be shown the site of the old Bond house, the first edifice erected in Hampton; or the Bridal Elm, under whose branches was celebrated the first wedding in town; or the "haunted house;" or the old academy, where Rufus Choate was a pupil.

The three-mile ride from the station to the beach leads through a pleasant and arable farming-country, amid gray old colonial houses and ample barns and aisles of verdurous trees. Hampton Beach is a broad strip of white sand, between the great blue sea and a long line of summer-cottages and hotels, and with the black heads of the River-mouth Rocks running out into deep water on the south, off the entrance to the lagoon of Hampton River. A half-century or more ago, this was the home-harbor for a fleet of fishing-schooners and coasters, all of which have long since gone to "Davy Jones's locker." The crown-

ing glory of the beach is at its northern end, the famous promontory of Boar's Head, a high green hill of a score of acres, projecting into the sea, and crowned by the Boar's-Head House, for nearly half a century the most famous hotel on New Hampshire's shore. The view from this eyrie is one of the noblest on the American coast, with the intense blue of the deep sea rounding half the horizon, from the dim sierras of Cape Ann, far away in the south, and the weird rocks of the Isles of Shoals, around over Rye Beach and the approaches to Newcastle and Portsmouth Harbor, and the deep-blue dome of Mount Agamenticus. Landward stretches the pale green of the marshes, above which rise great flocks of birds; and the elm-embowered village of Hampton, and the distant spires of Newburyport, and the rugged mountains of Peterborough, Monadnock's great brethren. At night, the warning stars of thirteen light-houses, from Thatcher's Island to Portland, are visible from this half-islanded plateau.

“ And fair are the sunny isles in view
 East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
 And Agamenticus lifts its blue
 Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;
 And southerly, when the tide is down,
 'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,
 The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
 Over a floor of burnished steel.”

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Along the beach, which runs southward for two miles to Hampton River, are some scores of primitive cottages, with several large hotels. This strand is famous for fine surf, which plunges down its long line in combing green billows, and roars around the ledges below the Ocean House. Whatsoever things are desirable in bathing, fishing, driving, or rambling are found at their best here; and the remoteness of the place from railroads keeps off most of the unlovely transient elements of summer-scorched picnic-people. The beautiful rural *plaisance* of the ancient farming-town comes right down to the shore, with its rich fields and shadowy trees and shrubbery, giving a charm to the scenery that is not found at those beaches which are isolated by sun-scorched salt-meadows and sandy plains.

Rye Beach is within easy walking or driving distance of Hampton Beach, by a noble sea-viewing road, which leads up by Little Boar's Head. But the way for outsiders to reach this delightful place is to leave the train at North Hampton, the station beyond Hampton, and ride four miles across country on the stage.

Little Boar's Head, where the road from the station reaches the beach and turns northward toward the Farragut House, is a pleasant headland projecting into the sea, and occupied by a score or so of summer-villas and boarding-houses; and on the crest is Terrace Hall, with its connected family-cottages, leased by the season. Here Pres. Franklin Pierce built a house, some thirty years ago, and spent in it

most of the summers after his retirement from the White House. Sec. Robeson, Mrs. Stowe, and other notables have been sojourners here.

Rye Beach is the most fashionable and brilliant of the New-Hampshire beaches, and overflows all through the delicious summer with the best of society, much of which comes from distant cities and states. On one side, it fronts towards the beautiful sea; and on the other are gray-walled old country-roads, embosomed in apple-orchards and leading through miles of Arcadian scenery. The chief hotel is the Farragut House, and a little farther back from the beach is the Sea-View House. The exotic Episcopal guests of summer have erected here the quaint stone chapel of St.-Andrew's-by-the-Sea, with its sturdy tower and far-sounding bell.

Over ten thousand summer-visitors are accommodated every season at Rye, many of them being from the Western States. One of the charms of the locality is its perfect blending of country farm-life and sea-shore life, where, in typical old farm-houses, deeply hidden among the orchards and corn-fields and hedges, you may find a rural restfulness unexcelled in Berkshire or Minnesota; while within a mile or two the sea roars along its white-embroidered strand. There are dozens of these country-houses in Rye, where summer-boarders may find accommodations.

A favorite promenade is the two-mile-long plank walk which leads southward from the Farragut to Little Boar's Head, along the top of the famous sea-wall, and commands views of diverse beauty,—the inland emerald and the seaward *lapis-lazuli*, the Shoals, the procession of ships, and the ever-moving billows.

A charming shore-road leads from Rye Beach to Straw's Point, with the rippling sea on one side and the green country on the other, and occasional summer-cottages, overlooking the crest of the beach. At Straw's Point is the station of the direct cable to England, a relay station for strengthening the electric current between New York and Torbay, in Nova Scotia.

From the Greenland station a mail-stage runs two and a half miles eastward to the quaint village of Rye, over which an air of antiquity broods like a perpetual charm. The six miles of beaches belonging to this ancient town include Foss's Beach, Wallis Sands, and other well-known localities, full of rare natural beauty, and overflowed perpetually by the life-giving air of the ocean. Hampton, Portsmouth, Newcastle, and Exeter are within easy driving-distance, over roads of rare beauty and interest. The bathing on the beaches is very good.

Concord Point, five miles from Portsmouth and six miles from Rye Beach, was a lonely and barren pasture as late as the year 1870, but now it is a prosperous sea-side resort, occupied chiefly by citizens of Concord,—the Kimballs, Thayers, Emerys, Morrills, and others. It commands a fine view of the Isles of Shoals, only six miles off shore.



1. The Isles of Shoals, from Rye Beach.
2. White-Island Light, Isles of shoals.

John Smith Co.

CHAPTER IX.

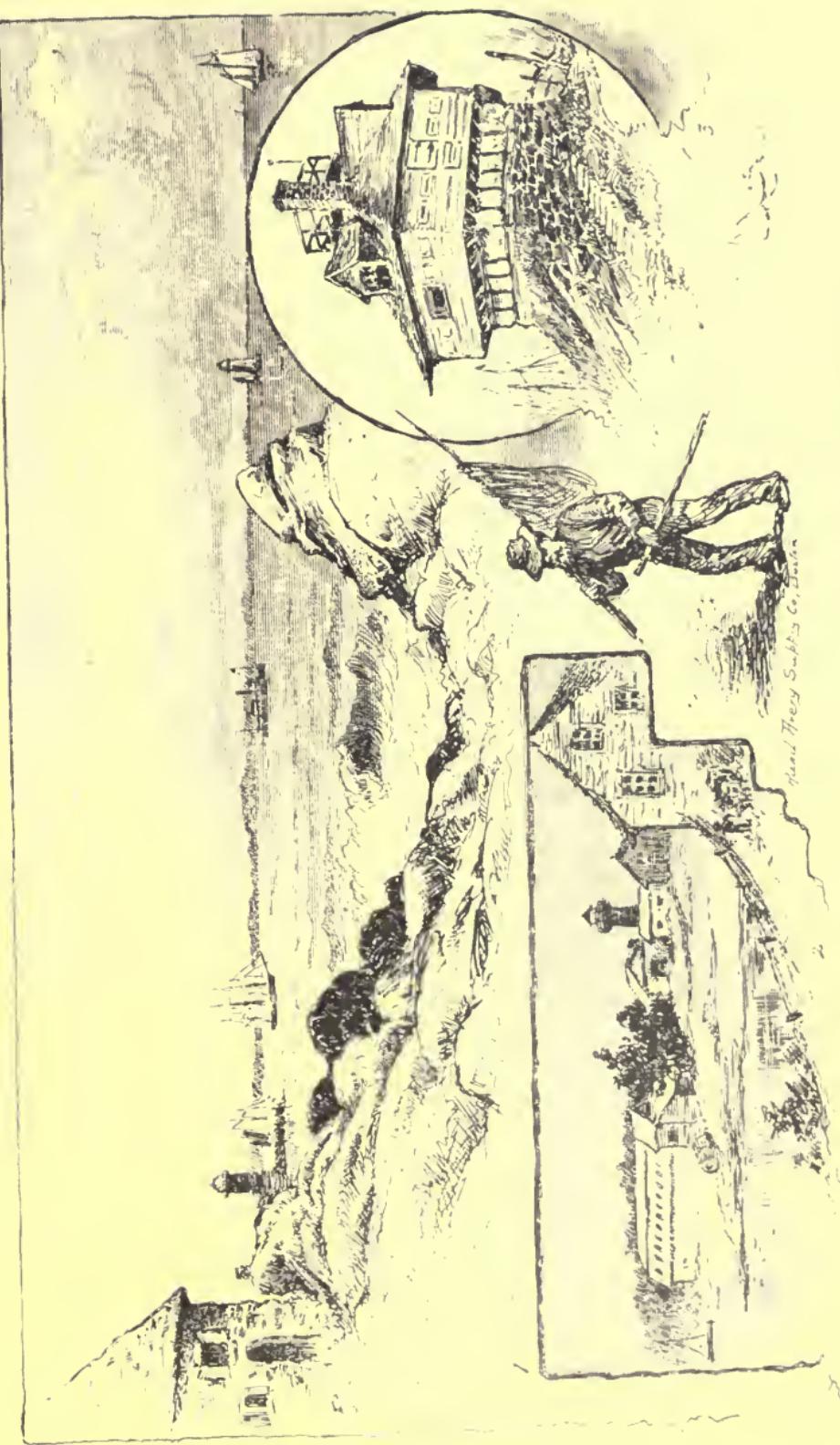
PORTSMOUTH.

STRAWBERRY BANK.—A NAVAL PORT.—HISTORIC HOUSES.—BOOKS ABOUT THE TOWN.—THE UNITED-STATES NAVY-YARD.

PORTSMOUTH is one of the dear and precious old towns of New England, surrounded with an aureole of delightful legends and historic events, and abounding in memories of great men. The rapid-flowing Piscataqua sweeps by its leaning old wharves, to enter the sea a league below. The history of the town is full of interesting episodes, from the dawn of 1603, when Capt. Martin Pring came sailing up the river in search of sassafras, and 1614, when the adventurous Capt. John Smith explored the lonely harbor. Soon afterwards, the first settlers began to arrive, Thompson and his Scottish fishermen at Odiorne's Point, and Chadbourne at the Great Ilouse (on Court Street). They called the colony "Strawberry Bank" for many years, after a luxuriant bed of wild strawberries near the river; and in 1653 the Massachusetts General Court gave it the name of PORTSMOUTH, "as being a name most suitable for this place, it being the river's mouth, and as good as any in the land. It was also the name of the English city in which John Mason (the first governor) was born." For more than a century, the home of the royal governors and the king's council rested here.

Portsmouth has always been a naval and military town, from the seventeenth century, when the British convoy-frigates refitted here, and sent their roystering Jack Tars on leave through the narrow colonial streets, to the recent days of the *Constitution* and *Kearsarge* and their gallant crews. From this region went the rugged troops whom Washington inquired about as they boldly marched into his camp, and was answered by Cilley, of Nottingham: "They're full-blooded Yankees, by ——, from Rockingham County, that have never yet turned their backs on any man." And here also were enlisted the New-Hampshire companies whom Washington found on guard at West Point the day after Arnold's treason, and to whom he said: "I believe I can trust you." Here we may listen to Aldrich's sweet Piscataqua poem:

"To let the wherry listless go
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy.

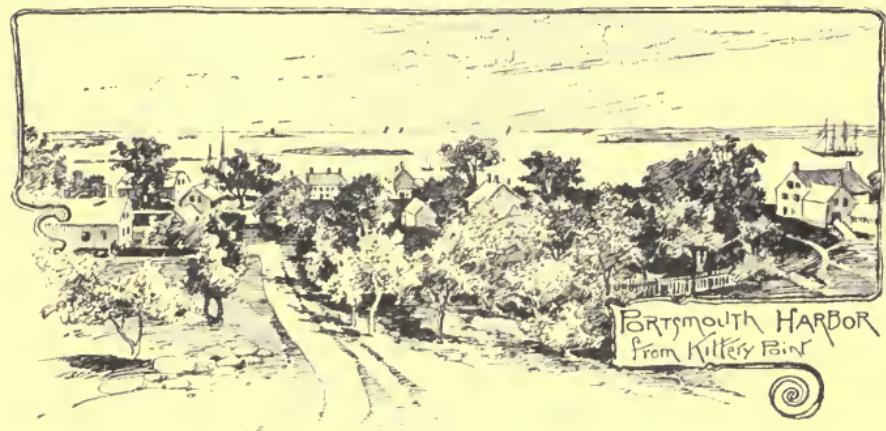


2. Old Fort Point, Portsmouth.

1. Mouth of Portsmouth Harbor, from Jaffrey Point.

And then to hear the muffled tolls
 From steeples slim and white,
 And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
 The Beacon's orange light."

In rambling about these quaint old streets, you may come upon the law-office of Daniel Webster; the lightning-rod put up by Benjamin Franklin; the colonial-built Athenaeum, on Market Square, with its great library and museum; the Warner mansion, built in 1718-23, of bricks brought from Holland, with interiors of panelling wood; the United-States building, erected during the administration of Pres. Franklin Pierce, and from its top overlooking the sea, the swift Piscataqua, and the Isles of Shoals; the office of the "New-Hampshire Gazette," which dates its beginning from 1756; the old Episcopal Church of St. John, containing the first organ used in America, and imported in 1713 by Thomas Brattle for King's Chapel, Boston; the



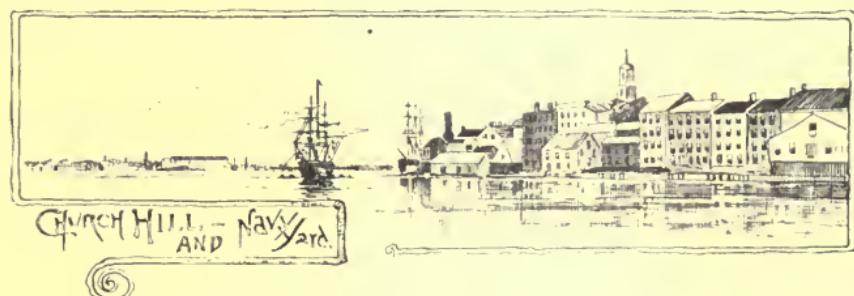
Haliburton house, at 25 Islington Street, where "Sam Slick" often made visits; the Ladd house, built in 1760 by the rich English merchant, John Moffat, and afterwards the home of William Whipple, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and general of brigade in the Continental Army; the Langdon house, where Louis Philippe of France was entertained; the Lear house, where Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary, was born; and the homes of the Penhallow, Pickering, Wentworth, Livermore, Fernald, Buckminster, Vaughan, Sherburne, and other famous provincial families. All these houses and their traditions, and the old churches, and Christian Shore and Brimstone Hill and other localities, are described in the bright little "Portsmouth Guide-Book," for sale at the book-stores.

The modern city, growing up in and around ancient Portsmouth, is full of keen enterprise and activity, one of its most popular and famous features being the immense brewery wherein Frank Jones's ale is prepared, in numberless cauldrons and vats.

If you can find a copy of "Brewster's Rambles about Portsmouth," or Adams's "Annals of Portsmouth," or the "Poets of Portsmouth" (published in 1865), you may enjoy a rich antiquarian feast, and find many places of deep interest along these old cobble-paved streets. Or you may read pleasant descriptions in Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" and "Prudence Palfrey;" and in Shillaber's works; and in Longfellow's poem of Lady Wentworth:

"One hundred years ago and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern-door."

The United-States navy-yard was founded here as early as 1775, when Langdon built the frigate *Raleigh*, on Badger's Island. Here also the *America* came into existence, under the care of John Paul Jones. In 1800 the National Government bought Fernald's Island (which had been granted by Sir Ferdinando Gorges to Thomas Fernald, "as long as the grass grows and the water runs"), and established here a first-class naval station, where many famous ships have been built. The ship-houses, barracks, gun-park, floating dry-dock, saluting-bat-



tery, and other structures, are interesting to visit. The government steamboat leaves Daniel Street, Portsmouth, several times daily, and civilians cross on the ferry to Kittery Foreside, and then walk across the bridge, past harmless sentries of the Marine Corps. Among the products of this dock-yard were the *Congress*, which was sunk by the *Merrimac*, and the *Kearsarge*, the conqueror of the *Alabama*. The *Galena*, *Yantic*, *Siurana*, and other vessels of the North-Atlantic squadron often visit Kittery; and the brave old *Constitution*, freighted with four-score years of glory, lies here at her moorings. Here, reading Holmes's "Old Ironsides," we may see

"Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were larrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below!"

CHAPTER X.

NEWCASTLE.

FORGOTTEN FORTRESSES.—THE WALBACH TOWER.—THE HOTEL WENTWORTH.—JAFFREY POINT.—THE HOMES OF TWO POETS.—BITS OF SEA-SONG.—THE HOUSE OF GOVERNOR WENTWORTH.

THIE aneient village of Neweastle lies at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbor, on the river-ward side of Great Island, with its narrow lanes and little moss-grown houses, inhabited by about six hundred people, whose ancestors were among the most daring and expert navigators on this (or any other) coast. Here they will show you the house of Paul Jones's boatswain; the building in which Randall, the founder of the Free Baptists, preached his first sermon, the venerable Sheafe mansion; and other storied memorials of olden times.

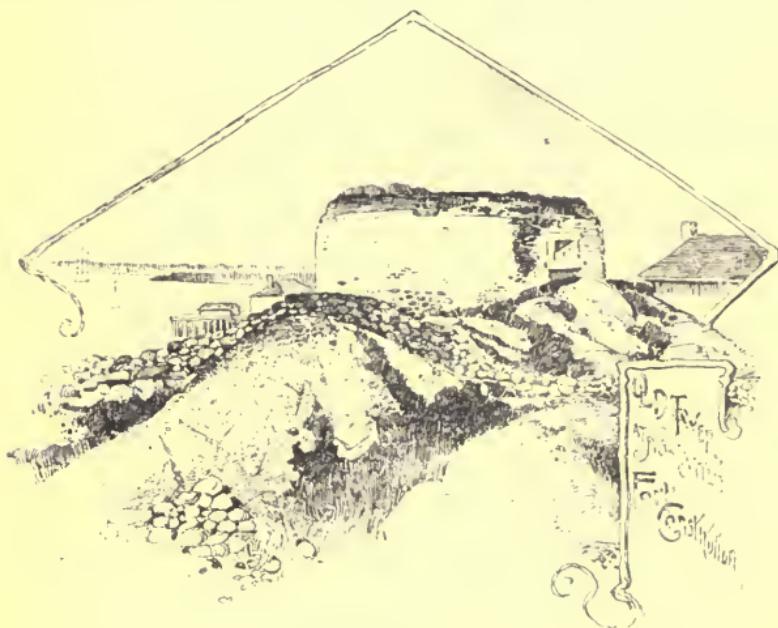
The light-house was built in 1771 by Gov. John Wentworth, and became the property of the United States in 1789, when it was remodelled and cut down. The island was fortified by John Mason, early in the seventeenth century, with an intrenchment mounting ten cannon; and a new fort was built in 1666, and afterwards received the royal names of William and Mary. In 1774 the "Liberty Boys" of Portsmouth, at Paul Revere's summons, captured this fortress by surprise, and carried off its armament, sending a hundred barrels of the king's powder to the American army besieging Boston. This was served hot to the redcoats at the battle of Bunker Hill. A British fleet re-captured the empty fort soon afterwards, but the garrison sailed away in 1775. Fort Constitution was built on the ruins of the old Provincial fortress in 1808, and partly rebuilt in 1863, remaining now a great granite ruin, out on the lonely Fort Point.

Near the fort is the ancient Walbach Tower, a brick fortification in the form of a Martello tower, with casemated embrasures and a diminutive magazine. It was erected nearly eighty years ago by Col. John DeBarth Walbach, formerly an officer in Prince Maximilian's Royal Alsace Regiment, and in later years commander of Fort Constitution. When an alarm was given of approaching enemies, the old Alsatian colonel mounted his only cannon on the tower and awaited their broadsides; but the hostile ships merely looked into the harbor, and then bore away.

Over the tranquil lagoon of Little Harbor rises the Hotel Went-

worth, a mile from the old village, on the highest point of the island, seventy-five feet above the sea. The views from the Wentworth include the open sea, the spires and roofs of Portsmouth, the great hill of Agamenticus, and the blue ranges of Nottingham and Strafford. There is every facility here for boating and bathing, fishing and driving, and the countless forms of in-door amusement so popular during the cool evenings of summer.

Public conveyances run over the league-long road from Portsmouth to Newcastle several times daily, crossing the river on a long bridge which rests on several islets. Other stages run to the Wentworth, using a different road, and crossing the famous Sagamore Creek, with historic estates bordering its banks.



Jaffrey (or Jerry's) Point was fortified at an early date, and armed with brass guns provided by the merchants of London; but these works, and their successors of the time of 1812, were removed to make room for more modern batteries, which have not been completed.

At Jaffrey Point is Kelp Pock, the beautiful summer-home of Edmund C. Stedman, the New-York banker-poet; and near by nestles the home of John Albee, the poet, whose little book about Newcastle contains scores of fascinating legends. This house is over two hundred years old, and the Provincial Legislature held its sessions of 1682 and 1683 under its hospitable roof, when Cranfield, the Royal Governor, dwelt here. Albee's "Bos'n Hill" and other strong Emersonian poems are familiar to many readers. It begins :

"The wind blows wild on Bos'n Hill,
Far off is heard the ocean's roar,

Low overhead the gulls scream shrill,
And homeward seeds each little boat.”

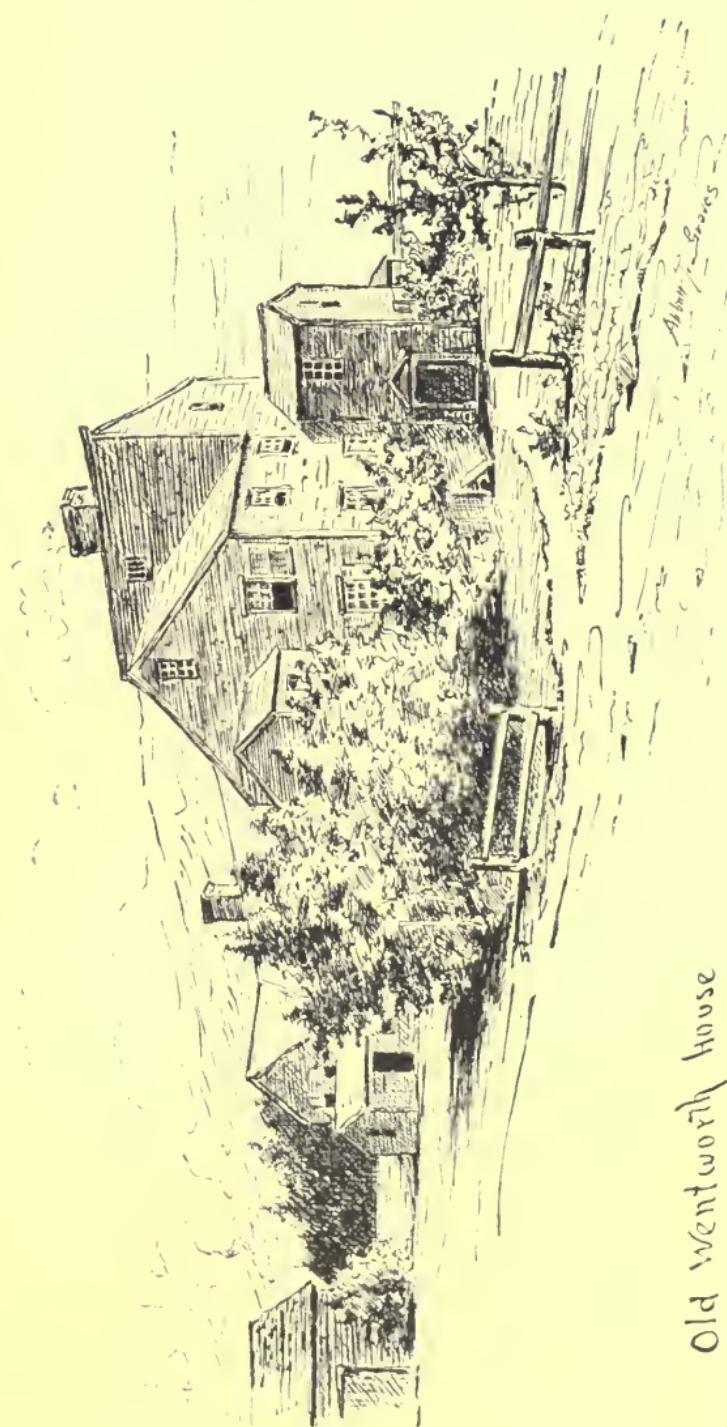
It may be allowed us to give one of Stedman's magnificent verses, written in his stone tower beyond the low gray walls and the wild-rose thickets :

“ Splendors of morning the billow-crests brighten,
Lighting and luring them on to the land,
Far-away waves where the wan vessels whiten,
Blue rollers breaking in surf where we stand,
Curved like the necks of a legion of horses,
Each with his froth-gilded mane flowing free,
Hither they speed in perpetual courses,
Bearing thy riches, O beautiful sea!”

The old Wentworth house, on Little Harbor, was built in 1750 by Benning Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire from 1741, the time of its separation from Massachusetts, until 1766, when his nephew John (afterwards Sir John Wentworth) succeeded him. The old Governor married his house-maid, Martha Hilton (as set forth in Longfellow's “Lady Wentworth”); and after his death she wedded Col. Wentworth, a veteran officer of Culloden and Fontenoy. The chief of the forty-five rooms in this venerable house is the oak-studded council-chamber, with its huge carved fire-place, and its rare portraits of Dorothy Quincy (John Hancock's wife), by Copley, Secretary Waldron, and Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford. In the hall are the racks of the governor's guard, with their twelve flint-lock muskets; and below the house is a great cellar, where in old times thirty horses were kept saddled and ready for a march, in days of emergency.



COTTAGE AT JAFFREY POINT.



Old Wentworth House

CHAPTER XI.

THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

THE LEIGHTONS.—AN ARTISTS' AND AUTHORS' RESORT.—VIEWS OF SEA AND SKY.—THE DAYS OF THE PIRATES AND SEAL-HUNTERS.—APPLEDORE.—STAR ISLAND.—A VANISHED TOWN.

THE Isles of Shoals form a unique watering-place in the ocean, ten or twelve miles from Portsmouth, from which steamboats run hither several times daily. The season lasts from mid-June well into September, during which thousands of visitors come here to enjoy the bracing sea-air. There is no beauty of landscape here, for the islands are, as Celia Thaxter says, “mere heaps of tumbling granite in the wide and lonely sea;” but the majesty of the ocean broods over everything. The founder of the modern summer-resort was Thomas B. Leighton, an eccentric Democratic gentleman of Portsmouth, who banished himself to these inhospitable rocks as a result of a mortifying political defeat. Years ago, a number of vacation-tourists visited Appledore and secured entertainment at the Leighton mansion, which was gradually enlarged to meet their needs, and finally replaced by the great Appledore House, managed by Oscar and Cedric Leighton, the sons of the exile.

The Shoals have always been peculiarly a resort for New-Englanders, including literarians like Whittier, Hutton, Allen, Cushing, Mrs. Ole Bull, and Dr. Peabody; artists like William M. Hunt (who died here), Appleton Brown, and Childe Hassam; actors like Booth, Barrett, and Riddle; and many other well-known persons.

These nine sea-beaten crags are bold and treeless mountain-tops of weather-beaten granite, seamed with dykes of lava and quartz, and fringed with roaring caverns and jagged cliffs, forever swept by spray and foam. There are a few patches of stunted grass in the hollows of the rocks, and low-lying beds of wild roses, elder-berry blooms, and other pretty flowers. The views are of amazing extent and grandeur, embracing all the coast from Cape Ann to Cape Porpoise, Portsmouth and Newcastle to the westward under the sunset, and the noble blue heights of the mainland, from Po Hill at Amesbury, and Agamenticus, near York, to the remoter crests of Monadnock and Pawtuckaway, and the dim outlines of the White Mountains. At night you can see the glimmer of nine light-houses, starring the long dark coast-line. The wind from any quarter is cooled by the surrounding expanses of sea.

These lonely isles were frequented by English and Dutch fishermen early in the sixteenth century—as far back as the days of the Armada. Champlain reported them as *îles assez hautes*; and Capt. John Smith named them “Smith’s Isles.” Subsequently, the islands were occupied by a motley company of fishermen, pirates, and seal-hunters, who lived here in great uproar and content, abusing the mainland constables with “opprobrious languidg,” and worse, and remaining defiant and intractable even before the brass-mounted black staff of the high sheriff of York. The Gorgeana General Court was compelled to repeal an enactment against allowing women on the islands, saying: “As the fishermen of the Isles of Shoals *will* entertain womanhood, they have liberty to sit down there, provided they shall not sell either wine, beare, or liquor.” By the year 1650 there were six hundred dwellers here, and fishermen from all over the world frequented the port, and pirates and letter-of-marque men from the Spanish Main. When the Revolutionary War broke out, the people were removed to the main-



land, by order of the State authorities, and this blow was never recovered from.

Appledore is a mile long, and two-thirds of a mile wide, made up of two high and rocky ridges, between which, in a little valley, stands the famous Appledore House, with its modern conveniences and luxuries. Close by is the pretty cottage of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the sister of the Leightons, and one of the most celebrated of New-England authors.

Star Island, three-quarters of a mile long, and half a mile wide, was the site of the ancient village of Gosport, the capital of the little archipelago. About the year 1870 it was depopulated, and the great Oceanic Hotel arose on its lonely shore. This was burnt, two or three years later, and replaced by another and smaller public house. Star and White Islands belong to New Hampshire; the other islands, to Maine.

On the highest point of Star Island is the Gosport church, built of the timbers of a wrecked Spanish galleon, in 1685; rebuilt in 1720; burned by the islanders in 1790; and rebuilt of stone in 1800. Close

by lies the burying-ground, with its brown-stone monuments to former pastors. Near the great southern cliff which overlooks the ocean is the triangular marble monument to Capt. John Smith; and farther down opens the cavern in which Betty Moody concealed herself and her children when the Indians were making a foray on the defenceless island. High on the western bluff are the remains of the old fort, erected in 1633 and disarmed in 1775 by a naval expedition from Newburyport, which carried away the guns and ammunition.

Smutty Nose, nearly as large as Appledore, was named by facetious mariners, from its long south-eastern point of black rock. Cedar and Malaga Islands are connected with Smutty Nose at low tide. A mile from Star lies White Island, a picturesque mass of rocks, upholding a light-house, and joined to Seavey's Island by a low-tide bar. Farther westerly is Londoner's; and away in the north-east, two miles from Appledore, the dangerous black ledges of Duck Island furnish homes for sea-gulls and other aquatic birds.

People who visit the Shoals should surely bring with them Celia Thaxter's charming little book, "Among the Isles of Shoals," and perhaps, also, Jenness's historical account; and read Lowell's thrilling poem of "Appledore," and Whittier's ballads of the neighboring coast. Mrs. Thaxter spent many years here, in summer and winter, and tells of the exquisite flowers, the various sea-birds, the old legends, the wrecks, and a hundred other things, in a literary style of rare beauty. One who has seen it can never forget the scene painted by Whittier:

" So, as I lay upon Appledore,
 In the calm of a closing summer day,
 And the broken lines of Hampton shore
 In purple mist of cloudland lay,
 The Rivermouth Rocks their story told,
 And waves aglow with sunset gold,
 Rising and breaking in steady chime,
 Beat the rhythm and kept the time,

 And the sunset paled, and warmed once more,
 With a softer, tenderer after-glow;
 In the east was moonrise, with boats off shore,
 And sails in the distance drifting slow,
 The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,
 The White Isle kindled its great red star;
 And life and death in my old-time lay
 Mingled in peace like the night and day!"

CHAPTER XII.

KITTERY AND YORK.

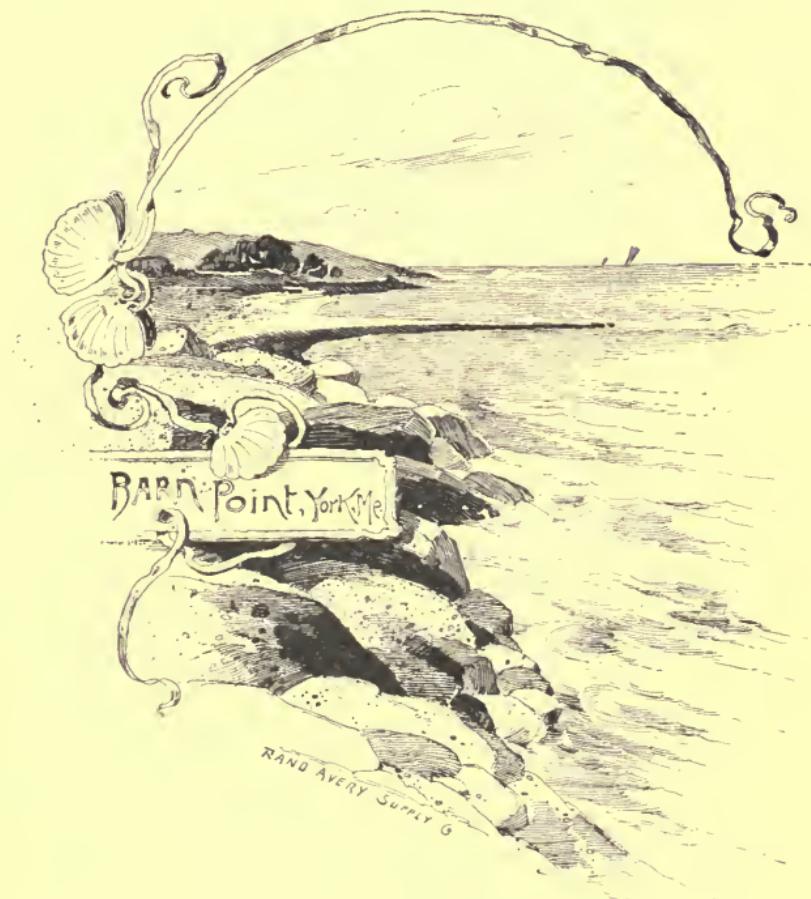
KITTERY POINT.—FORT MCCLARY.—PEPPERRELLS AND SPARHAWKS.—GERRISH ISLAND.—YORK HARBOR.—YORK MINSTER.—NORWOOD FARM.—LONG SANDS.—CAPE NEDDICK.—BOON ISLAND.—YORK BEACH.—BALD-HEAD CLIFF.—AGAMENTIC'S.

BUT not even the charming antiquities and rare scenery of Portsmouth, nor yet its many quaint legends of the days of maritime enterprise, must keep us longer from the alluring beaches of ocean-breasting Maine. The train rolls out on the high bridge over the eddying and troubled Piscataqua, and on one side open the blue reaches toward Dover Point, while on the other the islands close before the mouth of the whirling stream, with the spire of Kittery blinking at the tide-swept wharves and colonial towers of Portsmouth. Beyond rise the ship-houses at the Kittery navy-yard, and the great Hotel Wentworth, out on the horizon. If we choose to leave the main line for a few hours, we may board the York-Beach train at Portsmouth, and cross the bridge and glide down through Kittery to the very shore of the sounding sea. The York Harbor & Beach Railroad was built in 1886-87, and is operated by the Boston & Maine Railroad. Since its completion, the old yellow stage-coaches that used to jolt passengers over the weary road from Portsmouth have fallen into desuetude, and summer-visitors can reach the delightful resorts along this shore without hardship or fatigue. It is one of the most picturesque of railroads, swinging around among the low rocky hills and ancient farms of Kittery and York, and alongside the bright waters of many a tidal lagoon and salt-water creek, and giving views of the Piscataqua, the navy-yard, the Pepperrell, York Harbor and River, the elm-embowered village of York, and the magnificent sweep of the Long Sands, with leagues of ocean opening away to the dim eastern horizon.

Kittery was settled away back in 1623 by Walter Neal, and received its English name and incorporation eighteen years later, when it held the proud position of the largest town in Maine, of whose taxes it paid nearly one-half. Picturesquely indented by tidal streams, and abounding in rugged diversity of scenery, and gray old farm-houses and garrison-houses of the last century, Kittery offers many attractions to the summer-day visitor, and has been for years a favorite resort. Near the depot at Kittery Point stands the Pepperrell Hotel, a

summer-house accommodating about one hundred guests, and from its high place overlooking Portsmouth Harbor and its defences, the slumberous old city, and the pleasant islands of the Piscataqua, together with leagues of picturesque inland country. In the same vicinity is the more modern Hotel Park Field, with equal attractions.

The old Kittery-Point church was built in 1714, the frame having been floated down from Dover; and the plate belonging to it was a bequest from Col. Pepperrell. The oldest house here dates from 1660, when it was reared by John Bray, whose daughter Margery was Sir

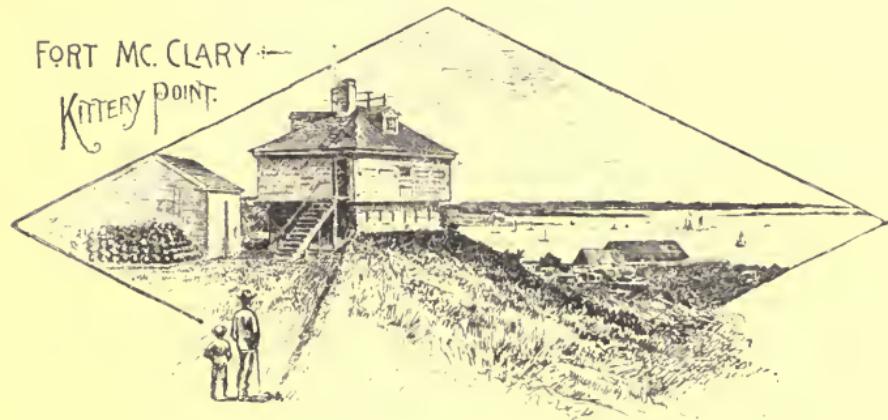


William Pepperrell's mother. The Cutts mansion was erected by Lady Pepperrell, in 1759, and passed into the Cutts family thirty years later. The head of this clan, with his two sons, died insane; and his daughter Sally remained here until her demise, in 1874.

Near the hotel are the ruins of Fort McClary, founded in 1700, and long afterwards named in honor of Andrew McClary, of Epsom, major of the 1st New-Hampshire Continental Regiment, and the handsomest man in the Army of the Revolution. He was killed by a cannon-shot from a British frigate, just after the battle of Bunker Hill. The fort was rebuilt in 1845, and again during the Secession War, when this

coast was expecting a visit from the "Queen's navy." The works then begun were never finished, and probably never will be.

The Pepperrell mansion dates from about the year 1730, having been built by Col. William Pepperrell, a wealthy ship-builder; and it became the home of his son, Sir William Pepperrell, the first American baronet, commander of the Provincial forces at the victorious siege of Louisburg, in 1745, and lieutenant-general in the British Army. His grandson, William Sparhawk, succeeded to his name and estates, and fled to England with the Tory refugees, upon which the great domains of the family, covering many thousands of acres, suffered confiscation by the American government. The house was formerly much larger than it is now, with a broad deer-park leading down to the river, and a noble avenue of trees extending to the Sparhawk place. The Pepperrell tomb dates from 1733, and contains the remains of thirty persons of this proud family, walled up in a crypt.



The Sparhawk mansion was built over one hundred and fifty years ago by Col. Nathaniel Sparhawk, who married Lady Elizabeth Pepperrell, in a dress of "white padusoy silk, flowered with all sorts of colors." The rooms were richly hung with damask, of red, blue, yellow, and other bright hues, each of which gave its name and key of color to the room. It remained in the Sparhawk family till 1815.

Gerrish Island, two miles from Kittery Point, fronts the ocean for a long distance, a picturesque region of woods, farms, and beaches, joined to the mainland by a bridge, and traversed by a rugged, lonely road commanding exquisite sea-views. On the promontory of Pocahontas Point, at the mouth of the Piscataqua, with rocks on one side and a firm sandy beach on the other, stands the Hotel Pocahontas, with extensive grounds, fishing and boating and bathing for the active, and illimitable ocean air and views for the tranquil. The island covers two thousand acres. It was granted by Sir Ferdinando Gorges to his brother-in-law, Arthur Champernowne, of Devon, whose family bore kinship to the Gilberts, Raleighs, and Plantagenets. The name of

Dartington, pertaining to the family estate in England, was given to the island; and Francis, the son of the grantee, came over to assume its government, in 1636, when he had reached the age of twenty-four. For over fifty years this worthy gentleman dwelt here, serving as royal councillor and commissioner; and, dying childless, left the domain to his wife's family, the Cuttsses. The great cairn of stones that marks his grave is two miles from the Poeahontas. In Albee's noble words:

"Here rest the bones of Francis Champernowne;
The blazonry of Norman kings he bore;
His fathers builded many a tower and town,
And after Senlac England's lords. Now o'er
His island cairn the lonesome forests frown,
And saulless seas beat the untrodden shore."

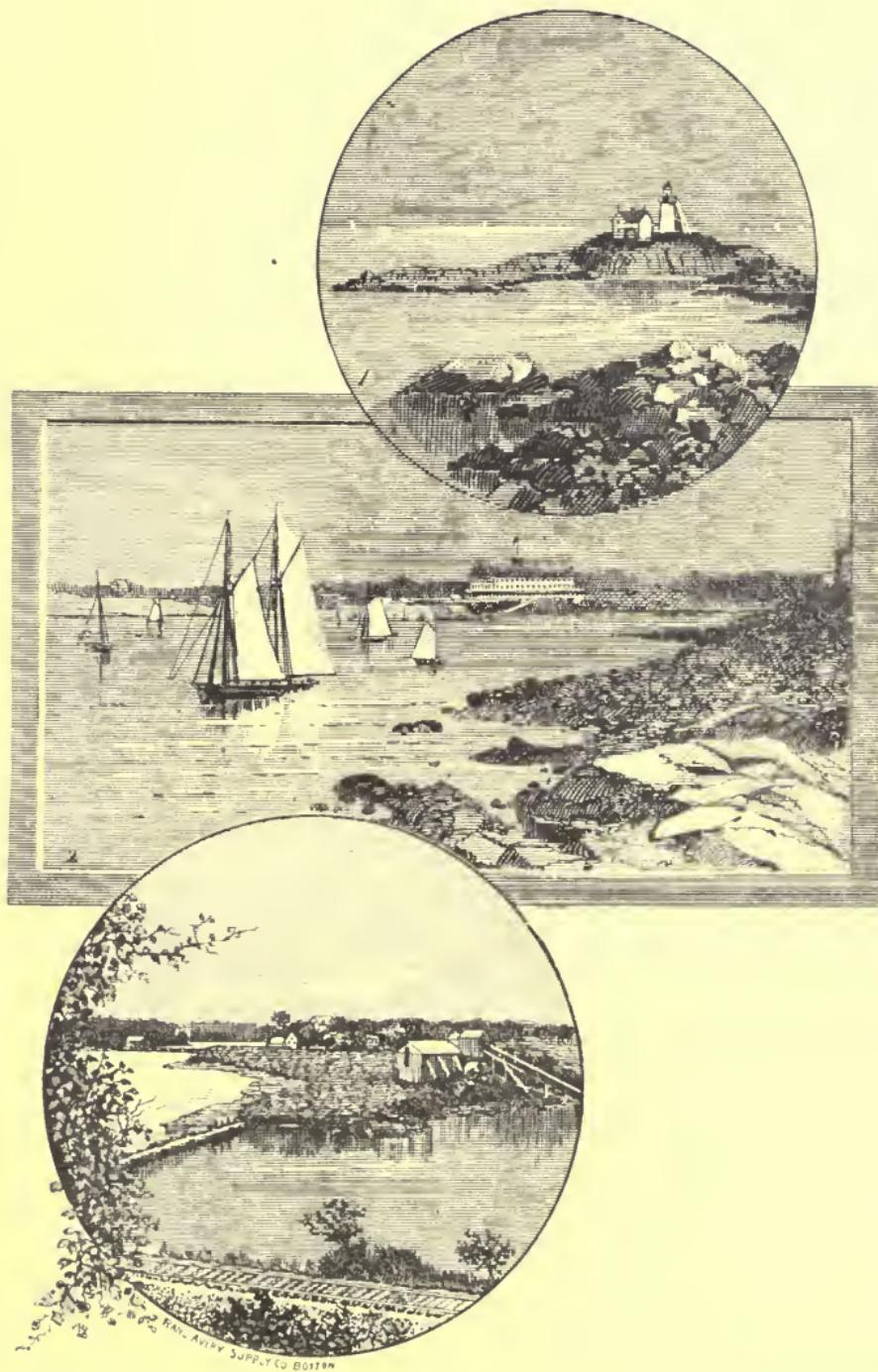
York Harbor opens near the mouth of York River, where the singular rocky peninsula of Stage Neck (or Fort Head) forces the stream to bend away to the southward, just before sweeping into the sea. Upon this Nahant-like promontory stands the great Marshall House, with the ocean on one side, and on the other the beautiful winding river, flowing between pale-green meadows and darker forests, fertile farms and ruined wharves. On the outer side of the isthmus extends the beach of Short Sands, where the perfection of surf-bathing may be enjoyed.

The shipping which in remote days made York almost a rival of Boston and Salem has vanished from the bay, and is replaced in summer by fleets of beautiful yachts, sailing in from distant metropolitan harbors. The visitors, in the intervals of tennis and driving and bathing, make much of the boating and fishing privileges, the blue sea-reaches on the outside, or the lovely winding courses of the York River, penetrating for miles into the peaceful country.

Around the north side of the harbor extends a line of rocky heights, now for the most part occupied by villas, whose happy occupants can look down on a panorama of surpassing beauty. On this side, also, are the minor hotels,—the Harmon, Goodwin, and York-Harbor,—each with its constituency of admirers, returning every season to enjoy the bland salt air of this favored region. On the roads you may see phaetons, dog-carts, pony-carriages, and high-stepping horses, with much bravery of costumes and charm of pretty women.

There is a peculiar splendor of color at York, in the long green pastures and meadows, divided by gray stone walls, masses of wild roses and golden-rod, and the glorious living blue of sea and sky.

Only a mile from the Long Sands, buried under the umbrageous shelter of many trees, slumbers the historic hamlet of York, with its half-dozen shops and a somnolent post-office. The little white village church, which facetious summer-voyagers have named "York Minster," has now passed its hundred and fiftieth year of service. At the ends



YORK HARBOR.

THE NUBBLE.

of the village are magnificent rows of elm-trees, many of which were set out by Judge Sewall in the last century. Among the fine old colonial houses, white and green, with enrailed roofs and huge chimneys, are those formerly occupied by Judge David Sewall and the gay and gallant Paul Langdon. Here and there, too, appear the mossy gambrel-roofs of still older houses.

The jail was built in 1653, from the proceeds of a county tax, and still stands on its little knoll over the village-street, partly of heavy masonry, with a dark dungeon shut in by a three-feet thickness of reeking stone walls, and with a door six inches thick.

The records of old York are full of fascination for the mousing antiquary or the cultivated summer-traveller. Its founder was Sir Ferdinando Gorges, of Somersetshire, one of Queen Elizabeth's stout-hearted naval captains in the Armada days, and also an early grantee of New England, and lord-proprietary of the province of Maine. He dispatched various colonies to his vast empty empire, sending also his son and his nephew to administer it. On the site of York he founded the capital of the new principality, incorporated as a city, and bearing, in his honor, the name of Gorgeana. Years afterwards, when their projects for agriculture had failed, and the Indians had driven in or massacred their outer settlements, the gray old Somerset knight died, and his yeomen of Maine, ignored by the Gorges heirs, joined the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The Bay Province revoked the city charter, and gave the place "the short and snappish name of York," according to tradition because the psalm-tune of York was the favorite melody in the village meetings.

In the winter of 1692, three hundred Indians and Frenchmen marched down from Canada on snow-shoes and attacked York by night, slaying seventy-five of its people and leading one hundred into captivity. Thenceforth for more than half a century the town laid in a state of siege, frequently assailed by the blood-thirsty enemy, but always holding its own bravely. Four or five miles up the York River two of the old garrison-houses are still standing, built of heavy hewn timbers, and with projecting upper stories. The inhabitants lived in great peace after the Conquest of Canada.

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

When the railroad sought to build its line here, they combatted the scheme valiantly, saying: "It will poison the land for a mile each side of it;" and so the company was compelled to have its charter amended, and laid the tracks miles away in the woods to the westward.

From the Short Sands, a coast of sharp and angular rocks, of rich deep colors, projects seaward, and bends around to the Long Sands, which are distant about half a league by the new road over the heights. This is the famous region of **Norwood Farm**, with Whiting's,

Baker's, and Norwood's large boarding-houses, and the pleasant summer-cottages of John C. Ropes, Francis A. Peters, Mrs. Charles Dwight, Dr. F. D. Stackpole, and Mrs. Rice, of Boston, Col. John D. Washburn, of Worcester, the Rev. Joseph May and the Williams family, of Philadelphia, and other well-known people. The views from this high promontory include the openings of York Harbor, Cape Neddick and the Nubble, Boon Island and the Shoals, and a vast area of inland country, stretching away toward the sunset. Near the crest is the pretty Episcopal chapel of St. George's-by-the-Sea, with its rich memorial window, erected by and for the summer population of this most aristocratic part of the York coast.

The **Long Sands** form one of the finest of American beaches, a mile and a half long, and of hard gray sand, gently sloping to the surf. On one side rise the wooded highlands of Norwood Farm, with its



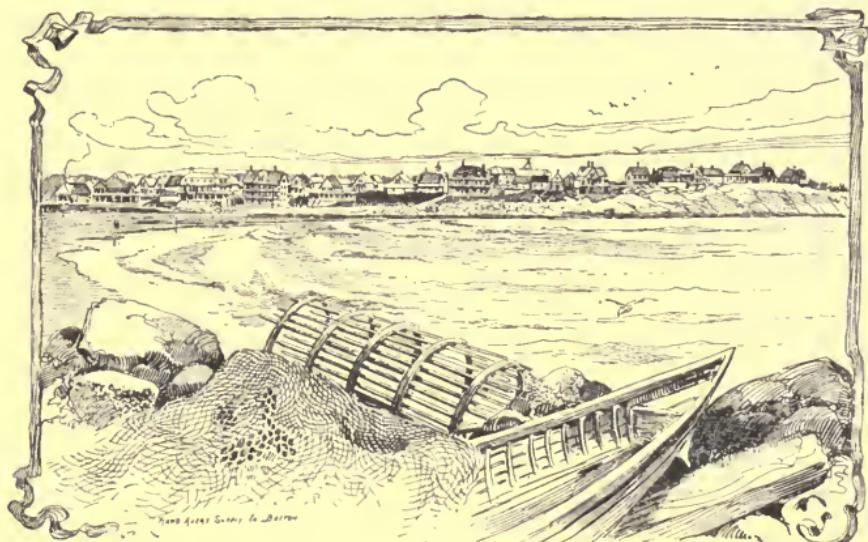
EARLY MORNING—THE NUBBLE, YORK BEACH.

prominent cottages; on the other side Cape Neddick projects into the sea, with the Nubble at its end; and near the middle of the beach is a group of wave-washed ledges. The Garrison House and Hotel Bartlett stand at the south end of the strand, not far from Roaring Rock, and within a mile of old York village. About half-way up is Grant's Sea Cottage, near Waldemere, the villa of Mrs. Allan Manvel, of Minnesota; and a little way beyond is the Donnell House. Thence for a mile or so the beach is closely lined with small cottages, bordering the highway.

Cape Neddick is a noble craggy promontory, faced with high cliffs and surf-whitened ledges, and sprayed all over with wild roses, white and yellow daisies, and scarlet lilies. Two hundred feet off its outer point is the lone rock called the Nubble, with a modern light-house and light-keeper's cottage, and many a perfumed bed of mignonette in the hollows of the ledges. Thousands of people visit the light-

every summer, being ferried across by the light-keeper, and bring away mementos,—painted stones, photographs, and wings and breasts of strange sea-birds. There is a tradition that old Capt. Bowden once sailed the *Ploughshare* through the Gut of the Nubble, to save a tide into Cape-Neddick Harbor. At low tide, one can walk dry-shod from the cape to the light-house, where, an hour or two later, the salty tides rush and roar through the rocky passage.

Far out at sea, a good three leagues as the crow flies, lies Boon Island, its tall granite light-house towering to the height of a hundred and thirty-three feet, and bearing a lens which cost forty thousand dollars. There are dark traditions connected with this lonely islet, such as that of the *Nottingham Galley*, wrecked here a century and a half ago, when the survivors of its crew turned cannibals to avoid



UNION BLUFF, YORK.

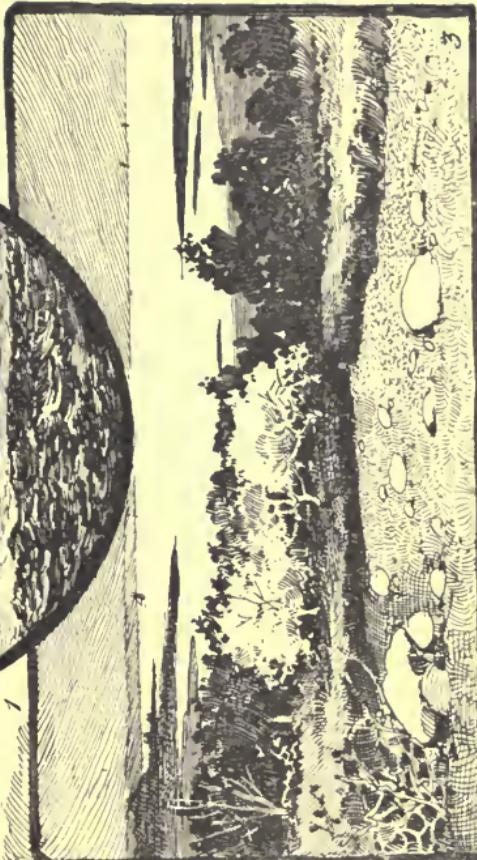
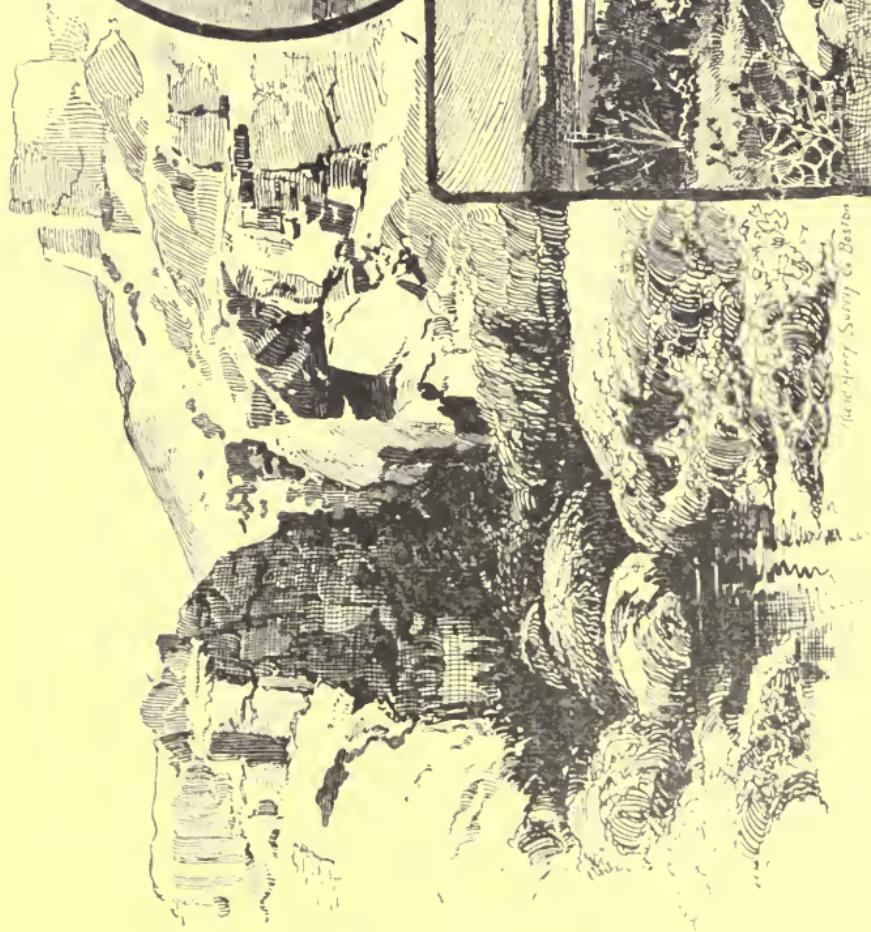
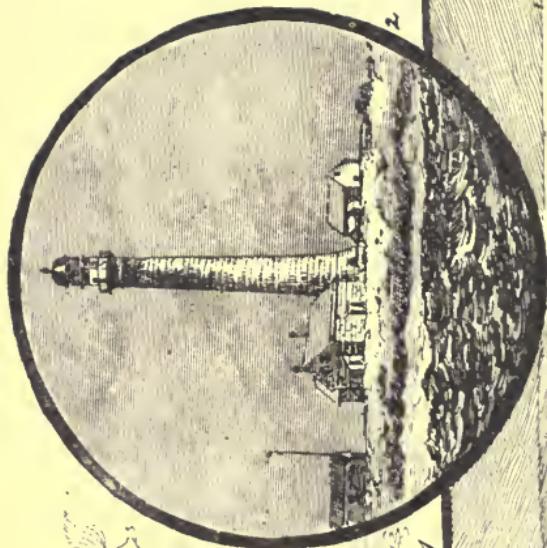
starvation. This is the scene of Celia Thaxter's poem, "The Watch of Boon Island:"

"Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall light-house, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

Aloft the light-house sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
‘Look, clear and steady burns Boon-Island light!’

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
‘Shine far and through the dark, sweet light,’ they cried;
‘Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love,—wife, mother, sister, bride!’”

The railway ends at York-Beach station, which is close to the landward end of Cape Neddick, and near Short Beach, a half-embayed strip



1. Roaring Rock. 2. Boon-Island Light. 3. View from The Elms, Wells.

Published by Sunny Co. Boston

of sandy strand which gives admirable opportunities for sea-bathing. Facing on the sea, along the line of Short Beach, are several modern hotels,— the Ocean House, Rockaway, and Atlantic.

Short Beach fronts toward the north-east and receives the full



STORM AT BALD-HEAD CLIFF.

tumbling of the Atlantic, when a seaward gale is blowing. On one side extends the summer-village of Union Bluff's, founded in 1874, and now dowered with three or four hotels and dozens of simple cottages. On the other side is the hamlet of Concordville, mainly populated by

citizens of Concord; and on the southern shore of the cape stand the plain summer-cottages of Dover Bluff.

The vicinity of Short Beach is famous for its good fishing.—rock-cod, sea-perch, and flounders from the shore-ledges, eels at the Inlet, and, in deep waters outside, cod, halibut, mackerel, hake, and pollock. Dories and sail-boats and larger vessels may be obtained here for longer or shorter voyages, or for the run to Boon Island, or York Harbor, or the Shoals, or over to Kennebunkport, which lies in sight across the broad Wells Bay. It is but a few miles by road to the quaint little hamlet and harbor of Cape Neddick.

Bald-Head Cliff, about four miles up the coast, is one of the most amazing episodes of rocky scenery on our Atlantic sea-board. For a distance of six hundred feet it fronts the waves with prodigious escarpments of rock, broken into a great variety of shapes by the action of the sea, and banded continually by white lines of breakers. From the Cliff House there is an extensive panorama, including the long coast from the Isles of Shoals and Cape Neddick to Ogunquit Beach and Wells Beach and the distant Cape Arundel.

It has been said that the cliff is gneiss; but there are many intrusive veins of trap and quartz, oddly veining the ledges. From the high overhanging rock called the Pulpit, you may gain an impressive downward view of the thunderous surges, hurling themselves against the hinge adamantine cliffs.

Six or seven miles from Long Sands, away up inland, rises the famous Mount Agamenticus, a most prominent landmark over scores of leagues of the New-England coast. It reaches the height of six hundred and eighty feet, and may be ascended without any serious difficulty; but the interesting features of the view—the sea and the White Mountains—are too distant for impressive effect. Around the mountain extend great forests, amid which glimmers the lineage-long surface of Chase's Pond. There is a strange old tradition that on this lordly peak were buried the remains of the mysterious St. Aspinquid, a famous chief of the Pawtucket tribe of Indians, born in York in May, 1588. Under the preaching of John Eliot he became converted, and laying aside his tomahawk and all the other implements of savagery, he traversed the forests “from the Atlantic to the California sea,” pointing out to the red men the way to the happy hunting-grounds and the home of the Great Spirit. Aspinquid was an object of veneration wherever he went. In 1682 he died, at the ripe age of 94 years, and was buried with great pomp on the summit of Mount Agamenticus. St. Aspinquid's tombstone was to be seen up to 1780, and inscribed on it in Indian words was the following couplet:

“Present, I see a, Absent, I miss;
Living, Desired; Dying, Lamented.”

CHAPTER XIII.

WELLS AND KENNEBUNK.

NORTH BERWICK. — THE EASTERN AND WESTERN DIVISIONS. —
WELLS. — OGUNQUIT. — THE ELMS. — KENNEBUNK.

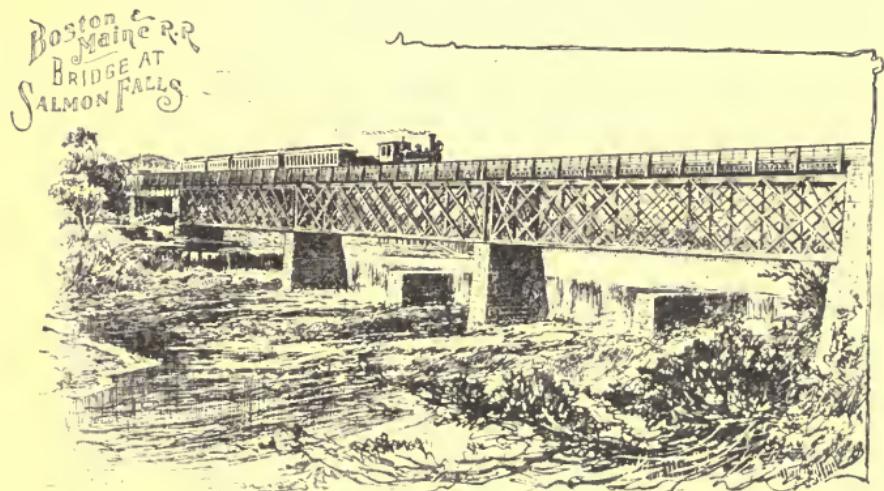
AFTER this pleasant digression down the shores of York and Kittery, we may return to the Portsmouth station, and resume our journey to the cool north. The route lies across the rural plains and through the forests of Kittery and York, in a pleasant and picturesque but thinly-peopled country. At Conway Junction, the people who are bound for Lake Winnepesaukee and the White Mountains, for Conway and Jackson and the Glen House, leave our sea-shore train, and are borne off on the wings of the mountain-express. Their route is described in our companion-book devoted to the Mountains. A few miles farther on is North Berwick, a junction-point of considerable importance.

The two chief divisions of the Boston & Maine Railroad cross each other at North Berwick, and the Eastern Division from this point northward becomes in reality the western route, lying farther inland than the other. In order to follow as closely as possible this famous coast, we may take one of the trains of the so-called Western Division, which brings us much nearer to Wells, Kennebunkport, Old Orchard, Scarborough, Pine Point, and the other resorts in this direction. Or if it is desired to reach these points from Boston without change, omitting the glimpses of the Massachusetts and New-Hampshire coasts hereinbefore alluded to, we may take the Western-Division train at the Haymarket-Square station, in Boston, and run through Malden and Melrose and Wakefield, to the great mills at Lawrence, and down the shore of the Merrimac to Bradford and Haverhill, past the venerable towers of Exeter and the busy factories of Dover and Salmon Falls, and so reach the junction-point at North Berwick. Not far from this station we come in sight of the joyous blue sea, beyond the fields and forests of Wells.

Wells, the ancient Indian domain of Webhamnet (whose name is perpetuated in one of its little rivers), received its present name about the year 1640, in memory of an ancient cathedral-town of England. The manor of Deputy-Governor Gorges was established here; and a part of it passed into the possession of the famous Rev. John Wheelwright, whom Massachusetts had cast out of her bounds as a schis-

matic and a heretic. During the long Indian wars, the town suffered incredible things, and all its men were under arms. The long-drawn street of Wells village lies on the upland plain, between the railroad and the marshes that border the sea, and its white colonial houses command views far out to the level blue horizon. A mile and a half from the village, by the road, is Wells Beach, a long sandy strand, with one or two hotels, and a sea-view extending from Boon Island around to Cape Porpoise. Many years ago, this was one of the most popular resorts on the coast, but its large hotels,—the Island-Ledge and the Atlantic,—burned down, and the beach has never recovered its lost *prestige*. The town of Wells has eleven miles of ocean-coast, the greater part of which is in beaches of fine hard sand.

Five miles south of Wells the quaint hamlet of Ogunquit nestles on the shore of the little haven where the Ogunquit River enters the sea, between Israel's Head and Ahmet Hill. The people here live by the



deep-sea and shore fisheries, sending their product in carts throughout a circuit of thirty miles inland. There are two or three small hotels (Maxwell, Ogunquit, etc.), visited in summer by people who enjoy the lonely contiguous beaches. It is but a few miles hence to the great clusters of hotels on York Beach, passing by the way of Bald-Head Cliff and Cape Neddick, and not far from the noble hill of Agamentics.

As the train traverses the plateau of Wells, the great sea is visible for miles, flashing like a broad silver shield at morning, or toward evening a plain of deep sapphire, under the purpling eastern horizon. The antique square houses of Wells extend along the edge of the plateau, and farther out are projecting capes and beaches, breaking into the ocean-tides. Beyond Wells is the handsome station at The Elms (perhaps the future terminus of the York-Beach Railroad).

A short run through the woods leads to the station of Kennebunk, surrounded by pretty flower-beds; and off to the left rises the spire of

Kennebunk, a bright little manufacturing-village, famous for its noble elms and pleasant homes, in one of the most salubrious localities in all New England. In the old days, the people were obliged to dwell in strongly fortified garrisons, and suffered many an attack from Wawa and his brave Pequawket Indians. Later, they embarked in the manufactures of iron and salt, along the river, and in maritime commerce. Twenty-five vessels from this town were captured by the French about the close of the last century, but the United-States Government has never reimbursed their owners. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury from 1865 to 1869, was a native of Kennebunk.



BALD HEAD CLIFF, OGUNQUIT.

CHAPTER XIV.

KENNEBUNKPORT.

AN ANCIENT MARITIME VILLAGE.—A RIVER FOR PLEASURE-BOATING.—KENNEBUNK BEACH.—CAPE PORPOISE.

THE Kennebunkport Branch runs from the station of Kennebunk to the Port, four and a half miles, passing the stations of Parsons, Kennebunk Beach, and Grove Station, and ending at the edge of the Kennebunk River, not far above its mouth, and near the site of the ship-yards whence the famous clippers *Ocean King*, *Ocean Queen*, *Republic*, *Rembrandt*, and *Nonantum* were launched. The railroad was built in 1883, since which time has occurred the marvellous development of this shore as a summer-resort. The rocky coast on the Arundel side of the river, with its noble surf, is complemented by long beaches of sand on the other side, stretching away to the Mousam; and the lovely little river opening between, with its famous boating, and the venerable village, rich in architecture of the Georgian era, afford many attractions to summer-visitors. The river received from its ancient Indian lords the name of *Kennebunk*, which in their language meant "The Place of Smooth Water." Its mouth lies between two jetties of granite blocks, erected by the United States about half a century ago. On the north side is Cape Arundel, the site of the chief hotels; and on the south side of the river begins a line of sandy beaches, forming a part of the shore of Wells Bay. Nearly all the coast on both sides has been acquired by the Boston and Kennebunkport Seashore Company, and these seven hundred acres of beaches, coves, and headlands are divided into lots, ready for purchasers.

The pleasant old village rests along the river, only a mile above its mouth, where the ship-yards used to be, and the piers for the accommodation of the shipping which brought in sugar, molasses, rum, and other West-Indian and far-foreign commodities for half of Maine. The custom-house still remains, but its receipts have shrunken amazingly since the time of its establishment, in the remote year 1800. The desmire little building stands back by the Methodist Church, a monument of the Tyrian past, when sailors from this port followed blue water all over the globe. The river for several miles above the Port affords one of the best boating-places in New England, a narrow and winding stream, bordered by moderately high banks, green fields, and smiling farms, while here and there beautiful bits of woodland come down to

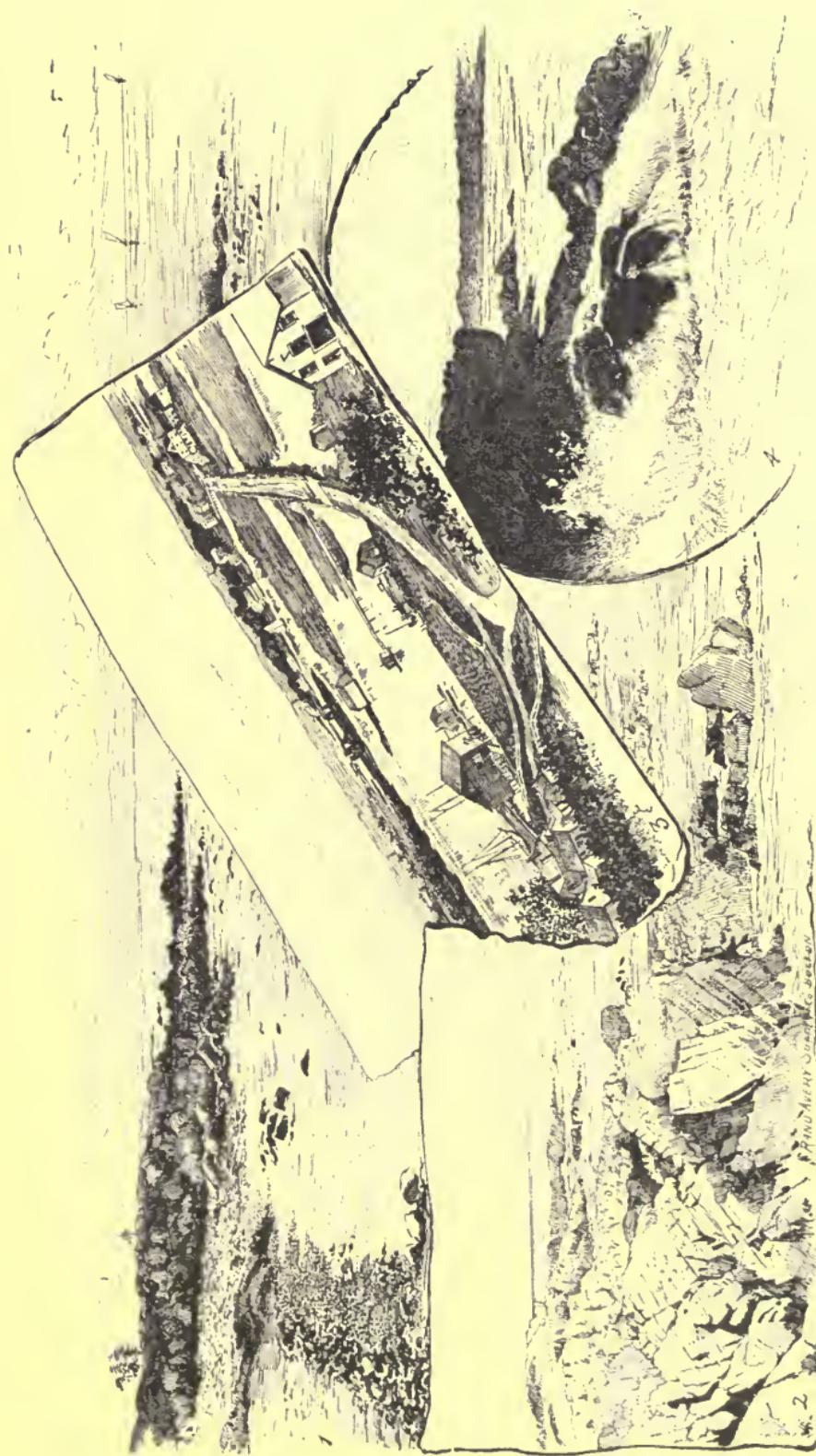
the water's edge. One of the chief amusements of visitors at the Port is rowing on this sylvan stream, an exercise which is made easy by favoring tides, and commends itself especially to ladies. At times there are carnival processions on the river, with illuminated boats, banners, and fire-works, and an almost Venetian splendor of decoration. The floral reviews, also, of the summer are full of beauty, when the canoes and dories and other boats drift along the stream, decked with festoons of wild flowers from the adjacent fields and forests, their crews dressed in colors to match their floral environments. When Capt. Weymouth sailed into this river, in 1605, on the voyage of discovery initiated by Lord Arundel of Wardour, or when the adventurous Capt. John Smith glided up its deserted reaches nine years later, the graceful bark canoes of the Indians were its only shipping, and their rude wigwams afforded the only habitations. The favorite excursion is to go up and come back with the tide, and from these peaceful voyagers the sound of banjos is heard, and the voices of merry singers.

On the neighboring roads you may ride to the Mousam-River Falls; or up to the Shaker community at Alfred; or to the ancient trees of the now desolate camp-grounds; or to tranquil old Kennebunk; or along the rocky shore of Cape Arundel to Cape Porpoise, on one side, or down the sands to Lord's Point and Hart's Beach, on the other; or to the cities of Biddeford and Saco, on the north. The roads are not the best, but they are traversed continually by wagonettes and village carts and buckboards, filled with cheery excursionists.

"A furlong or more away to the south,
On the bar beyond the huge sea-walls
That keep the channel and guard its mouth,
The high, curved billow whitens and falls;
And the racing tides through the granite gate,
On their wild errands that will not wait,
Forever, unresting, to and fro,
Course with impetuous ebb and flow."

—John Townsend Trowbridge.

The Parker House is at the edge of the village, fronting on the quaint old Congregational Church, and on the river, up near the abandoned ship-yards. On the seaward edge of the village rises a great old mansion built in 1810, with forty rooms, each with an open fire-place, and rare old interior fittings. It is occupied in summer by Pres. C. P. Clark, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Approaching Cape Arundel, along the course of the river, we come to the modern stone villa of the Rev. Dr. Edward L. Clark, of New York, back of which, and higher up, is the handsome mansion of the Talbots, of Massachusetts. Nearer the stream is a group of quaint neo-colonial cottages. On the Clark estate stands Seaward Cottage, a pleasant new summer boarding-house; and beyond are the Nonantum and Highland Houses. A little way farther out rises the highland of Cape Arundel,



1-2. Rocks at Kennebunkport.

3. From Ocean Bluff, toward Kennebunkport.

4. Blowing Cave, Kennebunkport.

with the great Ocean-Bluff' Hotel, the Cliff, Bickford, Arundel, and other houses for public entertainment, and the ancient and deserted Jerry-Smith farm-house, for scores of years the only building on the cape. Here also is Arundel Hall, the casino for concerts, theatricals, and dancing, on summer evenings the centre of all this joyous colony. Sea-blown willows and juniper, wild roses and golden-rod, bayberries and blackberries, wave over the sandy hill; and here and there are pleasant little arbors, whence you may enjoy the vast marine panorama to the southward,—Wells Beach, Bald-Head Cliff, Ogunquit, Cape Neddick, and the Nubble, with the round swell of Agamenticus, and the beautiful Bonnybeag Hills, in Sanford. The glorious eastward view, out to sea, is diversified only by the white sails of shipping low down on the horizon, the changing colors of the waters, the varying cloud-architecture. On the upper part of the cape, opposite the Spouting Rock, rises the handsome cottage of J. T. Trowbridge, the author. On and near the bluff are the attractive summer-cottages of the Bancrofts, Spragues, Agnews, Nobles, Paines, Dexters, and other metropolitan families. Out on the extreme point, near the scanty ruins of the fort which was built to protect the harbor in 1812, is the new Episcopal chapel, a picturesque edifice of sea-beaten rock, with rich stained windows, rising on the very edge of the sea.

In riding across Sunset Pasture by the old stage-road, you may get a fine view of a blue mountain-wall far away in the dim north-west, and this (they tell you) is the Presidential Range of the White Mountains. Down on the shore, beyond battalions of red lilies and ox-eyed daisies and thickets of spruce and fir, opens the famous Blowing Cave, where the surf rolls in furiously, only to be thrown out again in sheets and sprays of milky whiteness. Off shore lies the low and rock-bound Cedar Point, boldly facing the stress of the waves; and away to the northward gleams the light-house of Cape Porpoise.

On the lower shore, westward of the river's mouth, stretches a line of beautiful sandy beaches, broken here and there by little points, and swept by resounding surf. Most of the people from the great hotels and cottages on the Port side come hither when they want surf-bathing, and there is a ferryman at the mouth of the river who finds a large business in carrying passengers across from the bluff to the bathing-beach. In driving down from the village, we pass the seventeenth-century garrison-house of the Mitchells, now owned, with its extensive farm, by Mr. John C. Mitchell, of Boston. Lord's Point, covered with cottages, lies in this direction; and to the seaward from Parsons' station is the pleasant cottage-colony of Hart's Beach, owned and developed by the Parsons family, natives of this region, and successful railroad magnates in New York.

A mile or so eastward of the river is Vaughn's Island, high and rocky, and covering a hundred acres, with cold springs, groves of oaks, and a long sea-front. This domain has been acquired by a syndicate, to be developed as a summer-resort, with a hotel and cottages.



1. The bridge, from the old ship yard, Kennebunk. 2. Kennebunk Beach.
 3. Old-Orchard Beach. 4. Mouth of the Kennebunk River.

Cape Porpoise, something over two miles from Kennebunkport, is a queer old fishing-port, with a light-house off its harbor, and a few summer boarding-houses,—the Langsford, Shiloh, and others,—where the usual seaside amusements are practicable, amid quiet surroundings. Beyond this haven of fishermen, you may follow the trend of the coast to Goose Rocks and Fortune's Rocks.

“ Just back from a beach of sand and shells,
And shingle the tides leave oozy and dank,
Summer and winter the old man dwells

In his low brown house on the river-bank.

Tempest and sea-fog sweep the hoar
And wrinkled sand-drifts round his door,
Where often I see him sit, as gray
And weather-beaten and lonely as they.

Coarse grasses wave on the arid swells
In the wind; and two dwarf poplar-trees
Seem hung all over with silver bells
That tinkle and twinkle in sun and breeze.
All else is desolate sand and stone:
And here the old lobsterman lives alone:
Nor other companionship has he
But to sit in his house and gaze at the sea.

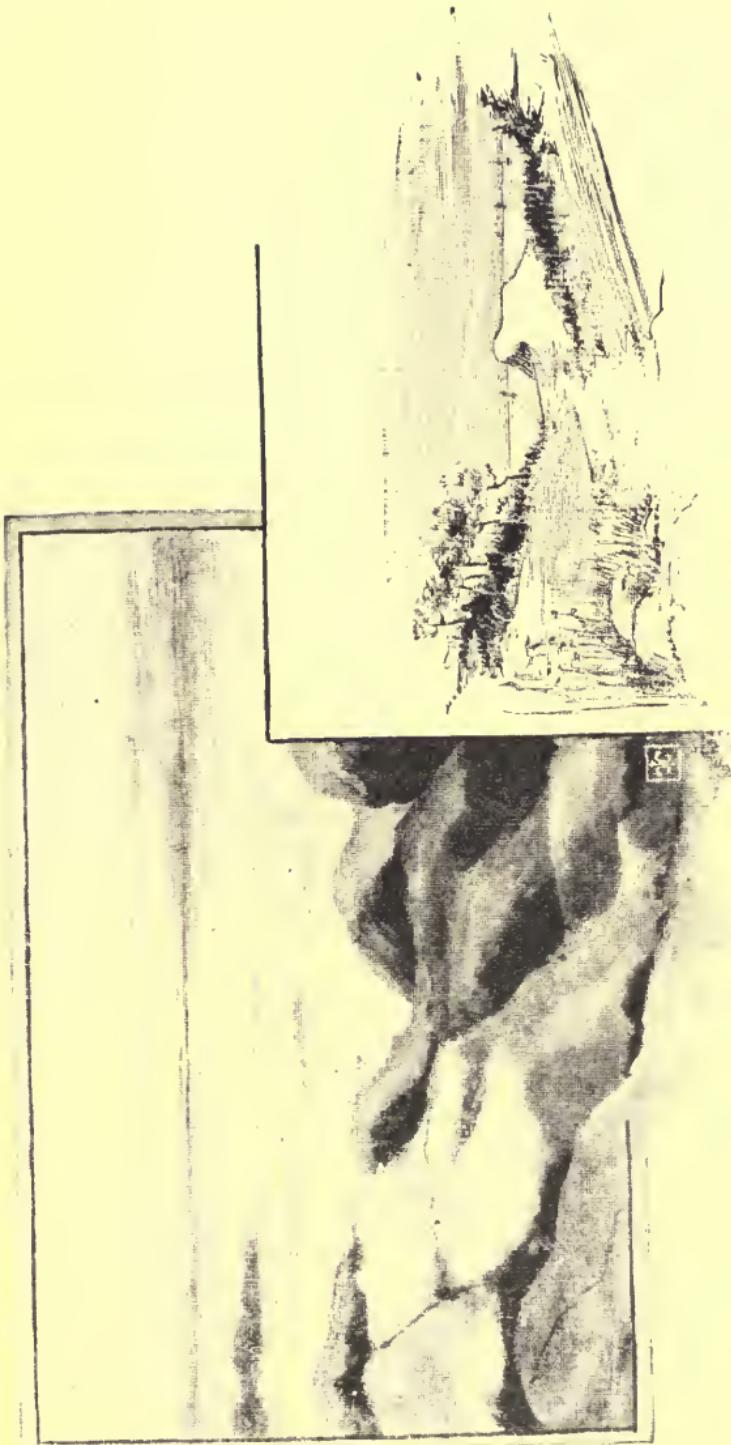
I see him silently pushing out
On the broad, bright gleam, at break of day;

* * * *

And watch his lessening dory toss
On the purple crests as he pulls across,
Round reefs where silvery surges leap,
And meets the dawn on the rosy deep.

His soul, is it open to sea and sky?
His spirit, alive to sound and sight?
What wondrous tints on the water lie,—

Wild, wavering, liquid realm of light!
Between two glories looms the shape
Of yon wood-erested, cool green cape,
Sloping all round to foam-laced ledge,
And cavern and cove, at the bright sea's edge.”



OCEAN-VIEW FROM CAPE ARUNDEL, KENNEBUNKPORT.

CHAPTER XV.

BIDDEFORD AND SACO.

THE OLD INDUSTRIAL CITIES.—BIDDEFORD POOL.—FORTUNE'S ROCKS.—GOOSE ROCKS.—SACO.

AFTER the mild vagary of this digression down the Kennebunkport Branch, we may rejoin the Portland train at Kennebunk, and ride for nearly ten miles through a rugged inland region, to the Saco River.

Biddeford and Saco are busy little twin cities at the falls of the Saco River, not far above its mouth, the one with ten thousand inhabitants, the other with eight thousand, and each enjoying the usual New-England quota of newspapers, churches, schools, hotels, and public libraries. Around the falls are great cotton-mills (Laconia and Pepperell) and other active manufacturing industries. The cotton-mills send their products in great quantities to China, and other far-away countries; and other manufactured products of this Yankee hive find their markets in Mexico, South America, and Italy.

The site of Biddeford, with miles of the adjacent country, was granted by the Plymouth Company to John Oldham and Richard Vines, the latter of whom, after dwelling here for fifteen years, was glad to go away to the more genial climate of Barbadoes, selling his territory to Dr. Robert Child, of Boston. He, in turn, sold it to Maj. William Phillips, who re-enforced the title by buying it also of the Indian sachem, Mogg Megone.

Biddeford Pool, down near the mouth of the river, was in former days one of the pet resorts of the Maine seaboard, visited every returning summer by hundreds of city families. But a few years ago the chief hotels were burned down, and the remaining house (the Sea-View) and cottages hardly suffice to accommodate their would-be patrons. For the place has great natural beauties and advantages, which should be more fully and freely developed. The Pool itself is a shallow salt-water lagoon two miles long, filled high by the returning tides, and affording capital opportunities for safe boating, while to the eastward is a long sandy beach, rolled hard by the surf, and to the north, beyond the famous Wood-Island Light, the eye rests contented on the envying lines of Old-Orchard Beach and the dim seaward projection of Prout's Neck. On one side of the narrow outlet of the Pool rises the grim little Fort Hill, where the colonists erected their strong-

hold of Fort Mary, in 1708, after the treacherous Indians had captured their stone fort up near the falls. For many years, from the early provincial times, the Pool was as beneficent as Siloam or Bethesda in the belief of the Maine farmers, who had a fancy that whoever bathed therein on the 26th day of June would be healed of all diseases. This is indeed the festival of Sts. Vigilius, Maxentius, and Anthelm, but what connection these Latin worthies may have had with the coast of Maine is not clear.

A steamboat runs from Biddeford to Biddeford Pool twice daily, and crosses also to Camp Ellis, the terminus of the Old-Orchard-Beach Railroad, where connection is made for Old-Orchard Beach.

Fortune's Rocks and Goose Rocks, with their small hotels and clusters of cottages, are reached by stages from Biddeford; and their bold and rugged coast-scenery, and opportunities for fishing and gunning, attract many visitors. Fortune's Rocks is a series of iron-bound promontories projecting into the sea from the lower end of the magnificent beach running north to Biddeford Pool; and has cottagers from Boston, New York, Washington, and other cities, with lakes rich in water-lilies, and comfortable old farms on the landward side. The rocks afford a wonderful marine garden, where star-fish, sea-anemones, sea-urchins, and other strange creatures dwell, with seals sunning themselves on the outer ledges.

The first settler of Saco was Councillor Richard Bonython, whose son John made a hard fight against Massachusetts annexing Maine, wherefore some inimical person inscribed on his grave :

“ Here lies Bonython, sagamore of Saco;
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to Hobbomoeko.”

(The last word was Indian for *sheol*.) In later years, the town had a large lumber-trade with the West Indies, and turned out many a sea-roving vessel, merchantman or privateer.

The park of Saco was laid out in 1884 by Ernest W. Bowditch, including the broad acres given to the town in 1752 by Sir William Pepperrell, of Kittery, and since then occupied by the church, cemetery, and school-house. Another local pleasure-ground is Eastman Park, occupying the site of the old Exchange Coffee-House. The sojourner in the tents of Saco should visit the lovely Laurel-Hill Cemetery; and the new building of the Thornton Academy; and the interesting collections of the York Institute.

Soon after leaving the Biddeford station, the train crosses the Saco on a long bridge, with interesting prospects on either side; and in a few minutes beyond the streets of Saco, it rolls out on the beach at Old Orchard, with huge hotels on either side, and the sea whitening along the sands under the windows.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD-ORCHARD BEACH.

FERRY BEACH.—OCEAN PARK.—THE BEACH RAILROAD.—THE HISTORIC “OLD ORCHARD.”—THE DAYS OF WAR.—PINE POINT.—SCARBOROUGH BEACH.

OLD-ORCHARD Beach is the most popular of all the great summer-resorts that line the coast of hundred-harbored Maine. It extends from the mouth of the Saco River to Scarborough, a distance of six miles, a magnificent white esplanade of hard sand, shelving gradually away under the sea, and at low tide wide enough and firm enough to accommodate a battery of artillery deployed. Here the children build their houses of sand; and lovers stroll up and down in the sunshine or starlight; and vigorous bathers run and leap after their battling with the electric surf. The great crescent of the beach looks straight out to sea, with the houses at Biddeford Pool on the right, and on the left Prout’s Neck, running out by Stratton’s Island and Bluff Island. On one side are forests of fresh green pines, and on the other open measureless vistas over the salt blue sea, so that whithersoever the summer-breezes may come, they are always full of refreshing. This is not the bleak sandy selvage of a land of marshes and swamps, but the beautiful hills and woods and shaded roads come down close to the high-tide line, affording every variety of inland scenery, as fair as June on the Miami. The drives in every direction are interesting, and continually patronized by all manner of vehicles, from the lumbering beach-wagon to the natty dog-cart or the pretentious barouche. The roads to Scarborough, and into the Ross Woods, and out to Saco Falls, lead through interesting and diversified scenery; and the rambles through Fern Park, neglected but beautiful, are rich in floral beauty.

The visitors at Old Orchard represent all parts of the country, and also include many distinguished Canadian families, since this is the favorite resort of the Montreal aristocracy. There are also many people from the Western States, and from below the famous line of Mason and Dixon.

The summer-season is filled with all manner of entertainments,—readings, musicales, balls, germans, roller-skating, camp-meetings, yachting-parties, floral carnivals, bowling, amateur theatricals, tennis, base-ball, the diversions of visiting Grand-Army posts, lodges of

various secret mystic societies, Indians from the Penobscot, and gypsies,—and all these events are chronicled in the Old-Orchard “Sea-Shell,” the summer-time journal of this bit of *Vanity Fair*.

Ferry Beach is a section of the great Old-Orchard Beach, about two miles west of the chief hotels, with the pleasant Bay-View House and a score of cottages. This locality has been frequented by Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Savage, and many other well-known people, who wish for more quiet and repose than may be found at Old Orchard itself. The prospects over the sea are very beautiful; and the neighborhood of the forest gives an added charm to this tranquil region.

Ocean Park is the summer headquarters of the Free Baptists of New England, with their church, hotels, and cottages, filled during every August with evangelical families. The tract includes a hundred and twenty acres, much of it covered with large pine-trees, and in the Ocean-Park Temple sixteen hundred persons can be seated. In the same vicinity is the camp-meeting ground of the Methodists, with its picturesque forest-amphitheatre, the scene of many an impassioned sermon.

The western end of the beach used to be known as Bare-Knee Point, from a fancied resemblance. Thence extends the government breakwater, a mile of huge granite blocks, finished in 1876 at a cost of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and rendering the mouth of the Saco deeper and more easily navigable. This shore is remarkable for its seals, scores of which may be seen sunning themselves upon the rocks or along the sandy shoals. The beach is traversed by the Old-Orchard-Beach Railroad, whose trains leave the main-line station of the Boston & Maine Railroad a dozen or more times daily, and run down by Ocean Park and Ferry Beach to Camp Ellis, at the mouth of the Saco, where connection is made with the steamboat for Biddeford and Biddeford Pool. This marine ride along the crest of the beach is full of beauty and interest, and gives a succession of panoramic views of the blue sea and its islands and capes, with the various public houses and private cottages on the lower reaches of the strand. The station at Old-Orchard Beach is one hundred and four miles from Boston and twelve miles from Portland, and may be reached from the former city in three and a quarter hours, by fast express-trains. The beach railroad runs trains nearly every hour to the mouth of the Saco River.

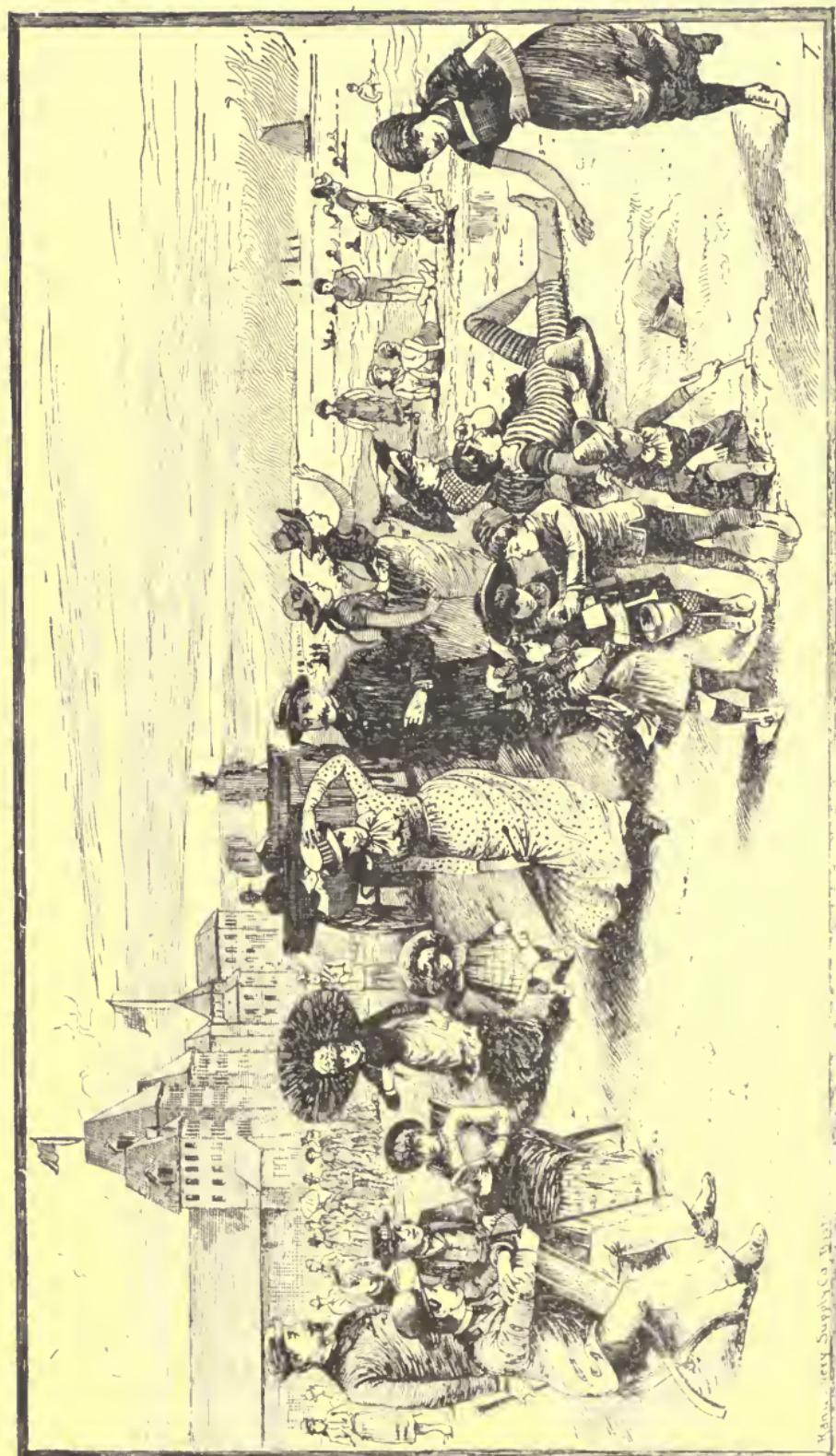
The first European who visited Old-Orchard Beach was Capt. Richard Vines, who arrived here in the early autumn of 1616, when the great forests, green and golden, scarlet and brown, came down unbroken to the water's verge, and innumerable sea-birds fearlessly approached the little English bark. The first actual settler here was Richard Bonython, who built his log-house on the east shore of the Saco, near its mouth. At this time, and for half a century after, the sea-beaches formed the only roads along the Maine coast, and were traversed continually by the colonists, and by the train-bands of the

Province. These journeys were made on foot, since no horses were brought to Maine until the year 1658. Here, on the beach, dwelt John Bonython, the sagamore of Saco:

"With blanket garb and busked knee,
And naught of the English fashion on,
For he hates the race from which he sprung,
And couches his word in the Indian tongue."

John was officially declared to be "an outlaw, a rebel, and unworthy of His Majesty's protection," for the deeds described in Whittier's early epic of "Mogg Megone;" but in his old age he repented, and was received back among his people, and now sleeps in a grave near the beach. A worthier accession to the colony was Thomas Rogers, who cultivated a great farm at the mouth of Goose-Fair Brook, where the wild-geese used to flock in uncounted myriads. He established vine-yards here, and planted a famous orchard of apple-trees, which remained for a hundred and fifty years, and, in the gnarled winter of their old age, gave its present odd name to the beach. In 1676 this valiant gardener beat off a furious attack of Indian warriors, and strewed the shore with their bodies; but deeming such episodes ill-suited to the tranquil occupations of husbandry, he moved away to Kittery directly after, leaving "Rogers's Garden" to remain as merely a geographical title on the old coast-maps. His son and a party of young men returned to remove the furniture, but fell into an ambush on the beach and were exterminated. A few weeks later, a detachment of Provincial troops were marching down the beach, at low tide, when suddenly their talk of barracks and campaigns was drowned by the terrible war-whoop, coming from the pine woods of Camp Comfort, and volleys of arrows and gun-shots stretched many of them on the wet sands. The survivors took refuge behind Googin's Rocks, and repulsed several attacks, with heavy loss to the assailants; and before the rising tide could drive them from this fastness, a company of troops from Saco Ferry came on to the scene, at double-quick, and the enemy sullenly retired. The advancing sea speedily cleared the battle-field of its dead.

Near this point, at Saco Ferry, the first hotel in Maine was opened, in 1654, when Henry Waddock was licensed "to keep an ordinary to entertain strangers for their money." It was a thatched log-house, with beds of dried grass, hewn-timber floors, each end occupied by a great stone chimney, and furniture of simple domestic manufacture, except a few pieces brought from England. "Waddock's Ordinary" was successfully run for 104 years, until the building of the bridge at Biddeford turned all travel from this route, and left the old tavern stranded. Humphrey Seannion, its landlord in 1688, was mowing his meadow one day, and his little son, bearing to him the family mug of beer, saw a war-party of Indians approaching. The lad carried back the mug, and put it on the dresser, and informed his mother of the unwelcome guests, who forthwith seized the whole family and carried



OLIO—ORCHARD BEACH.

them off to Fryeburg and Canada. A year later they were permitted to return, at the dawn of peace, and found the old tavern cat mewling at the door, and the beer-mug still standing on the side-board. (This relic, with its etched portrait of William of Orange, is still preserved in Saco, by a descendant of the family.)

In later years, the beach became the scene of the *Fontinalia*, or mystic bathing-days, of the surrounding country, when thousands of yeomen came hither and dipped in the sea, believing that on the 26th day of June miraculous healing-powers were given to the waters. For many years, by a singular appropriateness, this Festival of Waters was appointed for the 24th of June, the day sacred to St. John the Baptist, but when the time for convening the General Court of the Province of Maine, at Saco, was fixed at June 25th, the day following was chosen as the one sacred to bathing in the sea; and to the present time the summer-season at Old Orchard fairly begins on this auspicious date.

In the good old days long before the war, people used to board in the adjacent farm-houses for a dollar a week, enjoying the plain and plentiful fare of New-England yeomen. The first summer-visitors came in 1837, and were entertained in his ancestral home by E. C. Staples, who afterwards became the founder and proprietor of the magnificent Old-Orchard House. A few of these early comers were Montreal people, who drove all the way from the Canadian metropolis in their own carriages, spending some weeks on the road.

Great fires have occurred here which swept away many of the hotels, but they have been promptly rebuilt, in response to the popular demand. A few years ago, the beach village and its outlying territory became an independent township, seceding from Saco, and setting up its own local government.

Pine Point projects into the sea at the eastern end of Old-Orchard Beach, and has three small summer-hotels, with plenty of fishing and shooting, boating and bathing, and a famous excellence of clam-bakes. Across the Scarborough River are the rugged shores of Prout's Neck. There are many red-roofed summer-cottages here, and along Grand Beach, which runs thence to Old Orchard. The view from Blue-Point Hill is renowned for its beauty; and Dunstan Landing should be visited, and the Beach Ridges, along the Nonesuch River, and Scottow's Hill, and other interesting points.

Scarborough Beach has been for many years a favorite resort in summer, with its Kirkwood and Atlantic Houses, having stages running frequently to the station, and unobstructed views over the broad Atlantic, dotted with the sails of the coasting-fleet, bound to and from Portland. The beach is two miles long, and gives plentiful opportunities for marine diversions,—bathing, fishing, etc.,—while the bordering forests abound in pleasant and sequestered rambles. Here Prout's Neck projects far into the sea, a secluded region of pine woods and surf-swept rocks, frequented by hundreds of old *habitues*. Here are

the Cheekley, West-Point, Cammock, and other public houses; and near the surf stands the cottage and studio of the famous artist, Winslow Homer. It is not yet a fashionable place, but its happy frequenters find here all the charm and restfulness of Nature, amid her choicest and most lovely scenes. There is a small Episcopal chapel out on the Neck, not far from the remains of the ancient fort, on Garrison Cove, which was besieged and captured by Mogg Megone's Indians in 1676. Several fine cottages have been erected in this vicinity. East of Scarborough Beach is Higgins Beach, with its summer-colony, extending to Spurwink River.

In 1791 Scarborough had 2235 inhabitants (600 more than now), and stood equal with Portland in population and importance. As Clarence Cook says: "Its position as a sea-port gave it some importance, and the society was far above what is ordinarily met with at such places." Among the local belles of those forgotten days was Eliza Southgate, whose delightful letters were recently published; and also Miss Wadsworth, Gen. Peleg Wadsworth's daughter, and the mother of the poet Longfellow. In the neighboring forests were many saw-mills, "those engines so useful for the destruction of wood and timber;" and the woods abounded in great game,—deer, bears, and wolves.

The first grantee of this region was Capt. Thomas Cammock, the nephew of the Earl of Warwick, who joyfully exchanged the sunny English Avon for the lonely Spurwink, destined to be so often ensanguined by the blood of the colonists, slain by marauding Indians. Stratton, who preceded the doughty captain, lived on the island which still bears his name, much mistrusting his red-skinned neighbors of Owascoag. For they were gallant fellows, these aborigines, and at one time nearly annihilated a force of Massachusetts infantry that landed on the beach, leaving sixty slain provincials on the field. The bloody annals of this bit of shore are full of deeds of high emprise and heroic daring, for the handful of pioneers for many years successfully fought the swarms of forest Indians, led by skilful French officers from Canada. And when the tocsin of a greater war sounded from Lexington, Scarborough sent fifty valiant soldiers into the field in a single day.

Soon after crossing Fore River, the train rumbles into the handsome new Union Railway Station (under Bramhall Hill in Portland, a long granite structure, with a clock-tower, a train-house of iron and glass, and richly decorated interior halls.

CHAPTER XVII.

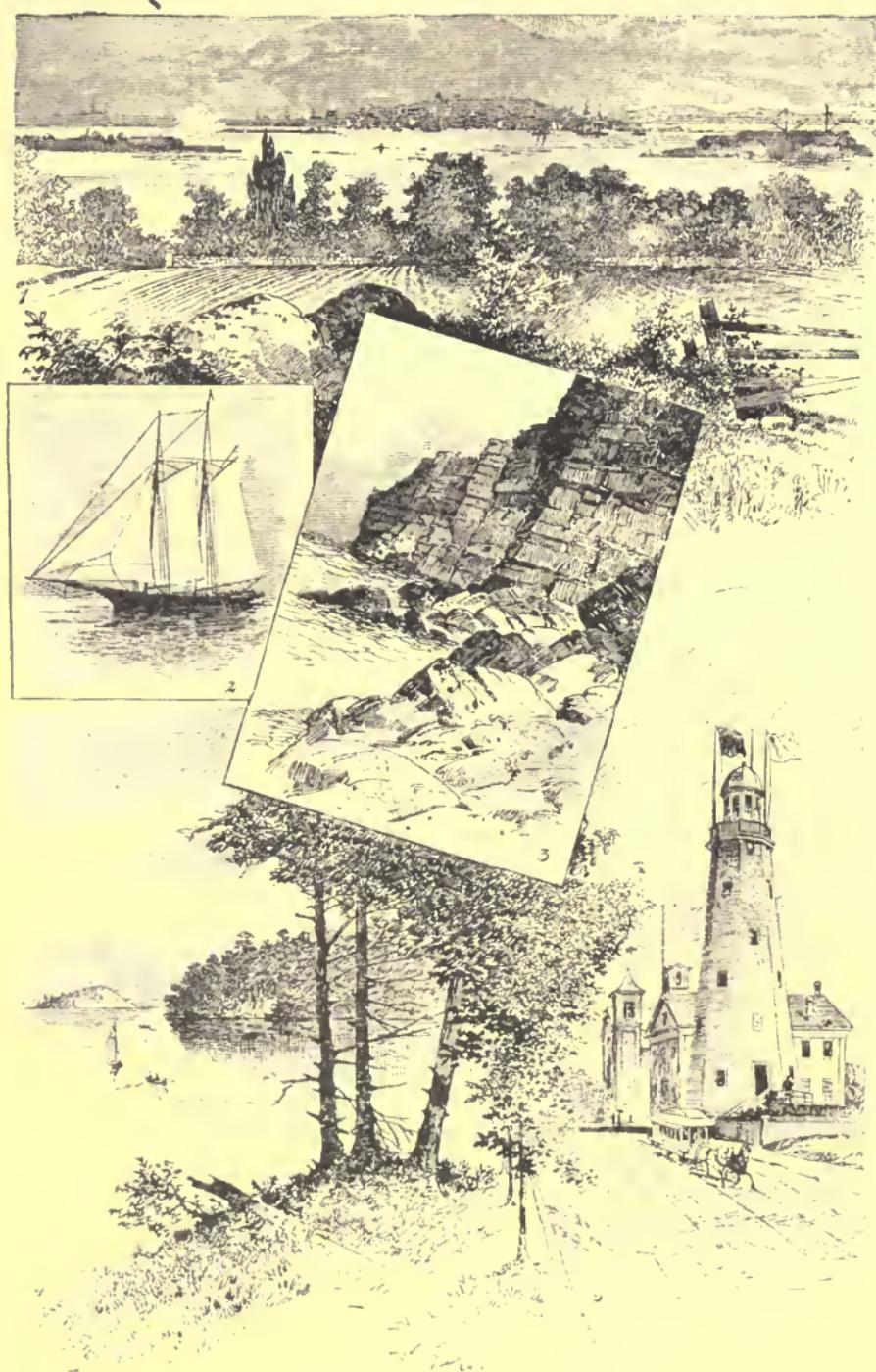
PORTLAND.

MUNJOY'S HILL.—THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORTLAND.—FAMOUS NATIVES.—A ROMANESQUE LIBRARY.—THE NEW LONGFELLOW STATUE.—STATE STREET.—CAPE ELIZABETH.—CASCO BAY.—CUSHING'S ISLAND.—HARPSWELL.

PORTLAND is one of the loveliest cities on the Atlantic coast, and will well repay the passing traveller for a sojourn of a few hours, or days. It stands on a high and hilly peninsula a league long, between the noble square mile of the inner harbor (or Fore River) and the wide tidal basin of Back Cove, separating it from the shores of Deering. At its outer (or north-eastern) tip, the peninsula swells up into the bold height of Munjoy's Hill, commemorating some gallant Mountjoy of the colonial days, and crowned with a lighthouse-like observatory-tower, from which you may look down on the many green islands of Casco Bay, and the far-reaching ocean, while in the other direction the magnificent range of the White Mountains forms a pale-blue sierra on the horizon. Along Munjoy are the homes of the middle-class people, although there are also some attractive houses of wealthy families, especially upon the Eastern Promenade, famous for its wonderful views over sea and islands. In the old cemetery on Munjoy's Hill, where the founders of the town sleep, are the graves of the two young commanders of the American and British war-brigs *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, both slain in the glorious naval battle off Portland Harbor, in 1813, when the Yankee vessel prevailed over her antagonist, and brought her into this port. In the words of Longfellow :

"I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thunders o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died."

The landward end of the peninsula rises into Bramhall Hill, the fashionable residence-quarter, or West End, of the city, from whose Western Promenade may be gained a remarkable view of the White Mountains. Here are the handsome villas of the Brown, Davis, Burrowes, and other families, the best work of Portland's laudable architects,—men like Stevens and Fassett and their colleagues. Portland



VIEWS IN AND AROUND PORTLAND.

has been likened to a lion couchant, with Munjoy's Hill for its head, and Congress Street for its spine, and the steep cross-streets for ribs.

When the Court of Versailles deereed that New England should be devastated by its gallant captains and their Indian allies, one of the first blows fell on this settlement, when an army of Frenchmen and savages descended from the northern wilderness and destroyed the town (in 1690), and finally compelled the surrender of Fort Loyall (which stood near the present Grand-Trunk station). Time after time, in those bloody days, the place was desolated and ruined, and became known as "deserted Casco;" and after those dangers finally passed away forever, a new foeman appeared, in 1775, when, with five British war-ships, Capt. Mowatt bombarded the town and reduced it to ashes, parties of blue-jackets landing from the ships to set the torch to the

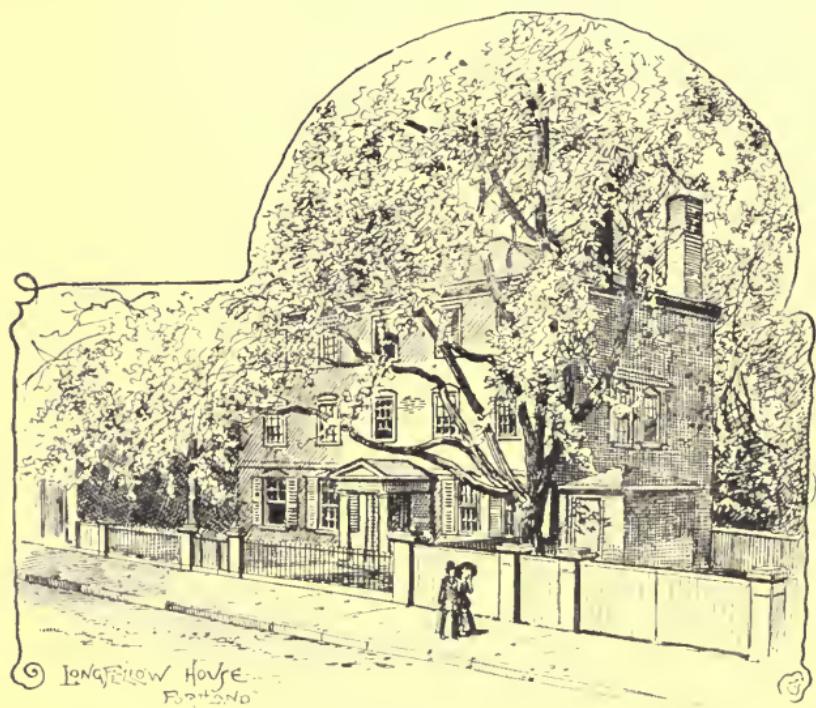


buildings which had escaped damage from their batteries. What interesting chapters of local history are those describing the Portland fleet of privateers of 1812-15, the rise of the rich merchants, the era of railroad construction, the city's contribution of five thousand soldiers to the National army in the Secession War, the quickly avenged capture of the United-States revenue-cutter *Caleb Cushing* in the harbor by a detachment of bold Confederate sailors, the Great Fire of 1866, which destroyed fifteen hundred buildings and six and a half million dollars' worth of property, and the subsequent re-construction of the city on a more metropolitan scale! The population of Portland is not far from thirty-six thousand.

This "fairest daughter of Massachusetts" has won distinction by her famous sons,—Longfellow and Willis and Fanny Fern and John Neal and Sidney Luska in literature, Paul Akers and Harry Brown in

art, the Prebles and Admiral Alden in naval history, Erastus and James Brooks (of New York) in journalism, and many others. In the ranks of local newspaper-writers have been numbered Elijah Kellogg, James G. Blaine, William Pitt Fessenden, Seba Smith, Prof. Morse, Ann S. Stephens, and others.

Among the public buildings we may notice the city-hall, a handsome and spacious structure of Nova-Scotia sand-stone; the post-office, in rich classic architecture, of white Vermont marble; and the custom-house, a modern granite edifice, down in the maritime quarter. One of the handsomest Romanesque buildings in America is the new public library, on Congress Street, whose symmetrical round arches and



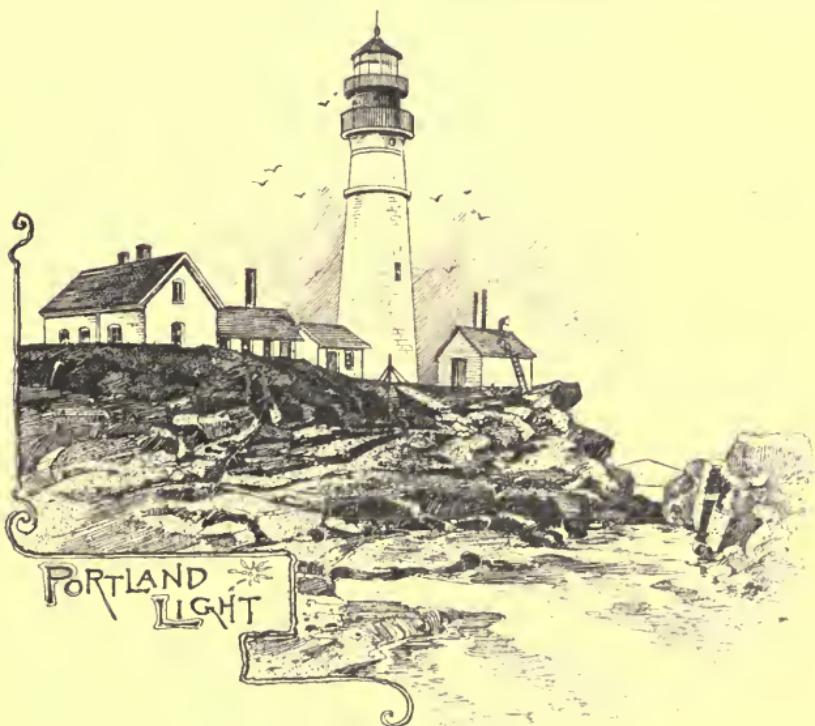
statuary would do honor to Ravenna or Rome. Here also are the headquarters of the Maine Historical Society and the Society of Arts, with their varied collections.

At the crossing of Congress and State Streets is a noble bronze statue of Portland's most illustrious son, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, representing the great poet as sitting in an armchair, facing the east, and holding a partly unrolled scroll. This capital work of art was designed by Franklin Simmons, a Maine sculptor, for many years resident in Rome. The statue cost twelve thousand dollars, which was raised by public subscriptions; and the unveiling and dedication occurred in 1888, in the presence of upwards of five thousand people.

Among the notable and interesting churches of the city are the

Episcopal Cathedral of St. Luke, the great Catholic Cathedral of the Immaculate Coneception, with a spire sixteen feet higher than Bunker-Hill Monument; the old First-Parish church (Unitarian), with heavy walls of granite and a quaint clock-tower; the Second-Parish church, of stone, and the First Baptist Church.

The house in which Longfellow was born still stands at the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets, once a fashionable quarter, but now the dingiest part of the town, amid docks and elevators and railways. It is occupied by several Irish families. Up in the busy residence-quarter, on Congress Street, stands the aneestral Wadsworth mansion, Long-



fellow's abiding-place when he visited Portland in later years. Next door is the Preble House, erected by an Italian architect in 1806, for the home of Commodore Preble (Preble of Tripoli).

State Street is one of the famous old residence-streets of New England, with double rows of murmuring elms, and lines of great old mansions, dating from the days

“ When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality.”

As a centre of summer-excursions, Portland has many advantages, in its comfortable hotels, its beautiful and historic environs, its rail-

roads running in a few miles to many famous beach and lake resorts, and lines of steamboats to the islands of the harbor and Casco Bay, and outside to Squirrel Island, Damariscotta, and other points. Here, too, the Mount-Desert steamers may be taken, for longer voyages to the eastward, over the open sea. Among the interesting drives from Portland we may go out over Tukey's Bridge, by East Deering and the United-States Marine Hospital on Martin's Point, to Falmouth Foreside, with magnificent views over Casco Bay; or over the shell-road to Deering's Oaks and Woodford's; or to the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery, with its many monuments; or to Pride's Bridge, on the gently-flowing Presumpscot River. There is a pleasant drive leading down the coast, by the great dry-docks and the ship-building hamlet of Knightville, to the ancient and favorably-known summer-resort called Cape Cottage, and to the unfinished fortifications and tall white lighthouse on Portland Head. The shore hereaway is remarkably bold and rocky, and in time of storm a tremendous surf rolls in, crashing upon the unyielding cliffs with a roar that is heard for miles.

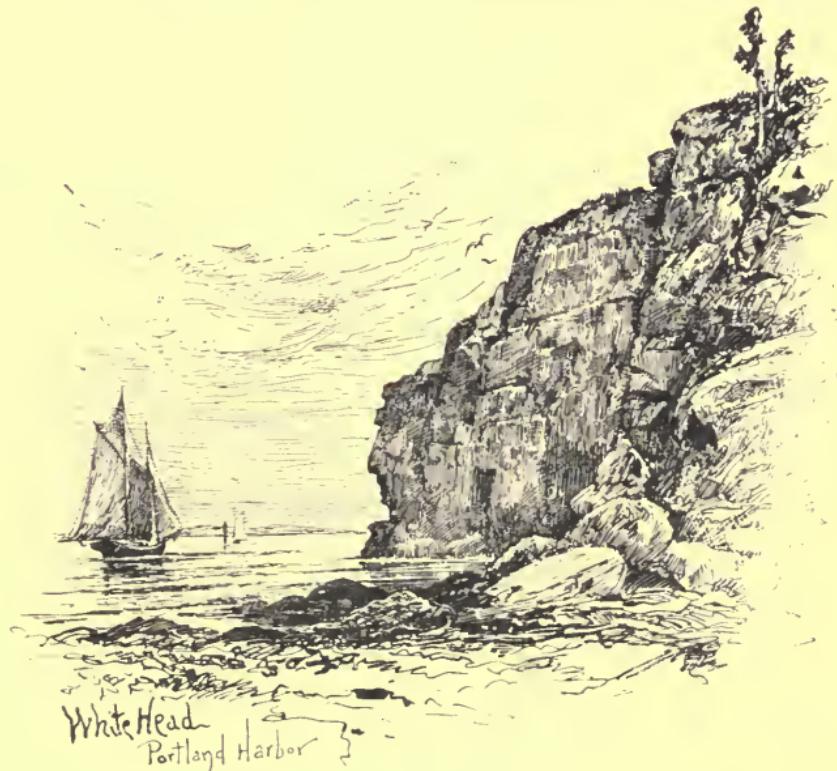
Farther down on this grand iron-bound coast stands the Ocean House, much visited by Canadians, and not far from the light-houses which sustain the Two Lights. The Spurwink River, Higgins Beach, and Scarborough Beach lie beyond. All along this Cape-Elizabeth shore there are many summer-cottages, mainly pertaining to the gentry of Portland,—the Browns, Lorings, Libbys, and other families,—some of them, like the Goddard and Beckett places, being massively built of the native rock. The well-known Portland author, John Neal, began this summer development in 1855, by the erection of the Cape Cottage. Around Pond Cove there are now a number of handsome places, including that of Edward Russell, of the Mercantile Agency; and at Yellow Head are the Loring cottages, overlooking the three forts and the outer islands.

The best companion to rambles in and around the city is Hull's illustrated "Handbook of Portland."

Casco Bay is traversed continually by several lines of steamboats, bound for Freeport, Yarmouth, Harpswell, Falmouth Foreside, Damariscotta, Chebeague, Diamond Island, Cushing's Island, and many another locality, famous in the happy annals of summer-voyagers. It takes about an hour and a half to Harpswell, and the boats make several round-trips daily.

The gem of the harbor is **Cushing's Island**, covering two hundred and fifty acres, and only three miles from the city, with which it is connected by frequent steamboats. On one side it faces to the northward, towards the beautiful Forest City, and on the other the lofty cliff confront the sea, which roars at their feet continually. The island is rich in groves of fir and spruce, whose perennial perfume mingles with the crisp sea-air to make a bracing draught for the lungs. A league or more of roads traverses the domain, leading from the pier

out to White Head, that great precipice which frowns down on the waves a hundred and fifty feet below. The Ottawa House, for many years favored by Canadian families as a summer-resort, was burned to the ground in 1886; and in 1888 the present hotel of the same name rose on its site. A safe bathing-beach borders on the main ship-channel, close at hand. Elsewhere around the beautiful island are attractive summer-cottages, the beginnings of the future patrician colony that is to find its place here. The park-roads and shores and villa-sites and public buildings were laid out and arranged by Frederick Law Olmsted, the most famous of American landscape-gardeners, so that the best features of the island are adequately developed and made



the most of. Looking up the harbor we see the forts,—Scammel and Preble and Gorges,—the Portland Breakwater, the populous and spire-crowned hills of the city, and the far-away range of the White Mountains, nobly outlined against the remote horizon. Nearer at hand, the coasting-vessels, steamers, and yachts fill the outer harbor with graceful life and animation; while off to the north-east the multitudinous isles of Casco Bay are grouped in kaleidoscopic variation. On the other side is the great dominating ocean, broken only by the rocks of Ram Island, and extending away to the dim horizon's verge, beyond the wild flowers and berry-bushes, the evergreen groves, and spray-laden air. The island became the home of James Andrews in 1667, and contained a primitive fortress, to which the people of Portland fled

when the French and Indian savages ravaged their homes. About the year 1850, it passed into the possession of Lemuel Cushing, a Canadian gentleman, whose sons succeeded to the estate, and have been actively concerned in its development as a summer-resort.

Another of the favorite harbor-resorts is Peak's Island, covering more than a square mile, and a hundred feet high in the centre, with its outer edge of rugged crags, broken and tormented by the surf. Several hundred people live here the year round; and in summer the population is doubled, when the hotels fill up with guests, and the headlands are garrisoned by camping-parties. It is a more democratic resort than Cushing's Island, with greater relaxation from the strait labors of life, and a more pervading atmosphere of mirth and unconventionalism. The views over ocean and shore are fine, and the sea-air overflows the region like a benediction.

Farther up in Casco Bay, and visited by steamboats from Portland, are other pleasant islands, hundreds in number, with wave-embroidered shores and groves of sturdy trees, and quiet beaches. On Little Chebeague, one of the most attractive of these, stands a comfortable hotel for summer-guests, among the oaks and evergreens, and looking out on the bay, the ocean, and the White Mountains. Great Chebeague covers two thousand acres, and has a considerable population of farmers and fishermen, with schools and churches, good roads, and one or two summer-hotels. Diamond has a group of summer-cottages, and several good beaches, with a wealth of oak and hickory groves. The artistic summer headquarters of the Portland Club stands on this island. Among the other interesting localities in Casco Bay are Long Island, with hotels and boarding-houses and cottages; Jewell's Island, the summer-residence of James McKeen, Esq., of New York; and Hope Island, with its quiet little hotel. Farther on, numberless lonely islets gem the blue waters, crowned with tall trees, and sheltering many a lovely cove and sandy beach.

The Casco-Bay steamboats make several voyages daily from Portland for fourteen miles through the fairy-like green archipelago to Harpswell, a long sea-beaten peninsula on which there are several quiet little summer-hotels and farm boarding-houses. Whoever comes hither for a season should bring Mrs. Stowe's beautiful romance, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," whose scene is laid here, amid the quaint fisher-folk who for centuries have dwelt about these sequestered coves. Orr's Island itself is contiguous to Harpswell, and joined to it by a highway bridge. Broad off in the bay, five miles out, is Ragged Island, with its two ancient houses, the scene of Elijah Kellogg's "Elm-Island" stories. Nor should we forget Whittier's powerful ballad of "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," preserving an old legend of these romantic shores.

"In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star
Of evening guides her in;

In vain for her the lamps are lit
 Within thy tower, Seguin!
 In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,
 In vain the pilot call;
 No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
 Or let her anchor fall."

The name of this matchless bay is derived from the Indian *Uh-kos-is-co*, meaning "Heron," and taken from the great night-herons, blue-winged and white-breasted, that have for centuries dwelt here in great numbers. The heronries are still found on the more secluded islands, abounding in their pale sea-green eggs, and the *débris* of fish-dinners served to their clamorous young by the parent birds. The bay was explored by the tireless Capt. John Smith, in the almost prehistoric time before the settlements; and during the colonial era, the garrisons and war-ships of Massachusetts had many a hot battle here with the natives, who struck hard for home-rule. But the last of their canoes had long since vanished when (in 1822) Capt. Porter puffed into the bay with his primitive steamboat, which the islanders derided under the opprobrious name of *The Horned Hog*. Of late years, the popular yearning for sea-shore life has caused these shores to be invaded by hundreds of plain summer-cottages, occupying the Falmouth-Foreside shores for miles, and latterly rising on many of the islands. The happiest characterization of the Casco archipelago occurs in Whittier's poem:

" Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
 Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
 Through his painted woodlands stray,
 Than where hillside oaks and beeches
 Overlook the long blue reaches,
 Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
 And green isles of Casco Bay;
 Nowhere day, for delay,
 With a tenderer look beseeches,
 ' Let me with my charmed earth stay! '

On the grainlands of the mainlands
 Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
 Plume and pennon rustling gay;
 Out at sea, the islands wooded,
 Silver birches, golden-hooded,
 Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
 White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
 Stretch away, far away,
 Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
 By the hazy autumn day."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BATH AND POPHAM BEACH.

FARTHER EASTWARD.—ORR'S ISLAND.—FORT POPHAM.—HUNNEWELL'S POINT.—INDIANS *vs.* ANGLICANS.

“ Bays resplendent as the heaven,
Starred and gemmed by thousand isles,
Gird thee,—Casco with its islets,
Quoddy with its dimpled smiles.”

AN hour and a half by rail eastward from Portland, passing around Casco Bay, and through Brunswick, the seat of the famous Bowdoin College, and we come to **Bath**, the bright and busy ship-building city on the Kennebec, a central point for several most interesting excursions. It is a long-drawn-out place, hugging the deep bright river for a league, but not venturing far inland, with ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, and a church for each thousand, and public buildings of the United States and Sagadahoc County. In the old days some of the finest of American ships were built here, and the local shipwrights still maintain their traditions and their high repute, and from time to time launch a noble and beautiful vessel.

Here the cars are ferried across the river to Woolwich, on the Knox & Lincoln Railroad to Rockland and Penobscot Bay. Hence also steamboats depart daily for the ports on the Kennebec River, and for Popham Beach, and for the land-and-water maze leading to Squirrel Island and Damariscotta.

The drive to Orr's Island leads through miles of forests of “murmuring pines and hemlocks” and luxuriant balsam-firs, with occasional glimpses of the island sea. From the point where the road crosses Cork-screw Hill, the view is of rare and unusual beauty, including Cape Small Point, Harpswell Neck, and many beautiful islets, studding the many-voiced main. At the foot of the hill is the bridge leading to Orr's Island, a bold, precipitous, evergreen-crowned shore traversed along all its lofty central ridge by a road which gives radiant views on either side, over the bay and its islands.

Popham Beach extends from the mouth of the great Kennebec River for a good league, to where Morse's River enters the sea, at low tide a broad and firm expanse of sand, affording a capital carriage-course, and at high tide overswept by line after line of roaring breakers. The seaward view includes Cape Small Point, the warden of

Caseo Bay; Seguin Island, with its lonely light-house, and several neighboring islets; the openings of the Kennebee, continually traversed by the shipping of Bath and Gardiner and other ports, their white sails flashing in the light; and the historic hills of Georgetown, won from the red men by the life-blood of many a gallant Englishman.

Atkins's Bay, just to the northward, nearly three miles long, affords the best of facilities for still-water boating and bathing, and is overlooked by the ponderous rocks of Cox's Head, whose ancient fortifications are now buried in ruins and overgrown by the flowers of the field. There are excursions in every direction, including the magnificent sail to Seguin, the weekly steamboat trip around to Boothbay and Wiscasset, the short row to Cox's Head, the three-mile voyage to Pond Island and its light-house, and the trip to Fox Island, with its long bar reaching to the mainland.

People who want to visit Popham Beach go to Bath by rail, and there take the little steamboat that runs down the Kennebee semi-daily. The hotels at Popham are the Ocean-View and Eureka, the former on a cool bluff one hundred feet high, and the other down near Fort Popham, an unfinished fortress, on Hunnewell's Point. The true mouth of the Kennebee lies between this sandy cape and Stage Island; and the great river, the outlet of Moosehead Lake and scores of other lonely lakelets in the forests of Northern Maine, is here compressed into a channel of less than a half-mile in width. So numerous are the rocks and islets off shore here, that mariners do not consider themselves out of the Kennebee until they have passed Seguin.

Around this lovely region of blue bays and romantic headlands and silver-sanded beaches hangs the imperishable glamour of history and poetry and tradition. It was in the summer of 1607 that Raleigh Gilbert and George Popham sailed away from English Plymouth, with a hundred sturdy West-of-England men (besides the mariners) on two vessels, the *Gift of God* and the *Mary and John*, well-laden also with ordnance and provisions. After touching at Monhegan and Stage Island, they founded their plantation not far from Hunnewell's Point, and erected a church and fifty huts, and also a strong defence, which they called Fort St. George. Gathered around their chaplain, the little band recited the services of the Church of England, and laid the foundations of what they hoped might become a powerful new Anglo-Catholic state. If Miles Standish had been up here, things might have gone better; but the fort was blown up by the Indians (who themselves also went up with it), the provisions gave out, Popham died, and so after a few months of what they were pleased to call "nothing but extreme extremity," the easy-going Episcopalian colonists gave up their attempt and returned disconsolate to "Merrie England."

CHAPTER XIX.

BOOTHBAY.

A CHARMING VOYAGE.—ARROWSIC.—WESTPORT.—HELL GATE.—FIVE ISLANDS.—BOOTHBAY.—SQUIRREL ISLAND.—AN ARCM-PELAGO OF SUMMER DELIGHTS.

THE voyage from Bath to Boothbay has called forth the rapturous praises of many world-wide travellers, on account of the beauty of its scenery, and the many piquant problems and surprises of its navigation. Through these five leagues of romantic inland passages, comfortable steamboats run three or four times daily, in about two hours. The first stage of the voyage leads down the swift Kennebec, one of the noblest of New-England rivers, and traversed perpetually by peaceful fleets of coasting-vessels. In about a mile the great river is left, and our boat passes through Arrowsic Bridge, joining the long island town of Arrowsic to the mainland town of Woolwich. A mile and a half beyond the bridge is Upper Hell-gate, where the steamer pushes her way, apparently with difficulty, through a long series of whirlpools and boiling waters. On the right extends Arrowsic, a town of twenty thousand acres (largely salt-marsh) and two hundred and fifty inhabitants, whose ancient history is as full of tragedy as that of any village of the Scottish borders or the Rhineland. In a single night, when the Indians stormed the fort under the cover of darkness, two-score persons suffered death inside the ramparts, and fifty houses were burned outside. And when, many days later, a detachment of Provincial soldiers was landed here from the fleet, to bury the dead, they marched square into an ambush, and were wellnigh exterminated.

A mile or so below Upper Hell-gate brings the boat to Hockomock Point, a fine headland which commemorates a singular Indian tradition. The course is laid thence across Hockomock Bay, a beautiful land-locked basin of salt-water, with several islets dotting its azure bosom, and the hills of Georgetown away down on the right. Across from Hockomock Point, on the east, is Phipps Point, in the town where Sir William Phipps was born, and where for years, an unconsidered lad, he tended sheep on the rocky hills. Long afterward, he found the ancient sunken wreck of a Spanish galleon, near the Bahamas, and recovered from it bars of gold and packets of jewels, to the value of a million and a half of dollars. So England's king made him a knight,

and gave him great wealth, and the governorship of Massachusetts, and the chief military command of the glorious expedition against the French at Port Royal.

After the brief stop at Westport Upper Landing, the boat rushes gallantly through the Lower Hell-gate; touches at another point in the long-drawn island-town of Westport: crosses to Riggsville, on the Georgetown shore: traverses another narrow strait; and emerges on the beautiful Sheepscot River, a bay-like expanse, with Wiscasset on its distant north shore, hidden by many islands. Another stop is made at Five Islands, the site of two or three co-operative summer-colonies from down Boston way. From these little commonwealths the boat runs across the openings of the Sheepscot, with the wide bright sea close on the right, and then dodges through the long and narrow strait, overhung with trees and faced with rocks, between Oak Point and the island of Southport. After emerging from this labyrinth, the vessel enters Boothbay Harbor.

The gray old fishing-village of **Boothbay** lies along the rocky hills at the head of one of the finest harbors on the Yankee coast, where sometimes three or four hundred sail of fishing-vessels find shelter. Ship-building and the deep-sea fisheries were for many years the supports of this maritime people, whose vessels visited every American Atlantic port. Afterwards, the porgy-fishery became an important industry, and the effluvia from the factories dismayed all the surrounding country. But the porgies finally disappeared, and the last of the factories has now vanished from the scene. One of the chief industries at present is the preservation and shipment of ice, made in the clear ponds near by: and sometimes six or eight three-masters are seen here at once, filling the inner harbor from shore to shore, and storing away thousands of tons of ice.

Squirrel Island is the summer-metropolis of all these bays and fiords and archipelagoes, with its hundred cottages, its chapel, and hotel. Here, also, is Sawyer's Island, with its little hotel, up in the Sheepscot River: Fisherman's Island, two miles outside of Squirrel, owned by Hon. Eugene Hale and a company of capitalists: Ram Island, where the United States has recently built a light-house, showing at night white and red lines of light (a novelty on American coasts); Capitol Island, having a small hotel and a score of cottages; the Isle of Springs (the old Swett's Island), in Sheepscot River, with hotel and cottages of Lewiston and Augusta families; Mouse Island, its hotel embanked in evergreen woods; Christmas (formerly Inner Heron) Island, developed as a summer-resort by families from Greenfield, Mass.; Spruce Point, with its new summer-streets and cottage-lots; Lincoln, rejoicing in far-viewing hotels and boarding-houses; East Boothbay, with the Boothbay Medicinal Spring; Christmas Cove, at the mouth of the Damariscotta, and overlooking Pemaquid and Monhegan; Ocean Point, with its hotel and pier; and Cape Newagen, with its quaint old hamlet of snug cabins, lobster-pots, and fishermen.

CHAPTER XX.

PENOBSCOT BAY.

THE WESTERN ÆGEAN. — A BATTLE-HAUNTED BAY. — CAMDEN. — MOUNT MEGUNTICOOK. — BEAUTIFUL VILLAS. — FORT POINT. — CASTINE. — DICE'S HEAD.

NO visitor to the northern coast should omit a trip to Penobscot Bay, which Sylvester Baxter praises as "one of the most beautiful spots in the New World, where a noble landscape is blessed with one of the most equable climates that a New-England summer can know."

Rockland, at the seaward side of the bay, is reached from Portland in four hours, by way of Brunswick and Bath; Belfast, higher up in the bay, is also the terminus of a railway diverging from the Portland-Bangor route. During the season, steamboats traverse the bay in every direction, visiting its different ports.

Penobscot Bay, that beautiful Ægean Sea of the Western World, affords a thousand glad surprises to the intelligent tourist, and shows forth every variety of attractive scenery, from the ripple-lined margins of sandy beaches, to the bleak heights of cloud-wrapped mountains. The broad estuary through which the river seeks the sea is gemmed by hundreds of islands, from merest bits of barren rock, hardly large enough for a crow's nest, up to mimic continents, each making a township, with woods, lakes, villages, and hundreds of inhabitants. Sometimes the islands close up into apparently unbroken masses, penetrated by winding lanes of blue water; and elsewhere wide sounds separate the groups, and give a good sea-way for cruising yachts. And over all this kaleidoscopic region of wedded land and sea is spread a blessing of pure, crisp, and bracing marine air, full of tonic and strengthening qualities.

Nor may we forget the unfading charm of legend and history clinging about this archipelago, and which trebles its interest to many travellers. How many fleets have traversed these azure labyrinths, since Norseman and Hollander, Frenchman and Briton first explored them! How many roaring broadsides, French, Virginian, English, American, have thundered across the tides, during the hot horrors of naval battles up the bay! How the legends of Pentagoët and Owl's Head and Fort Pownall, of Castine and Mogg Megone and Madockawando, have furnished themes for poets for generations! The islands

works. But despite all this lavishing of torches and gunpowder, and a century and a quarter of siege by Time, enough of Fort Pownall still remains to make a pleasant objective point for a ramble, ending by a dreamy study of the bay through the grassy embrasures, and past the sturdy little light-house, whose white tower crowns the point.

People who wish to try for themselves the attractions of Fort Point may take the railroad from Boston to Rockland, Belfast, or Bangor, from either of which places daily steamboats run to the point. The voyage from Rockland reveals much of the finest scenery of Penobscot Bay; and that from Bangor is equally rich in unfolding the panorama of the great Penobscot River. Belfast is within twelve miles of the point.

Castine, for many years the Gibraltar of these eastern seas, and afterwards their Alsace-Lorraine, garrisoned by alien and hostile armies, has of late grown rapidly in favor as a summer-resort, abounding in hops and tennis-matches, buckboards and yachts, whereby the ancient quietude and provincial seclusion of the place have to a large extent passed away. It is one of the prettiest villages in Maine, built along the Bagaduce River and the bay, with long-disused wharves, and elm-lined streets bordered by quaint colonial houses, white and neat, and adorned with many a choice bit of the skilful and artistic carpentry of the old time. In the remote days when "The Columbian Informer" was the local newspaper, and the illustrious Talleyrand sojourned here, and the wharves were crowded with square-rigged vessels, the people used the sea as their highway, with Venetian aptitude and enthusiasm. Some one has called Castine "a bit of Italy in America;" and another student of analogies entitles it "the St. Augustine of the North."

Dice's Head, on one side of the harbor, with its light-house and groves and cliffs, has been laid out as a cottage-colony, with delightful woodland roads and frequent vistas of sun-lit waves. From the observatory above the steamboat wharf, you can look out over the great bay to Fort Point and Stockton and Searsport and Belfast and the Camden mountains, and to the nearer Blue Hill.

Amid these scenes we may read Whittier's "Mogg Megone" and "St. John," and Longfellow's "The Baron of St. Castin," or Noah Brooks's illustrated descriptive article in the "Century Magazine" for 1882, and the little village will assume a new heroic aspect, adding a charm to every ramble and excursion in this historic and romantic region. Dreaming among the ruins of the ancient fortifications, we may see the light shallops of Plymouth again anchoring in the harbor, and Isaac Allerton building his trading-post, away back in 1626; and D'Anlney's fleet sailing in, under orders from Cardinal Richelieu, and ousting the Pilgrim colonists; and Girling's Massachusetts war-ships vainly cannonading the new French fortress of Pentagoët; and the fleet of the States-General of Holland forcing the French flag to flutter

down; and the adventurous Pyrenean noble, the Baron de St. Castin, dwelling here with his dusky bride, the daughter of the great Indian chieftain, Madockawando; and Sir Edmund Andros sailing up in the *Rose* frigate, and destroying the place; and the occupation of the peninsula by the New-Englanders in 1760; and its conquest by the British in 1779; and the long, dreary American siege, with lines of circumvallation and sanguinary assaults, and the final shattering of their fleet by a British squadron; and the occupation by a strong garrison of red-coats for four long years; and the return of the Continentals when the war ended; and a subsequent conquest by four thousand British troops in the War of 1812. Fragments may be traced of the old fortress of St. Castin, the royalist Fort George, the American Fort Madison, and the battery erected during the recent Secession War. And in these trenches the first lessons of war were given to that great hero of later years, Sir John Moore, whose mournful burial on the walls of Corunna terminated a life of warfare in America, Ireland, Holland, Egypt, and Spain, and was celebrated in the poem beginning :

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried."

The way to reach Castine is by railroad to Rockland or Belfast or Bangor, and then a short and delightful steamboat journey across the bay. Or it may also be visited in going to or returning from Mount Desert, by steamboat from Portland.

Around Cape Rosier, and beyond the islanded mazes of the Eggemoggin Reach, opens the beautiful Blue-Hill Bay, with the noble eminence of Blue Hill on one side and the huge Western Mountain on Mount Desert on the other. The usual route hither is by steamboat from Portland or Rockland, across the picturesque Penobscot Bay, touching at various little ports and islands. Blue-Hill village is thus described by an old-time poet :

"It is a pretty place,
It sits beside a hill,
And by it runs a little brook
That carries Nathan's mill."

The region is celebrated for its granite-quarries; and silver and copper used to be mined in the vicinity. It is a charming country, with pure and health-giving air, the breath of the sea, tempered to mildness by its passage over legions of islands and bays. Hundreds of city-people spend their summers in the farm and village boarding-houses, enjoying and appreciating the unusual views of blue water and high mountains in which the neighborhood is so rich.



OTTER CLIFF, MT. DESERT.

CHAPTER XXI.

MOUNT DESERT.

BAR HARBOR.—SEAL HARBOR.—NORTH-EAST HARBOR AND SOUTH-WEST HARBOR.—THE COAST TO THE EASTWARD.—THE NORWAY OF AMERICA.—SULLIVAN.—SORRENTO.—WINTER HARBOR.—MACHIAS.—CUTLER.

THE crown and culmination of luxury in travelling is found in the celebrated express-trains, running twice daily, except Sunday, from Boston, by Portland and Bangor, to Mount-Desert Ferry, a distance of two hundred and ninety-five miles, in little over nine hours. From the Ferry, a charming and invigorating steamboat voyage of eight miles, down the land-locked Frenchman's Bay, leads to Bar Harbor, the capital of Mount Desert.

The crown of all the scenery of this unrivalled coast is found at Mount Desert, that little Switzerland afloat, the pride and delight of the northern seas. The statistical facts of Mount Desert are that it covers one hundred square miles, and is divided into three towns (Tremont, Mount Desert, and Eden), with about five thousand permanent inhabitants, many of whom are engaged in the fisheries. It was explored by Hendrick Hudson's Dutch mariners and Champlain's Frenchmen early in the seventeenth century; and settled by Massachusetts fishermen about the year 1760. Forty years ago, a few artists and other summer-wanderers discovered the beautiful scenery of the region, and since their reports went abroad, the island has developed into one of the most famous of American watering-places. On the south opens the illimitable sea, broken only by the picturesque Placentia Isles and Cranberry Isles; Blue-Hill Bay and Penobscot Bay are on the west, overlooked by noble highlands, and dotted with an archipelago of islets; on the north it is cut off from the mainland by a narrow strait, bridged for a carriage-road; and on the east opens the broad and beautiful Frenchman's Bay, surrounded with summer-resorts, and opening into the Atlantic by Schoodic Point. In this group of great fiords of the northern sea reposes the beautiful island, with its lakes and mountains and cliffs, and wonderful Tyrolean scenery. It has half a dozen little ports, connected by steamboats running several times daily, and so making it easy for summer-day explorers to make their adventurous outings. And pleasant roads also join these hamlets, traversing wild mountain-passes, and following the shores of limpid

highland lakes. The summer-capital of the island is Bar Harbor, on the west shore of Frenchman's Bay, down near the sea, and looking out on a group of high wooded islets, above whose line the bay opens away into the mainland like some noble lake, overlooked by the blue mountains of Gouldsboro'. At Bar Harbor there are a score of immense hotels, from the aristocratic caravansaries on the principal avenues, down to the humble boarding-houses of the back streets. On either side for miles the shore is lined with the beautiful cottages and estates of Whitneys and Searses and Derbys, Fabians and Musgraves and Amorys, and other well-known metropolitan families, who spend long seasons here. The harbor is filled with yachts and pleasure-vessels throughout the season; and is visited daily by the steamers for and from the other ports of the island and the bay. A short ride from Bar Harbor is Eagle Lake, from whose shore a steam-railway ascends to the top of Green Mountain, whence there is an unexcelled view of the wide blue sea, and of the fiords of Maine.

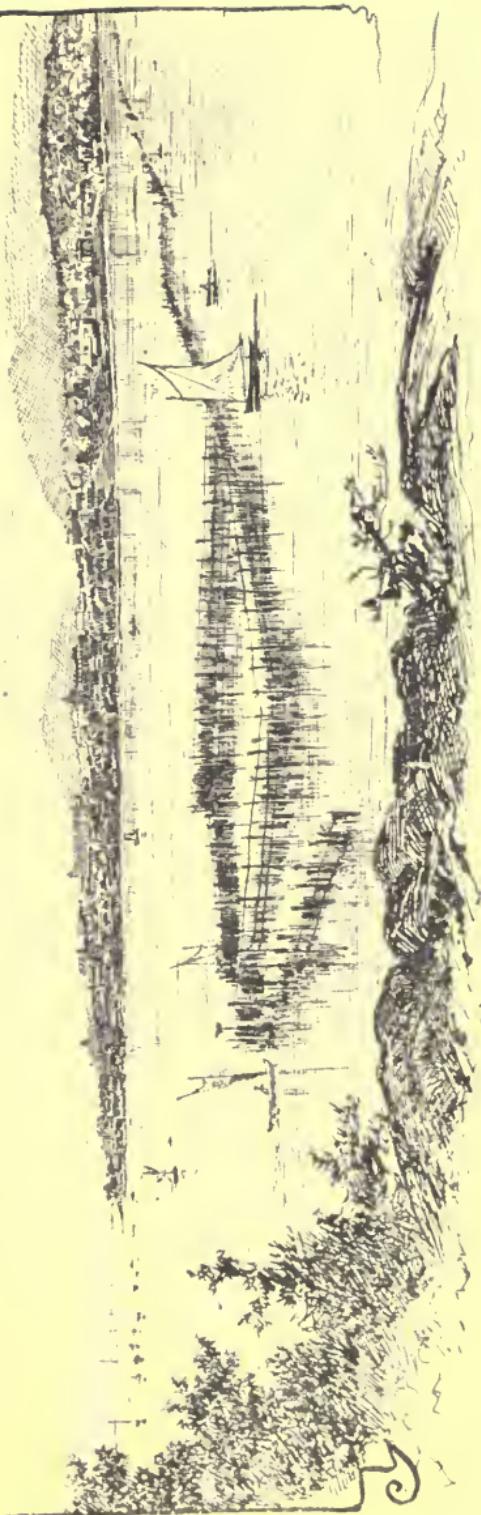


COTTAGE AT BAR HARBOR.

Of the many other places of interest about Bar Harbor,—of Hull's Cove and the Ovens, Schooner Head, and Great Head, Newport Mountain and Echo Notch,—you may read in Chisholm's compact "Mount-Desert Guide."

A few miles south of Bar Harbor, facing the sea, is the open cove of Seal Harbor, with its modern summer-hotels and cottages; and two or three miles beyond, around on the south side of Mount Desert, North-east Harbor cuts into the rocky shore, with another group of hotels and artistic cottages, favored by the most beautiful views of sea and shore, and saturated with the most tonic and invigorating air. Just to the west is the mouth of Somes Sound, that magnificent salt-water fiord which makes up for seven miles through the mountains, to the quiet village of Somesville. The next port on this joyous coast, in sight from North-east, is South-west Harbor, an old-time fishing-hamlet, now so favorite a place for summer-rest that half a dozen

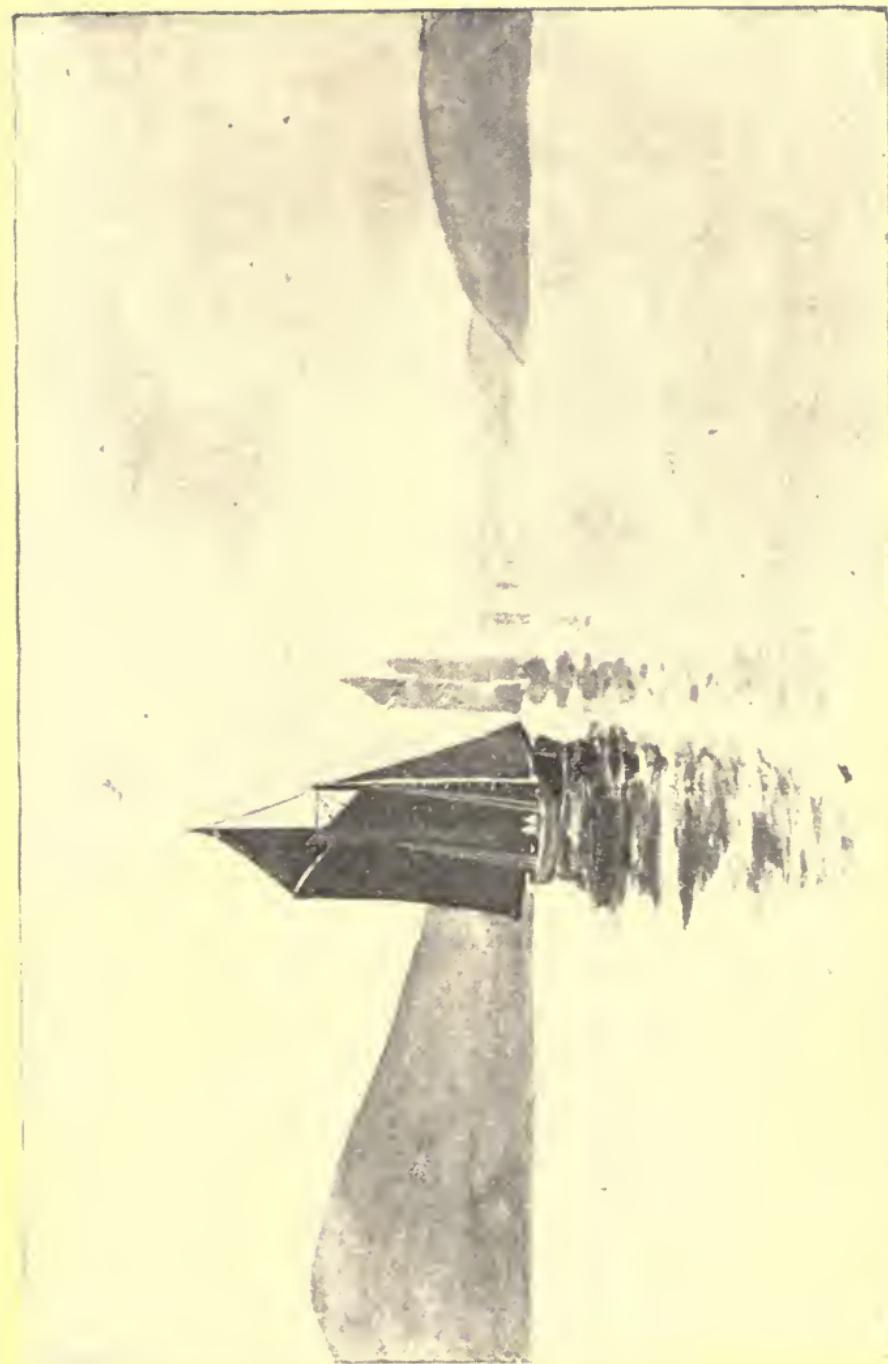
Bar Harbor from
Bar Island



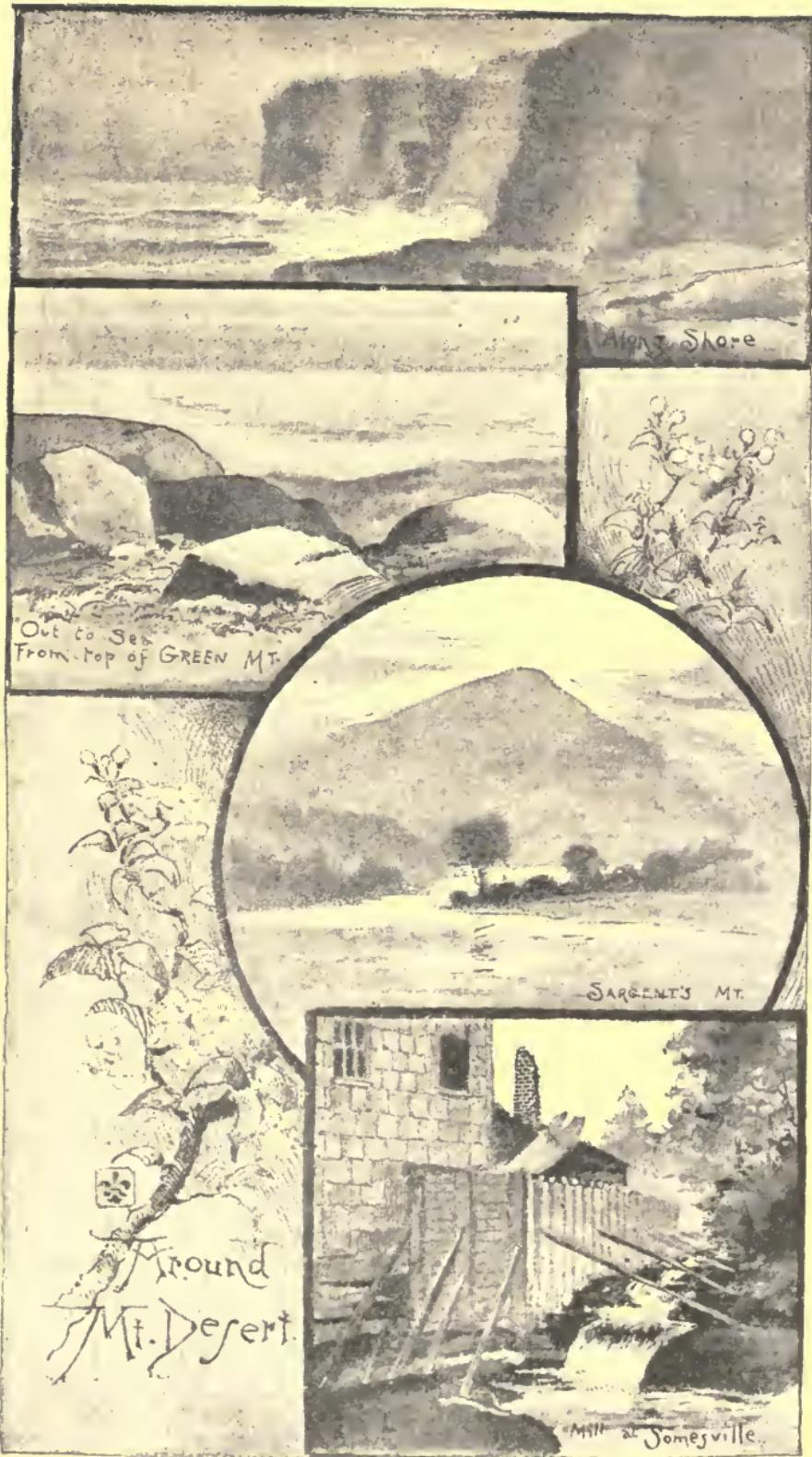
spacious hotels find profit, and are strung along the harbor-side for nearly a league, from the Claremont and Island, near the steamboat wharf, to the Ocean and Stanley, across the cove. In this delightful region there are scores of objective points for excursions,—the Seawall, Echo Lake, Bass Harbor, Fernald's Point, Beech Mountain, and other inland drives, and the voyages up Somes Sound or across the straits to the Cranberry Isles, populated by several hundred fishermen, and abounding in stories of the sea. On the west shore of Mount Desert, toward Penobscot and Blue-Hill Bays, several small hamlets nestle at the heads of the coves; and among these are the summer-visited localities of Pretty Marsh and High Head.

It would require a volume (and a very interesting one, too) to describe the summer-resorts that surround Frenchman's Bay, on the mainland, favored with views of the Mount-Desert mountains much finer than those enjoyed by people on the Island. Among these modern resorts are Lamoine; the Bluffs, at the terminus of the railway; Sullivan; Sorrento, and Winter Harbor, broad off' across the bay from Bar Harbor, highly aristocratic cottage-colonies, with magnificent scenery.

To the eastward of Mount Desert extends a reach of wild coast, abounding in the most beautiful and unusual forms of scenery. "The Norway of America" some one has called it, but a better term is "the coast of Maine," a phrase recognized all the world over as synonymous with scenic splendor. On this shore lie the twelve towns of Gouldsborough, Stenben, Millbridge, Harrington, Addison, Jonesport, Jonesborough, Machias, Machiasport, Cutler, Trescott, and Lubec. They are penetrated deeply, and separated from one another, by glorious fjords of the sea, whose sapphire-blue is broken by many a promontory of emerald. And outside, exposed to the immemorial hammering of the Atlantic, are hundreds of *enfants perdus* of islands, as lonely now as when the Norse vikings first sailed by them, before the days of the Crusades. This amphibious country is an unknown land to the people of the cities, for it is traversed only by uncomfortable stage-coaches, or touched at its ports by small steamboats. The Revolutionary history and modern mercantile activity of Machias may arouse a languid interest, as one looks across the glorious expanse of Englishman's Bay; and the Machiasport stage will take you out along the lonely forest-roads to Cutler, with its charming harbor-scenery and ocean-air, its summer-hotel and cottages.



SOME'S SOUND.



A LEAF FROM SKETCH-BOOK, MOUNT DESERT.

CHAPTER XXII.

PASSAMAQUODDY BAY.

THE FRONTIER OF THE REPUBLIC.—ST. ANDREWS.—THE ALGONQUIN.—A PERFECT YACHTING-GROUND.—CAMPOBELLO AND GRAND MENAN.—THE REMOTER EASTERN COAST.

AWAY off on the eastern rim of the United States the bright waters of Passamaquoddy Bay mark the division between Yankeeland and the Dominion of Canada. Some of its islands rest under the Stars and Stripes; and others bear up the red Union Jack until the coming day when the last imperial garrison-flag is peacefully furled and borne back to dear old Mother England, and the great Republic becomes continental.

St. Andrews, the summer-metropolis of these waters, is a quaint little Canadian port, standing on a peninsula which projects almost into the middle of Passamaquoddy Bay, with beautiful water-views all around, and a series of interesting drives inland over remarkably good roads. It is designed by nature to be a place for summer-homes. Close to the water in Indian-Point Park (30 feet above sea-level), or scattered along the rising ridge of Barrack Hill (150 feet high), until reaching the amphitheatre of encircling hills (220 to 250 feet above tide-water) which stretch across the peninsula from Passamaquoddy Bay on the east to the St. Croix River on the west, are presented building-sites adapted to meet the most diversified tastes. St. Andrews is the great summer-capital of the lovely Passamaquoddy-Bay region, and gives easy access to Campobello, Eastport, Lubec, Grand Menan, St. George, and other interesting points on the eastern frontier of the United States.

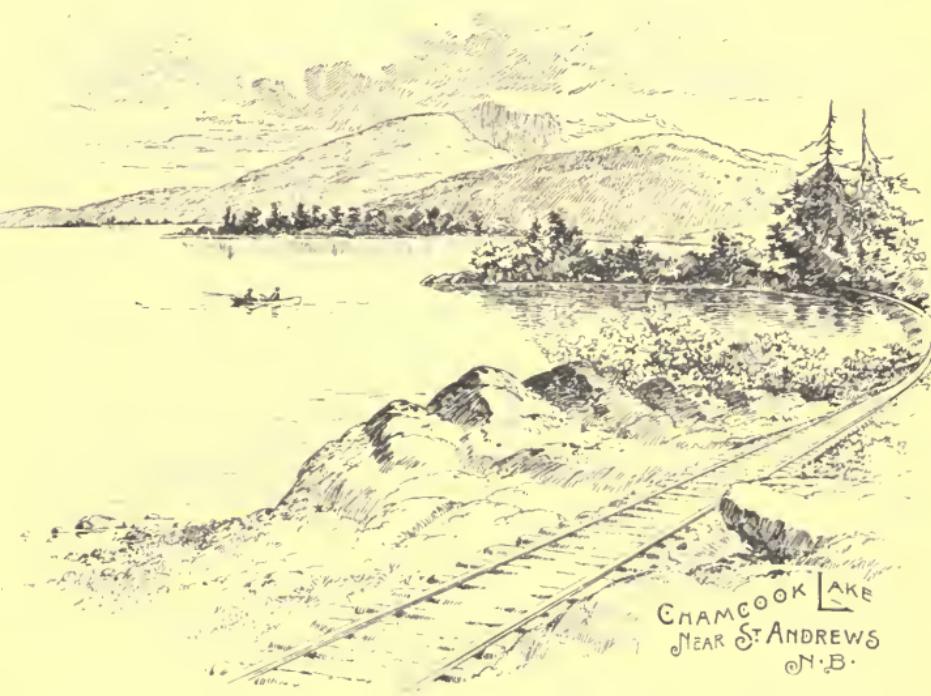
The new Algonquin Hotel is located on an eminence 150 feet above sea-level, and commands a most extensive view in all directions.

The inner reaches of the bay afford a remarkably fine yachting-ground of many square miles, with great unbroken expanses of deep water, and very picturesque and beautiful shores. Along the outer front of this salt-water lake extends a long line of rocky islands defending it from the wilder seas and rougher surges outside, and forming a barrier which effectually checks the landward advance of the sea-fogs. For days together, you may sit on the lofty verandas of the Algonquin, and look across legions of blue water dancing in the sun-

ight, to the place where the Bay-of-Fundy fog-bank broods outside the islands, unable to cross their high barrier.

All this beautiful region is filled with interesting historical associations, from the far-remote days when the Huguenot colony sent out by Henry of Navarre settled on Neutral Island (in 1604) to the modern garrisoning of the frontier by the flower of the British army in 1862, and the later days of the Fenian excitement, when Gen. Meade held Eastport with United-States regulars, and the redcoats swarmed in the streets of St. Andrews and St. Stephen.

Back among the hills, in the lonely inland waters towards Lake Utopia and Chamcook Lake, there is famous fishing; and from the high summit of Chamcook Mountain you may overlook the wide Passa-



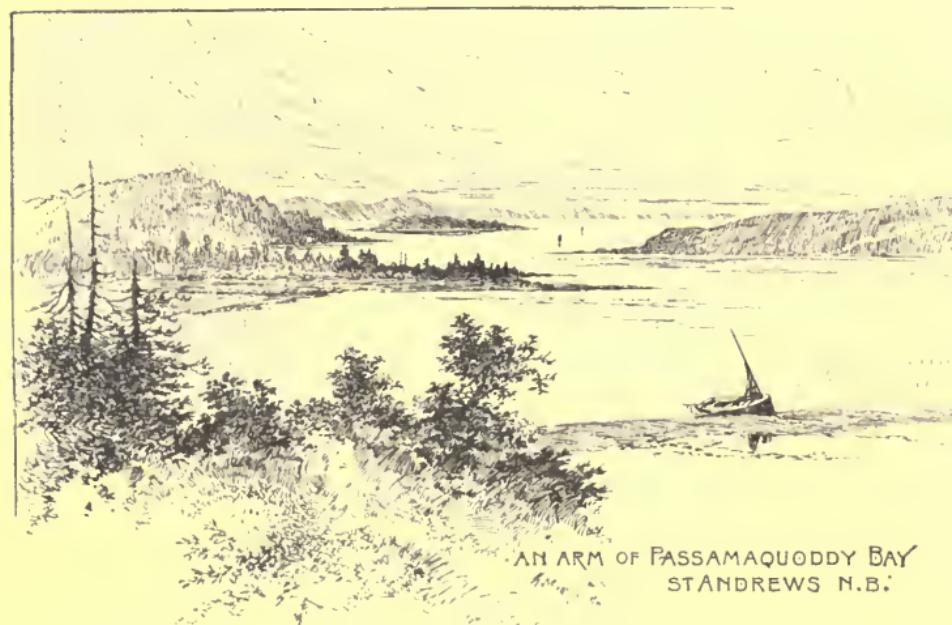
magnoddy country, and the St. Croix Valley, and the dim blue coastline of Nova Scotia.

St. Andrews may be reached by railroad from Boston by Portland, Bangor, and McAdam Junction; or by steamboat from Portland via Eastport and Calais.

Farther down the bay are the quaint old American ports of Eastport and Lubec, each with considerable accommodations and attractions for summer-visitors. Eastport is a village of three thousand and seven hundred inhabitants, on Moose Island, from whose highest point the abandoned ramparts of Fort Sullivan look down on the bay. Three-quarters of a century ago, a British fleet of ten battle-ships sailed into the little harbor, and compelled the garrison to surrender,

after which the flag of England floated over the village for several years. A road runs from Eastport to the mainland, and bends around the bay to the Indian town on Pleasant Point, inhabited by several hundred easy-going aborigines.

Lahee may be reached by the steam-ferry from Eastport, three miles distant. It is a drowsy marine village, on a long promontory and enjoys the distinction of being the easternmost town of the United States. Across the straits, and visited by hourly steamboats from Eastport, stretches the eight-mile length of the Canadian island of Campobello, with its great resort-hotels, erected and maintained by Boston capitalists. And a few miles outside, the openings of the Bay of Fundy sweep their amazing tides around Grand Menan, the island of purple cliffs, where two or three thousand loyal Canadians dwell around the rocky coves.



Eastward of Passamaquoddy Bay, the interesting sea-coast of the Maritime Provinces extends for hundreds of leagues, by the prouder little city of St. John, and the land of Evangeline, and gray old Halifax, with its redcoat garrison, and the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the lonely shores of Newfoundland. And to all this region of natural beauty and historical interest and semi-European and colonial customs and modes of thought and action, the electric American, "heir of all the ages," makes his way by the route starting from the Boston & Maine station in the Puritan metropolis of Massachusetts. What a wonderful coast it is, from the suburban delights of Nahant and Swampscott to the summer-rest of Cape Ann, Hampton and Rye, York and the Isles of Shoals, Portland and the

roken shores of hundred-harbored Maine, and so on to the ruddy
elds of Prince-Edward Island, the moose-haunted mountains of Cape
Breton, and the heroic Moravian missions on the stormy shores of
Labrador. Whatever else may betide, this glorious eastern coast shall
remain the summer-park of America. For here, in the wedding of the
sea with its fair New England, myriads of travellers have found, in the
enthusiastic words of one of their number, "skies that rival Italy's,
stretches of shore that are nobler than and as historic as England's,
islands more picturesque than the Azores, vales sweeter and greener
than lie between the Alps, streams more beautiful and winsome than
Great Britain's bards have sung, atmospheres as weird and dreamful as
those that veil Venice, and snow-capped mountains that blend with the
very heaven."



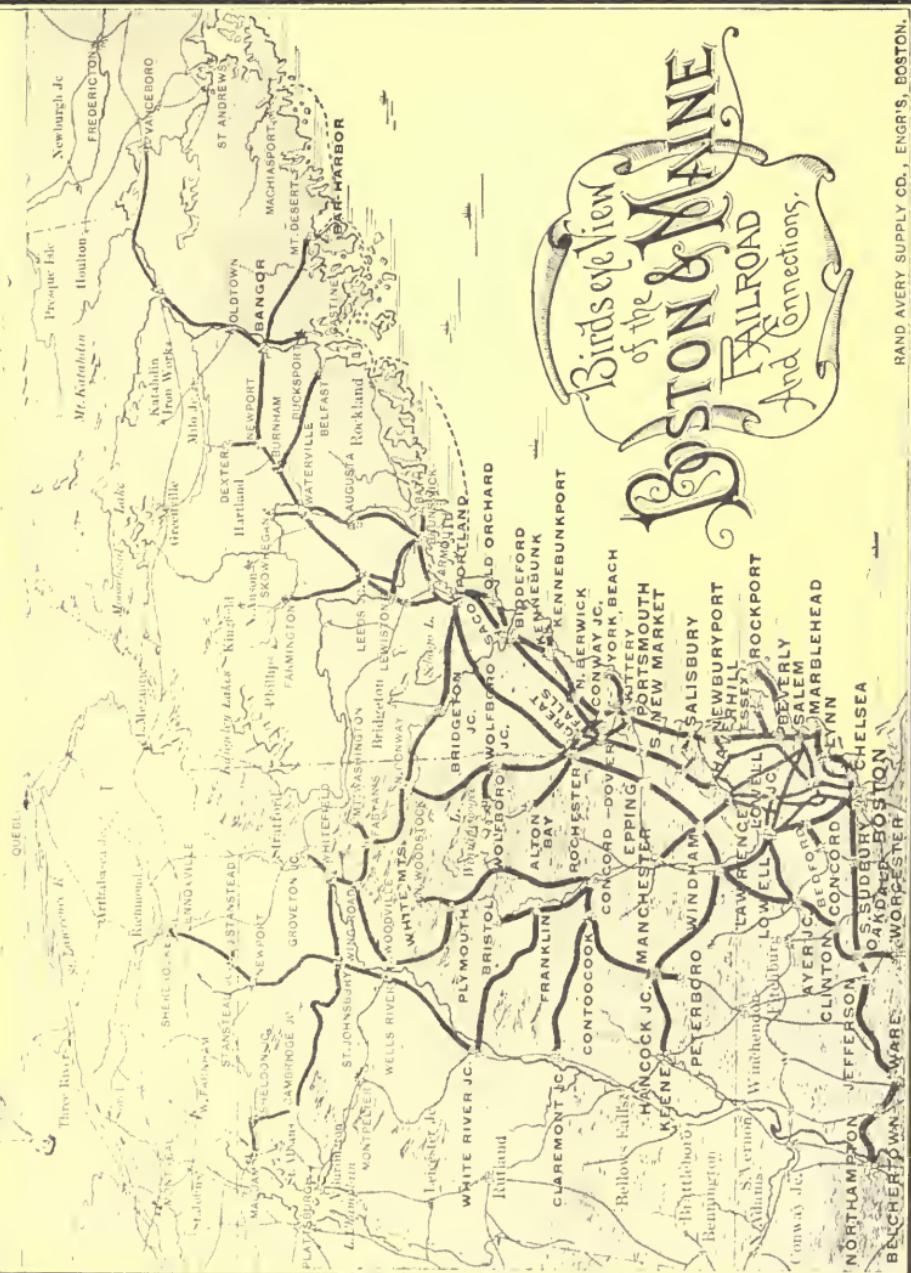
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HERE AND THERE IN NEW ENGLAND
AND CANADA.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY

M. F. SWEETSER.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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1889.

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INTRODUCTION.

FOR two hundred and fifty years, or ever since Darby Field went from Portsmouth to the top of Mount Washington, the White Mountains of New Hampshire have been frequented by annually larger and larger numbers of summer-tourists, some for health, some for fashion, and some because they like it. There is good reason for this growing enthusiasm, for the highlands of New Hampshire are rich in diversified scenery, from the tender pastoral beauty of the Saco and Coös intervals, and the serene peace of the Jackson glen and venerable Fryeburg, to the majesty of the Presidential Range as seen from Jefferson, or the sublimity of the sombre depths of Tuckerman's Ravine. Every point in this region is brought within easy reach by the routes and connections of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and by stage-lines running from its stations.

Anthony Trollope was astonished to find this region, which he had imagined to be peopled "with Mormons, Indians, or black bears," studded with huge hotels, almost as thickly as they lie in Switzerland. Aside from a dozen or so of first-class hotels, at \$4.00 to \$5.00 a day, there are some scores of less pretentious houses, and hundreds of farm boarding-houses, at from \$5.00 to \$8.00 a week.

It has also seemed best to add to this account of White-Mountain resorts reached by the Boston & Maine Railroad, chapters describing certain other highland regions on other divisions of the company's railroads and their immediate connections. Among these are the routes to Wachusett and the Connecticut Valley, at Northampton; the Monadnock country, in Southern New Hampshire; the Kearsarge country, north-west of Concord; the Passumpsic country; the passage of the Green Mountains, from St. Johnsbury to Lake Champlain; a glimpse at some hill-towns of Maine; and Montreal and Quebec, the natural northern termini of the mountain-tour. Amid these various routes there is room for wide choice, and new excursions for successive years, through scenes whose novelty cannot fail to captivate.

The present little volume is one of the three companion-books issued by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, under the general title of "HERE AND THERE IN NEW ENGLAND AND CANADA." This work is naturally divided into "A LONG SHORE," treating of the beaches and islands; "AMONG THE MOUNTAINS," dealing with the highlands of New England, from Mount Holyoke, Wachusett, and Monadnock,

to the White and Franconia Mountains and Dixville Notch; and "LAKES AND STREAMS," devoted to a consideration of the beautiful inland waters of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, and especially to Winnipesaukee, Sunapee, Moosehead, the Rangeleys, Memphremagog, and the far-away Lake St. John, in Northern Canada. Richly bound and handsomely illustrated, it is hoped that these books may be of service both to actual travellers and to people who are planning for a summer-journey. The Boston & Maine Railroad also issues a little book devoted solely to lists of the hotels and boarding-houses in each of the localities on or near its route, rates of excursions and circular-trips, and the service of its parlor and sleeping cars. It is entitled "BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD SUMMER EXCURSIONS." With this practical helper, the cost of an eastern trip, in time and money, may be computed approximately.

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Gems of the Northland, never yet
Were lakes in lovelier valleys set
Glossing the granite and the pines
That mark New Hampshire's mountain line.
And not less fair the winding ways
Of Casco and Penobscot bays.
They seek for happy shores in vain
Who leave the summer isles of allaine!
Dances John G. Whittier

1886. 26 May

CHAPTER I.

TO THE MOUNTAINS.

THE SEA-SHORE ROUTE.—A RUN UP THE ESSEX COAST.—LOWER NEW HAMPSHIRE.—THE WINNIPESAUKEE REGION.—THE SANDWICH RANGE.—THE APPROACH TO NORTH CONWAY.

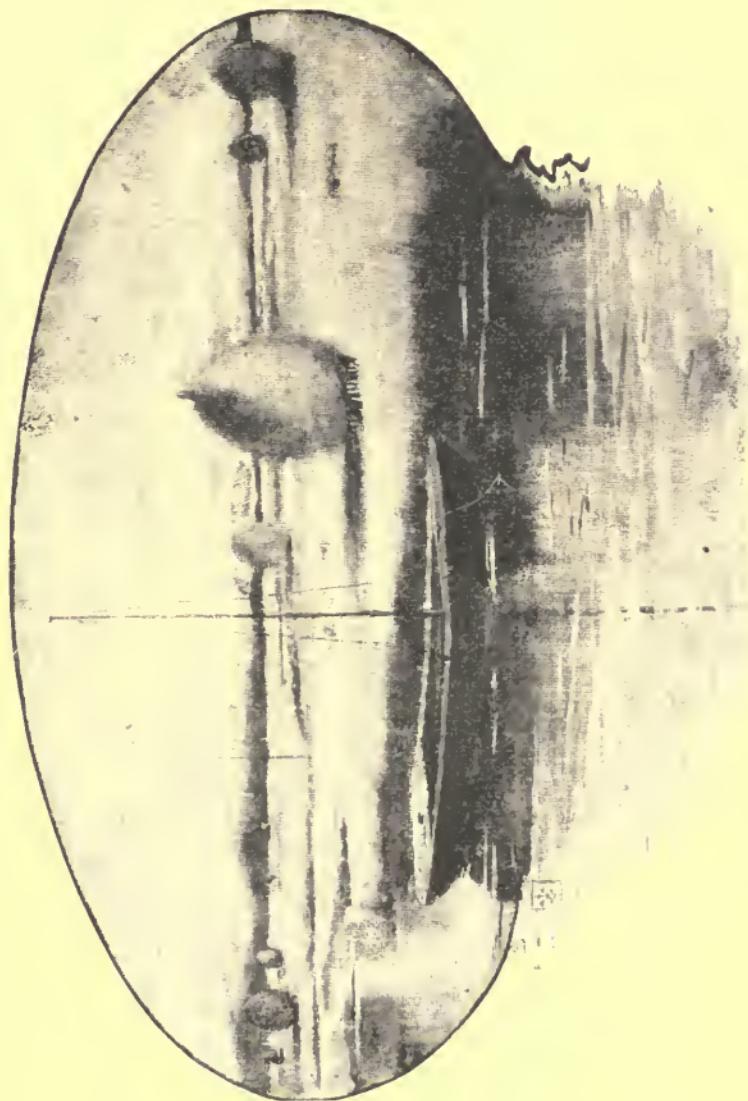
IN six short hours from Boston, by a route leading through several of the most interesting cities of New England, and often within sight of the blue sea, you may be transported to the deep glens of the White Mountains, where the cool shadows of the enwalling highlands rest on fair intervals, crystal lakes, and rushing streams. And if the comfortable first-class cars are not sufficiently luxurious and select, you may ride in the Pullman parlor on wheels, and from the depths of a softly upholstered easy-chair watch the ever-varying procession of the landscape—bays and rivers, cities and hamlets, lonely farms and placid lakes—through the clear plate-glass windows. And so, between breakfast and dinner, you shall have crossed five counties and reached the “land of the mountain and the flood.” The attractions of the sea-shore section of this route are set forth more in detail in the companion to this book, entitled “ALL ALONG SHORE.”

It takes a good half-hour to run through the broad suburban belt of Boston—Charlestown and Somerville, Chelsea and Revere—and over the sea-bordered salt-marshes to Lynn, the chief seat of shoe-making, which is one of the leading industries of Massachusetts. Another short run brings you to Swampscott, whose blue ocean-bound lies along the sunlit east. And then comes Salem, dear and venerable old mother-city of the Bay State, beloved alike of romance and of science, and with the spice-laden memories of a world-encircling commerce, African, East-Indian, and through the South Seas. In fancy you may see one of the old-time witches peering from the little colonial windows, or Hawthorne’s tall form disappearing around one of the gray street-corners.

Another half-hour leads through maritime Beverly, at the beginning of the famous North Shore, abounding in summer-villas and hotels; and peaceful rural Wenham, beside its world-renowned lake; and Hamilton, the country-home of “Gail Hamilton;” and the tall spires and weather-stained houses of Ipswich, one of the quaintest of the old Puritan towns. Then the panorama changes again, and savors of Old-World Holland, with its long levels and moorlands, bordered for leagues by the weird sand-hills of Plum Island, through whose sierra-like notches gleams the vivid *Vier* of the sea. Beyond this drowned land Newburyport rests along her breezy hills, fanned by the ocean-winds, and, like Venice and Amalfi, dreamily, in a long lost

maritime commerce, when her white sails were blown into a thousand strange foreign ports. As the train rumbles across the high bridge, you may look up the broad Merrimac to the hills around Whittier's home, and down the river, beyond the gray old wharves, to the light-houses on Plum Island, and the level horizon of the Atlantic.

Another half-hour leads across brave old Rockingham County, in New

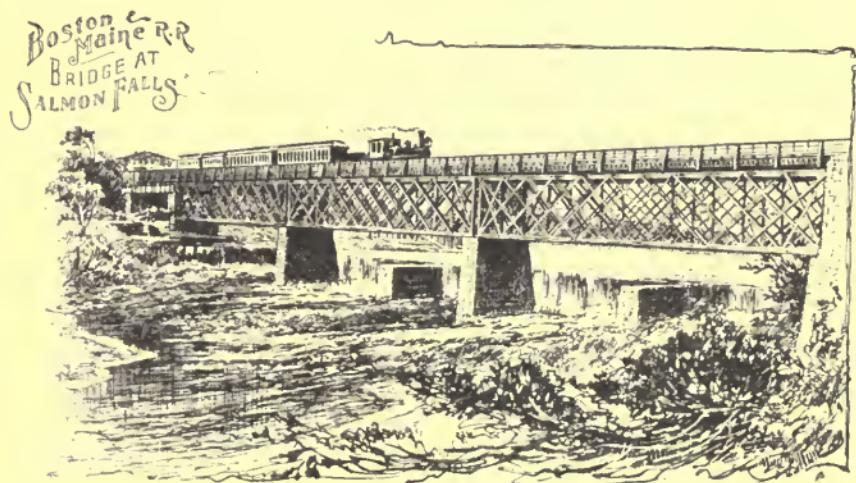


HAMPTON MARSHES.

Hampshire, by the Hamptons, with their picturesque salt-marshes and favorite beaches, and the sea glimmering beyond Boar's Head. Portsmouth, the old-time Strawberry Bank, with its long streets of houses of the Georgian era, comes next, and offers the lure of summer joys at Newcastle and Kittery and York Beach and the Isles of Shoals. Here the broad and swirling Piscataqua is crossed, and away off toward the unseen ocean the high walls of

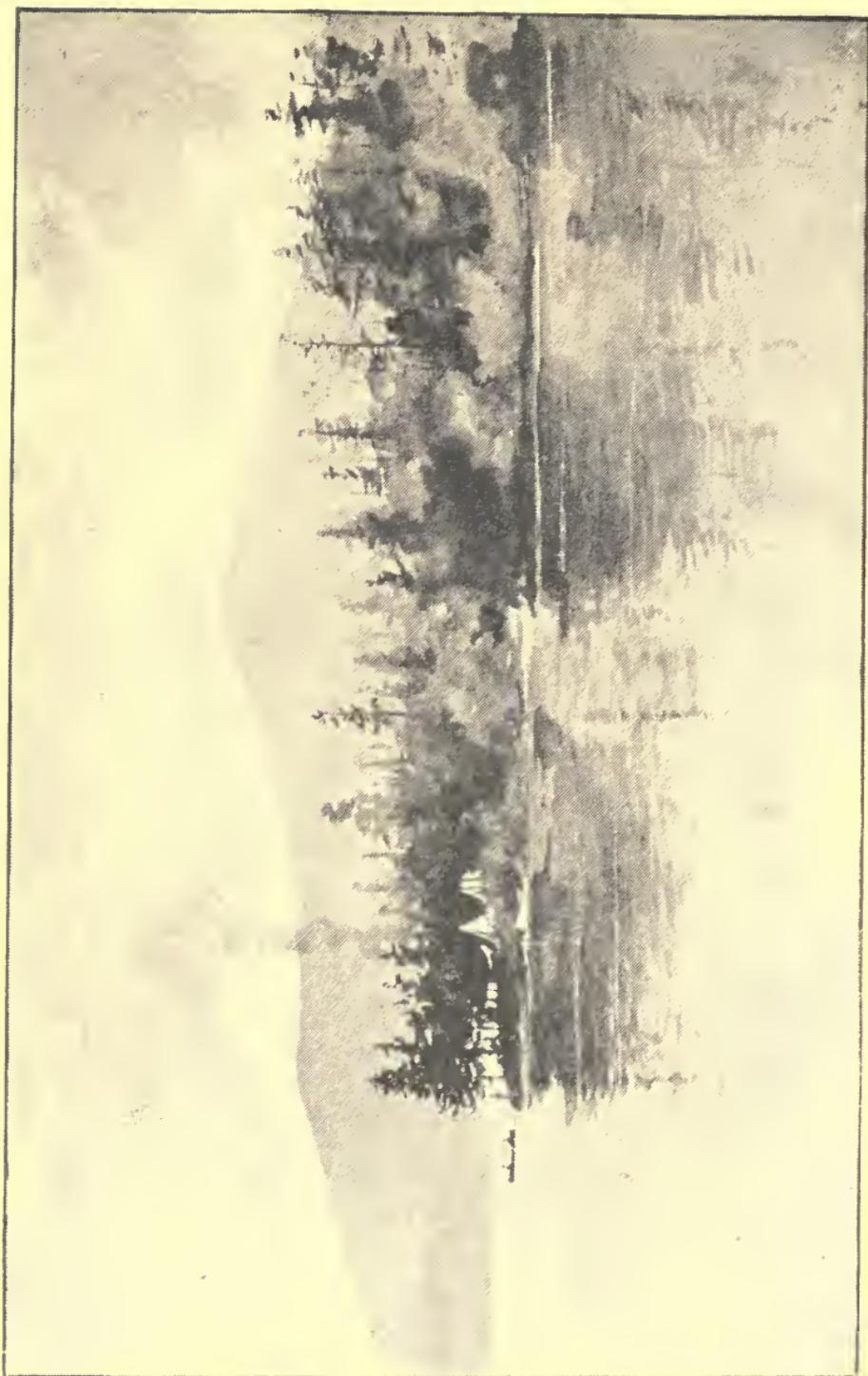
the Hotel Wentworth cut the sky-line, while nearer are the antiquated ship-houses of the Kittery navy-yard, and perhaps a glimpse of the spars of the world-renowned *Constitution*.

A few miles beyond, and our many-wheeled procession turns its back on the coast, and begins the long climb into Middle New Hampshire, passing a line of prosperous manufacturing-towns,—Salmon Falls and Great Falls and Rochester. Here, on the Norway Plains, sadly famous in by-gone centuries for Indian forays, we shall cross the railways leading to Portland, Nashua, Dover, and Lake Winnipesaukee. And we may go up the last-named route, past the Blue Hills of Strafford, to Alton Bay, which is one of the chief ports on Lake Winnipesaukee, with its summer-hotel, and a large steamboat making daily voyages to all the other forest-bound ports on this loveliest of highland seas. The attractions of Lake Winnipesaukee are described carefully and at length in "**LAKES AND STREAMS.**"



But if we repel the allurements of this side-trip, the train bears us across the towns of Milton and Union, abounding in silvery ponds and bold hills, and not devoid of farm boarding-houses; and so we come again under the spell of the great lake, at Wolfeborough Junction, whence a short branch-railway leads out to Wolfeborough, one of the most famous summer-resorts in this region, with abundant hotel and steamboat accommodations, and beautiful mountain-views, across fair Winnipesaukee.

Northward again, across the long-drawn town of Wakefield, with its chain of lakes on the border-line of Maine, and a dozen or so of farm boarding-houses. For the next fifteen miles, we fly across the town of Ossipee, over broad drift-plains, and past the shire-village of Carroll County. You may even get a glimpse of dark Ossipee Lake ("like the wildest parts of Norway," Harriet Martineau said of it), oval, transparent, heath-guarded, and for many years watched by the fortresses of Provincial garrisons. Crossing the little Bearcamp River, so sweetly immortalized in Whittier's poetry, we quickly reach West Ossipee, the end of the stage route from



BLACK MOUNTAINS, FROM MOUTONBOROUGH BAY, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

Centre Harbor and Chocorua Lake. Here, at last, we gain a noble and impressive view of the mountains, the great peaks of the Sandwich Range, stretching away along the Tamworth Valley, with the ponderous Ossipee Mountains on the south. There rise the rocky cliffs of Whiteface, the gray ledges of Paugus, the dark pyramid of Passaconaway, and the glorious alpine spire of Chocorua, in many respects the most proud and symmetrical mountain-peak in all New England. Off in this valley, in Sandwich and Moultonborough and at Tamworth Iron-Works, there are several summer boarding-houses; and on the heights above the exquisite Chocorua Lake stands another, in a region sacred to the summer-cottages and broad woodland estates of a number of Boston families.

Presently the train flies along the shore of Silver Lake, looking out over its curving sandy beaches and wooded islands, and up to the ancient and sequestered hamlet of Madison, on the hills to the northward. Here, also, and at Eaton, a pond-strewn hill-town beyond, there are quiet and inexpensive boarding-houses for summer-blighted citizens. Through the luminous air the magnificent granite crags of Chocorua loom grandly into the blue sky, and fairly haunt the line as it sweeps on through a wild and desolate region, and over into the Saco Valley. Lucy Larcom thus apostrophizes this famous peak:

The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the east,—
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least,—
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-rowd."

Erelong, the sharp peak of Moat Mountain rushes into view, and the dark spire of Kiarsarge, and the far-away and ethereal Presidential Range, and scores of other famous peaks, with the broad intervals and graceful fringing trees of the Saco filling the idyllic foreground. And so, with a brief stop at Conway, the exultant train glides along the rich meadows, and stops at the North-Conway station, in presence of a battalion of hotel coaches.

CHAPTER II.

NORTH CONWAY.

CONWAY.—PIONEERS AND ANCIENT INNS.—EARLY VISITORS.—CATHEDRAL WOODS.—A BIRCH-BARK VOYAGE.—THE INTERVALES.—WHITE-HORSE LEDGE.—ECHO LAKE.—DIANA'S BATHS.—DUNDEE DRIVE.—THORN HILL.—MOUNT KIARSARGE.—MOAT MOUNTAIN.—KIARSARGE VILLAGE.—INTERVALE.

CONWAY is a quiet old hamlet sleeping along the Saco River, which wanders over the plain in many a long convolution, across sandy shallows and through deep pools. The chief inn, the Conway House, stands in the middle of the village, shaded by fine old trees, and frequented by summer-guests who find pleasure and restfulness in the unconventional life which is possible here. It was built in 1850, by Horace Fabyan, after the burning of his hotel near the site of the present Fabyan House. Here Daniel Webster spent his last night in the White Mountains, while on his way by stage from Crawford's to Centre Harbor, in the year 1852. He was accompanied by his son Fletcher, and by the veteran mountain-explorer, H. W. Ripley. Near the railway station stands the Pequawket House, the old stage-tavern of the village.

In the lower part of the Green Hills is a fine quarry of pale-pink granite, which has furnished paving-stones for Cincinnati, masonry for the Union Depot at Portland and the new Albion Building in Boston, and materials for other fine structures.

A wild wood-road leads up Pine Hill to the White-Mountain Mineral Spring, traversing perfumed jungles of brakes and ferns, and coming out at a pagoda which overlooks the mountains of Fryeburg and Bridgton, off towards Sebago Lake. Thousands of barrels of the spring-water have been sent from this point to all parts of the Republic; and there is much talk of a great summer-hotel being built on the far-viewing plateau.

The Washington Bowlder rests on the hillside, in the woods, a mile from Conway, like a ship just ready for launching, and close around it grow tall trees, the descendants of primeval forests that have risen and culminated and decayed here. This enormous block of granite, 46 feet long and 39 feet high, was torn from the ledges of Moat Mountain in the remote past of the ice age, and came across the valley as part of the freight of a glacier. A few miles distant, in Madison, is another bowlder, the largest yet discovered, measuring three hundred feet around, and thirty feet high.

The view from Potter's Farm, near the long highland loch of Walker's Pond, affords a capital objective for a drive, and includes the vast pano-

rama of mountains from Chocorua and Moat and up the Conway glen to the Presidential Range, away around by Kiarsarge and the Green Hills to Mount Pleasant, in Maine. Among other most interesting localities within easy drive of Conway, are the noble-viewing Allard's Hill; the highland-girt Buttermilk Hollow; the base of Mount Chocorua, Echo Lake and the Moat Ledges, the lovely old village of Fryeburg, the falls and valley of Swift River, famous for gamey fish, and the Ridge Road.

Down in South Conway, near the Dundee and Edgecumbe mountains (singular twin hills, nearly covered with woods), are one or two farm boarding-houses, frequented in summer by lovers of seclusion with Nature.

North Conway occupies a situation of peculiar beauty, on a shelf-like terrace in the great eastern portal of the White Mountains, where the Saco River flows down through broad intervals, over whose beautiful emerald floor the vast central range is seen with the best possible effect. The Presidential peaks are a score or more of miles distant, up this highland-walled vista, at an admirable point for landscape effect, and with a grouping of singular majesty. On one side of the valley towers the tremendous league-long ridge of Moat Mountain, with its picturesque promontory-ledges pushing forward toward the river; and along the eastern side of the terrace the Green Hills (or Rattlesnake Range) rise against the horizon. The village is rather straggling, and lacks the orderly beauty and rural air of Jackson and Campton, but much has been done recently (especially since the introduction of a copious water-supply) to redeem its streets and lawns, and to give a more park-like appearance to their surroundings. There are stations here of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads; churches for the Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Methodists; several shops of various kinds; and great stables, where one can get carriages for visiting scores of delightful localities that surround the place as no other mountain-village is surrounded. The town takes its name from that gallant old English statesman, Henry Seymour Conway, Walpole's friend, commander-in-chief of the British Army, and, at the time when this mountain-glen was baptized, a prominent champion of the liberties of America, in England's Parliament. The Pequawket Indians, the aborigines of this region, did not wait for another visit from their Christian English brethren, after Lovewell's bloody foray, but fled northward to Canada, through the Pinkham Notch, and received a large grant of land from the viceroy of New France. There their descendants still dwell; and every summer they come down to their old homes by the Saco, and despoil the pale-faces by selling to them baskets and other trinkets of birch and sweet grass, made up with the harmony of colors and grace of form natural to their half-French blood. Hither also comes a detachment of the old Tarratine tribe, from the Penobscot River, bent on similar errands of money-getting.

Joseph Thompson migrated from Lee something over a hundred years ago, and erected on the interval a frame house, which was afterwards removed to its present site at the Three Elms, not far from the Kearsarge House, where it has been used as a bear-bait-house and as a military school. From this pioneer Joseph descended the Thompsons of the present day, so

well known in the valley. In 1840, S. W. Thompson converted his father's farm-house into a country-tavern, and established a line of stages, running from Portland through North Conway and the Notch. In 1861, he built the present south wing of the Kearsarge House, and eleven years later the main edifice came into being, simultaneous with the arrival of the Eastern Railroad at the village. Thompson made a contract with a dozen or more artists, half a century ago, by which he boarded them for \$3.50 a week, each, and sent their noonday meals out to their sketching-grounds, wherever they might be. On their part, they agreed to date all their mountain sketches from North Conway; and the result was a most effectual advertising of the hamlet, all over the Republic, so that, after six years of this



THE LEDGES, NORTH CONWAY.

friendly league, the place received continually increasing crowds of summer-guests.

The Washington House, near the Maine-Central station, was built about the time of the War of 1812, by Daniel Eastman, whose funeral occurred in the village church a year or two ago. For decades, this was a favorite stopping-place for Vermont traders and farmers, on their way between Portland and the Green-Mountain State, with their heavily-laden wagon-trains. Afterwards, it became a resort for summer-boarders, and enjoyed a goodly patronage up to within a few years, when the erection of new and more modern hotels caused it to be abandoned and left to fall into ruin.

The magnate of the valley, in those old days, was Dr. Alexander Ramsay, a small and deformed individual from Edinburgh, enjoying an annuity of

some three thousand dollars a year from his Scottish forbears, and beloved by all the rustics, not less for his quaint Caledonian wit and his great medical skill, than for the many benefactions which he lavished on all sides. During the War of 1812, he went home to Scotland, and remained until the dawn of peace, when he returned to his pleasant White-Mountain valley.

It is sixty years since one of the first parties of tourists walked up through these quiet glens. Its members were Caleb Cushing, Samuel J. May, William Ware, and George B. Emerson, then fresh from college; and as this brave company, armed with guns and barometers, fared onward, they filled the simple rustics with astonishment, insomuch that the entire population of at least one hamlet fled at their approach. One benignant farmer's wife attempted to appease them with bread and milk, but their mountain-born appetites were so prodigious that at last she exclaimed: "Young gentlemen, I *should* think that you never had been weaned."

Nor has North Conway been devoid of famous immigrants, since the days when Daniel Webster and Judge Story, Jonathan Mason and Chester Harding, Starr King and Thomas Cole came hither to rest amid the fairest charms of Nature. Strange enough some of them have been, like Harry Bloodgood (Carlos Mauran), the inimitable negro minstrel, who acquired a house here, and dwelt among the hills until his death.

For many years, the main route of access from the southward was by the stage-coaches from Centre Harbor, bowling merrily away over the Ossipee and Madison plains, and so on into the hill-country. Centre Harbor was reached from across Lake Winnipesaukee, at Alton Bay, the terminus of the Cochecho Railroad. As late as the year 1858, there were but three public houses at North Conway,—the Washington, Kearsarge, and North-Conway.

Nowhere else are there more magnificent forests than those that bend around North Conway and Intervale,—the renowned Cathedral Woods, the Enchanted Woods, the embowered aisles that lead away to the bases of the Green Hills, the venerable wilderness from out of which Moat Mountain breaks in a league-long wave, crested with rocky foam. These pleasant solitudes, peopled only with birds and squirrels, are traversed by a network of deserted logging-roads, now reclaimed by rank grasses and berry-bushes and all the floral blazonry of our New-England summer. And over such idyllic paths one may wander for hours, out of sight and hearing of the busy world, and wrapped in all the rich, strange scents of luxuriant Nature. Here and there the neighboring mountains glimmer into the field of vision, like bits of Beulah land, "in distance and in dream."

In June, patches of snow linger on the dim blue sides of the great mountains to the northward, and the air is filled with coolness and exhilaration. Then, also, the perfumes of the grasses, the spruces and hemlocks, and the beds of ferns and brakes, fill the long village-street, and bring rare refreshment to the few city-people who have come hitherward in advance of the orthodox season. As autumn approaches, the soft sky is filled with fleecy clouds, and the shortening days round out the day, is in itself a continual delight. At morning and evening, the great valley, over which the sun is shut out by the overhanging ranges, is full of dewy coolness and freshness.

On every side, the autumn flowers flame out in masses of color,—golden and scarlet and purple,—from the road-sides and the edges of the forests. One by one, the great trees change from living green to the more glorious hues of decline,—the golden and ruby and brown and scarlet,—until the woods glow almost like rainbows, and form amazing contrasts with the deep-green of the pines and fir-trees, massed here and there over broad areas. Over the mountains this robe of autumnal glory is thrown, from base to summit, rising from the lush meadows to the deep blue of the September sky. At this time, the artists find North Conway full of poetic charm, and many other people of delicate culture take pleasure in watching the brilliant transformation scene. Several of the local inns are provided with means for heating their rooms, and around the great fireplaces in their halls at evening gather groups of lovers of Nature.

The present railway station was built by the Eastern Railroad, which made its entrance to this Happy Valley in the year 1872. There is something exotic and Muscovite in its architecture, which contrasts strangely with the far-surrounding mountains and meadows. The adjacent park has been plowed up and re-planted with grass-seed by the Boston & Maine, and a dozen little local showers, from as many water-jets, help to encourage the growth of a lawn on this hungry and arid soil.

The visitor should go down to Champney's studio, in the southern part of the village, and see his masterly paintings of the mountains and gorges and meadows, and the vivid beauties of panel-pictures of pale-purple lilacs, and sheaves of golden corn, and groups of heavy ferns and scarlet field-lilies. Or visit the little curiosity-shops on the main street, with their stuffed hawks and crows and owls, skins of bears and foxes, and other indigenous *bric-à-brac*. Or give an hour or two to the photograph parlors, and see their wonderful reproductions of the mountain scenery, representing many a nook visited only by the most daring and tireless of explorers, besides the more familiar and beloved localities known of all tourists.

The Forest-Glen Mineral Spring bubbles up among the white sand in a rocky basin not far from the village, amid pleasant woods, and near the Artists'-Falls House. It is a remarkably pure and unmineral water, highly valuable on account of its freedom from the usual grains of solid matter, and consumed in great quantities by people in distant cities.

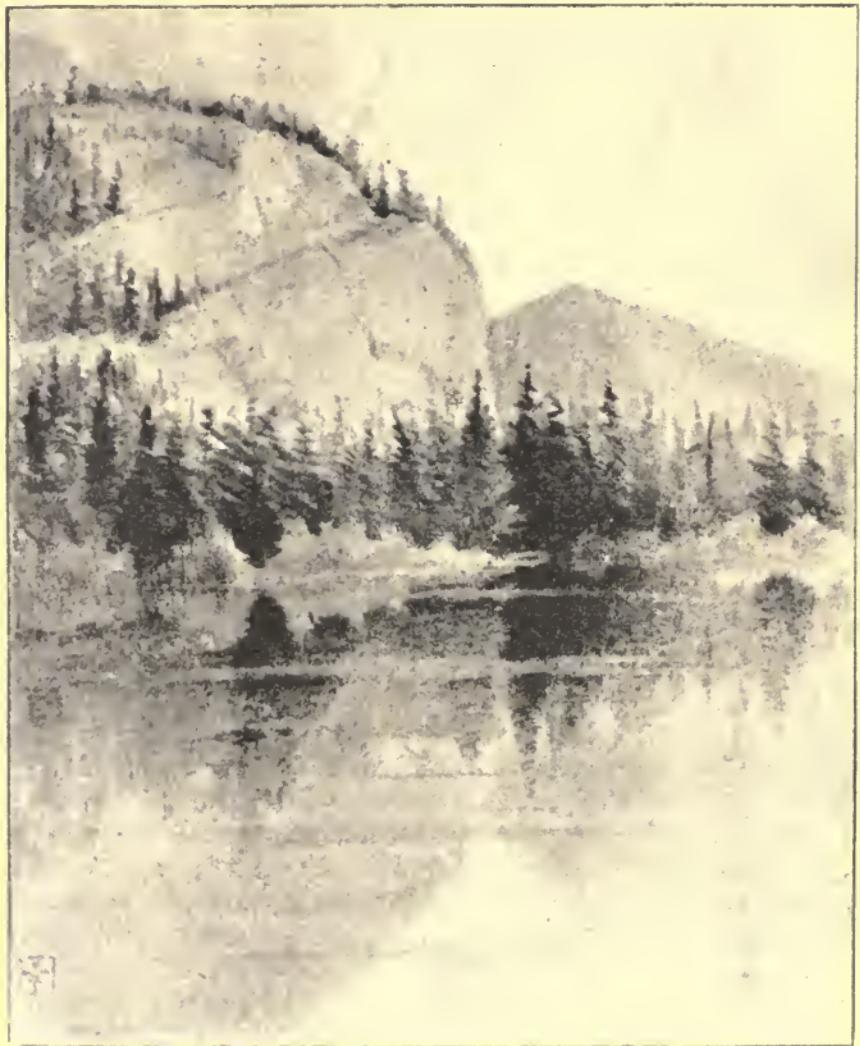
A short walk above are the pretty little Artists' Falls, amid charming scenery of rocks and woods. And somewhere hereabouts begins the path up Middle Mountain, the chief of the Green Hills, with its famous views of Chocorua and Lafayette and the Saco Valley.

The gray old mill at this lower end of the village is a favorite sketching-ground for artists, with its coolness and stillness, the rich leafage of the shore, the pebbles of the beach, the reflections from the limpid water.

On the southern road, just beyond Champney's, stands the ancient McMillan House, with its ideally beautiful lawn and ancient trees, and the intervals close at hand on the west, stretching across to Moat Mountain, and brightened by the silvery curves of the Saco. Nearly opposite rises the ledgy brow of Sunset Hill, whose glorious view over the valley and moun-

tains has been portrayed by Kensett and Champney and many another famous artist.

On the lonely hill south of the village long stood the abandoned and forlorn old church in which the pioneers worshipped, with its projecting porch, arched ceiling, high-perched pulpit, and double roofs, one of solid oak and one of white pine. After standing here nearly a century, latterly aban-



CATHEDRAL LEDGE AND ECHO LAKE, NORTH CONWAY.

doned to the birds and wild creatures, it was torn down two or three years ago, and became a skating-rink in the village.

The cosey little Moat-Mountain House stands on the rich and peaceful plain half a league south of North Conway, and has been for many years a resort for the literary and artistic people of Portland,—Elwell, Baxter, Harry Brown, and others.

A novel and interesting excursion may be enjoyed by descending the Saco in a birch-bark canoe, from the bridge to Shatigue or Fryeburg. In reaching the first-named place, a distance of but five miles by road, the course of the winding and arrowy river must be followed for a dozen miles, with continually changing views of the great mountains, and a shifting panorama of thicketed banks, giant white maples draped with Virginia creeper, clematis and golden-rod, wild grapes and red-fruited thorn-trees. Now the pellucid waters rush musically over stony shallows, and now they rest in dark pools forty feet deep. After some hours of this wonderful panoramic voyage, the little port is reached, and the wee bit boatie must be sent back on the railway. A century or so ago, the settlers in these glens used to make the long journey to the coast in rude boats, hollowed out of trees, and laden with several hundred weight of produce. Boats and cargoes had to be carried around the rapids, and launched below.

One of the chief charms of this region is its broad and lovely intervalle, the bed of a pre-historic lake, of which the silvery ribbon of the Saco is all that remains. Long after all the surrounding country is parched with summer sunshine, this level floor of green retains its freshness and beauty, refreshing to the eye and soothing to the soul. A drive across the intervalle, on a bright morning, is an experience never to be forgotten, for its gorgeous pageantry of wild flowers, the melody of countless bobolinks and robins and thrushes, the rare grace of the great bouquet-like trees that stud the emerald plain, and the unobstructed views of the mountains on every side. The road leaves the village at Sunset Bank, and crosses the Saco by a covered bridge, passing also the handsome Armlbruster estate, and then suddenly plunging into the edge of the woods, close to Echo Lake.

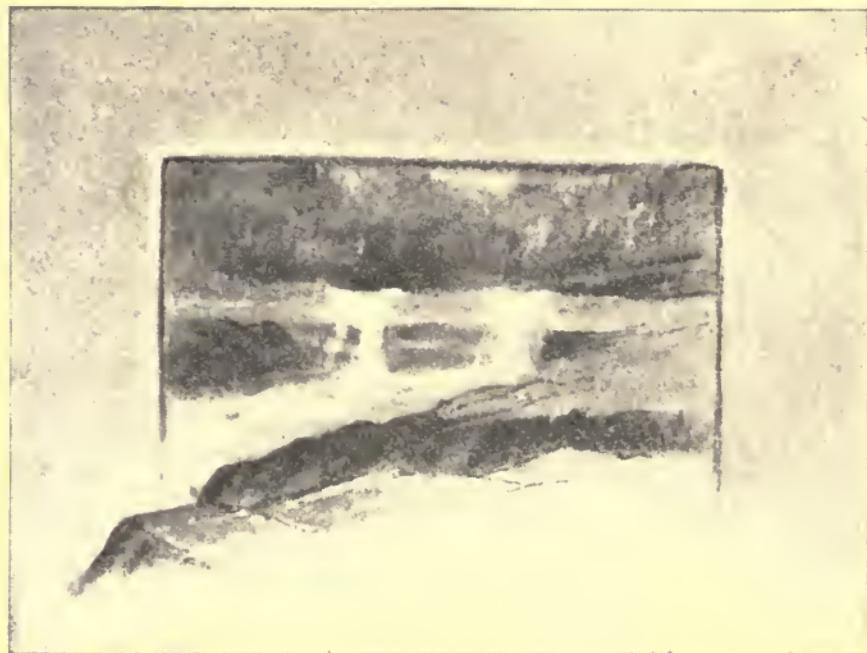
Full in sight across the valley, and only a short stroll from North Conway, rise the famous Ledges, bold shoulders of Moat Mountain projected into the lowlands, and fronted with noble and picturesque cliffs. On the southernmost of these is a white spot which gives it the name of White-Horse Ledge, and is pointed out to the unimaginative visitor until he cries, with Richard, "My kingdom for a horse!" At the foot of this ledge spreads the lovely Echo Lake, reflecting in its limpid waters the noble shapes above, the great trees of the surrounding forest, and the bright selvage of its sandy beaches. A difficult path clammers up to the top of the ledge, with its wondrous view over the meadows and mountains.

Over back of the ledge are Thompson's Falls, a picturesque bit of water and woodland scenery, hidden on a little stream which wanders merrily down the mountain. It is easy enough to stroll up the old forest-road to the great clearing and its gnarled apple-orchard; but to find the falls, only a quarter of a mile distant, often puzzles the best woodsmen.

A short distance to the northward of White-Horse Ledge, a road leads off to the base of the Cathedral Ledge, with its deep cleft in the granite wall, and its rude semblance of Gothic arches overhanging the seclusion of the cavern.

The next curiosity in this Moat-Mountain collection is Diana's Baths, where a mountain-brook dashes and slides downward over long sheets and

shelves of granite, with here and there a bright little cascade, or a deep water-worn pool cut in the solid rock, and around which the swirling stream rushes in sparkling eddies, polishing the ledges to a glassy smoothness. A winding and woody path follows the course of the water, giving many delightful glimpses of this strangest of mountain-brooks. Farther on, a pleasant wildwood trail leads from the road up through a jungle of rock-ferns and wild-raspberry bushes, and glistening white and yellow birches, and fragrant deep-green basswoods, and solemn hemlocks. Bye and bye comes a long stairway of rocks, with carpets of rich moss, and then the great portal of Pitman's Arch is entered, with delicate fern-draperies on either side. From the cavern inside this noble Gothic arch, you may look out across the tree-tops below, and over the bends of the silvery Saco, flashing through



DIANA'S LADIES

its sweet intervals, and so on to the tall mountains which enwail the vale, and raise their dark sierras against the sky.

Near the base of Humphrey's Ledge is the little brown cottage for many years (until her death) occupied by Lady Blanche Murphy, the daughter of an earl, who eloped from the ancestral halls in old England with her music-teacher, and fled across the sea to this solitude, whence she sent many contributions to the magazines and the American Encyclopedia.

The owners of the local horses are not over anxious to drive to the top of Humphrey's Ledge, over the new road, for it is a difficult climb to that commanding height, and the lowland steeds prefer the lower woodlands. But the airy summit more than repays the exertions. There is a secret, in its bairl's-eve view over the glen and far up to the distant peaks of the mountains.

The Dundee Drive was one of the favorite excursions of the old-time visitors to North Conway, before the intruding railways had thundered along the valley. The road remains as in those days, rich in luxuriant forests meeting overhead, thickets of rank ferns, lonely hill-pastures, beds of cinnamon-roses, and amazing views of the great mountains,—the near-by Kiarsarge, the granite brows of Moat, the pale-blue ridges of the Lake Country, and the majestic peak of Washington, cut into by deep and shadowy ravines, and supported by its huge brethren of the Presidential Range. It is a singularly hilly road, safe enough, indeed, but so hard on horses that the neighboring hotel-keepers do not eagerly include it among their favorite drives for visitors. It runs northward into the mountains, between Thorn and Kiarsarge, and near Double Head and the Black range; and comes back by way of the lovely little hamlet of Jackson.



MT. KIARSARGE, FROM CONWAY MEADOWS.

The Thorn-Hill road begins its long ascent above the East Branch, past several old farms, and through a tract of deep woods. From the summit of the hill, you overlook the quiet Conway valley and the turquoise-blue hills of Ossipee, and in the north the magnificent Presidential Range, and the marvellous cleft of Carter North. Two miles or so beyond is the hamlet of Jackson, and the ride thither gives many interesting glimpses over the Ellis and Wild-cat valleys.

Of the favorite rides elsewhere, only the names can be set forth here,—the memorable excursions to historic Fryeburg and Jockey Cap, to Butter-milk Hollow and Walker's Pond, to Jackson and Carter Notch, and a score of other localities, each with its crown of attraction.

Mount Kiarsarge, the queenly peak, towers over the village with magnificent effect, and is the favorite excursion-point for all who can endure climbing. It is customary to ride to the foot of the mountain, about two

miles from North Conway, and there enter on the ascent, by a well-marked upward path, a good three miles long. Saddle-horses and guides may be secured at the farm-house where the path begins; but most visitors prefer to clamber up on foot. About a third of the way up is Prospect Ledge, where you can rest and get your breath and enjoy a charming view. Half a mile farther on, a cold clear spring bursts out by the side of the path, a welcome sight on a warm day. The last mile or so is right straight up, over vast sheets of granite. The view from the summit,—Moosilauke and Lafayette, the Presidential Range, Goose Eye, the peaks toward Lake Umbagog, Portland, Sebago Lake, Monadnock, the other Kearsarge,—defies description or eulogy. It is preferred by many travellers to the view from Mount Washington, as more comprehensible, and richer in beauty and in human interest. The old hotel on this peak, built in 1849, and bound to the rocks by chains and logs, was blown away in 1883, and has been replaced by a smaller house, at which summer-day tourists can secure food, or even lodging. The famous war-ship that sunk the Alabama received its honored name from this mountain, or its Merrimac-Valley sister. And we will append here the glorious "Kearsarge" poem by Dr. Mitchell:

Sunday in Old England:

In gray churches everywhere,
The calm of low responses,
The sacred hush of prayer.

Sunday in Old England:

And summer winds that went
O'er the pleasant fields of Sussex,
The garden-lands of Kent,

Stole into dim church-windows
And passed the oaken door,
And fluttered open prayer-books
With the cannon's awful roar.

Sunday in New England:

Upon a mountain gray
The wind-bent pines are swaying
Like giants at their play.

Across the barren lowlands,

Where men find scanty food,
The north wind brings its vigor
To homesteads plain and rude.

Ho, land of pine and granite!

Ho, hardy northland breeze!
Well have you trained the manhood
That shook the Channel seas,

When o'er those storied waters

The iron war-bolts flew,
And through Old England's churches
The summer breezes blew.

While in our other England

Stirred one grand rocky steep,
When rode her sons as victors,
Lords of the lonely deep.

The path up Moat Mountain goes in from Diana's Baths, following a pleasant wood-road for something over two miles, and then climbing heartily up the steep slope for two miles, first through the deep forest, and then out on the ledges, and past immense areas of blueberries. It is three miles from the Kearsarge House to Lucy's farm-house, and three and a half miles thence to the top of the North Peak. There is an inspiring walk of three miles along the ridge of Moat to the South Peak, whence a path one and a half miles long descends to the Swift-River road, four miles from Conway Corner. Of the splendid views gained from this eminence we may not speak in detail. The mountain was named more than a hundred years ago, from the so-called "moats," or beaver-dams, that then lined its base. It was the most heavily wooded range in this region until the year 1854, when

a great fire swept over it, destroying the forests, and even the earth out of which they grew.

Artists in color have glorified great canvases with transcriptions of the scenery on the upper and lower intervals, and artists in words have devoted glowing chapters to their pure beauties. Nor shall the present writer rush in where these masters have wellnigh feared to tread. He will do better service by advising the North-Conway visitor to read Starr King's "The White Hills" and Drake's "The Heart of the White Mountains," and the quaint histories of old times in these highlands, written by Willey and Crawford. A celebrated Scottish traveller likened the valley to that of Braemar. Drake says that "Nature formed here a vast ante-chamber into which you are ushered through a gateway of mountains upon the numerous inner courts, galleries, and cloisters of her most secluded retreats."

Kiarsarge Village lies a mile and a half from North Conway, in the pleasant glen of the Kiarsarge Brook, and at the foot of the great Mount Kiarsarge. Although near the fashionable hotels and shops and railway stations of the village, it is so happily screened by deep woods and rocky ridges that the little valley enjoys a peace and serenity peculiarly its own. Half a century or more ago, this settlement was known as "Hardscrabble," being the dwelling-place of a number of poor families, whose men worked on their well-to-do neighbors' intervalle farms, while the women and children shocked and spread flax, picked and spun wool, shelled corn, scoured pewter, and otherwise kept busy the live-long day.

The Intervale, two miles north of North Conway, is a small summer-village on the shelf above the great intervalle of the Saco, from which it derives its name. In the vicinity are the pleasant villas of James Schouler, the historian; Melanethon M. Hurd, the publisher; the Rev. Dr. Curry; Mr. W. Eliot Fette, of Boston; Dr. John Worcester, the well-known New-Church divine; Mrs. E. B. Bigelow; and other well-known persons. This secluded vernal colony is one of the most charming localities in the mountain region, with its days of perpetual repose, its dry and bracing air, and its unrivalled views over the intervalle and the mountains. The little guide-book by Winfield S. Nevins will be found useful to visitors. The chief features of the view at the Intervale are the broad meadows of the Saco, stretching away into Lower Bartlett, and over them the magnificent peaks of the Presidential Range, from ravine-scarred Washington down to Iron Mountain. Of lesser highlands there are many,—Kiarsarge and the Green Hills, Moat and its famous ledges, and other well-known eminences, with all their blazonry of sunset and moonrise, transfiguring blue haze, and changing foliage.

The famous Cathedral Woods almost surround the Intervale hamlet, free from underbrush, carpeted with pine needles, and shaded by tall pine-trees, clean of trunk and graceful of outline, and filling the air with the drowsy murmur of their foliage. These shadowy aisles afford delightful places in which to rest or to ramble, and are haunted continually by bevies of ladies and children from the contiguous hotels. The environment of roads is so complete that there is no possibility of being lost in these woods, however remote and solitary may be the path chosen.

A little way beyond the Intervale is the singular colony of Intervale Park, founded three or four years ago by Dr. Charles Cullis, of Boston, as "a summer-residence for religious people who prefer to spend the summer in devotional exercises and in the glorification of God." It occupies the crest and slopes of a foot-hill of Bartlett Mountain, commanding very beautiful views over the valley of the Saco and its imposing walls. There are several avenues, with a score or two of cottages, a large dining-hall, a tabernacle, and other buildings. Prayer meetings are held every day in the week; and one day in seven is set aside for prayers for the sick.

The first settler at the Intervale was the Hon. John Pendexter, who came up hither, in the winter of 1772, from Portsmouth, dragging all his household furniture on a hand-sled, while his wife rode alongside, on a feather-bed on a feeble old horse, holding her child in her arms. They erected a small house on the meadow, and by hard work and economy built up a competence, and reared a worthy family. Soon afterwards, Elijah Dinsmore and his wife came up from Lee, making the journey on snow-shoes, and carrying their entire estate in packs on their backs.

Lower Bartlett is a small hamlet under the mountains, where the Saco River makes a sudden turn in its eastward course, and fares away to the southward, over the Conway meadows. The road from the Intervale passes through a region of farms for a mile and a quarter to the comfortable old Pequawket House; and thence onward for nearly a mile more to the East-Branch House, with many interesting views on every side, especially in the golden glory of the late afternoon.

It may be useful to some brave pedestrian to have at hand the measurements of the road between the Intervale and the Glen House, made a year or two ago by Francis Blake, the eminent inventor, with his electrical odometer. They are as follows, in miles:

	<i>Distance from Glen House.</i>	<i>Distance from Intervale.</i>
Glen House,	0.00	19.07
Hayes's house,	8.60	10.47
Roger's house (deserted),	9.80	9.27
Meserve's house,	11.25	7.82
Glen Ellis House,	12.35	6.72
Iron-Mountain House,	12.85	6.22
Bridge at Goodrich Falls,	13.87	5.20
Fork of Glen and Conway roads, near Glen Station,	15.13	3.94
Brick-yard,	16.37	2.80
East-Branch House,	16.79	2.08
Pequawket House,	17.79	1.08
Intervale House,	19.07	0.00

When the train reaches Glen Station, a line of stage-coaches comes into view, and people bound for Jackson and the Glen House descend upon the platform, and prepare for the lovely ride into the mountains. It is three and a half miles to Jackson, and fifteen and a half miles to the Glen House. Not far from the station is the summer boarding-house called Cedar Cottage. There the stage-coach turns up the valley of the Ellis River, and ascends by that madcap stream to Jackson, through a beautiful region of deep woods,

CHAPTER III.

JACKSON.

GLEN STATION.—GOODRICH FALLS.—JACKSON FALLS.—WENTWORTH HALL.—OTHER HOTELS.—THORN MOUNTAIN.—IRON MOUNTAIN.—CARTER NOTCH.—THE OLD SETTLERS.—A GROUP OF ARTIST-EXPLORERS.

ABOUT half-way from Glen Station to Jackson, we come to Goodrich Falls, where the Glen-Ellis River drops vertically over a rocky cliff into a deep black pool, sixty feet below, a glorious silver transparency, effectively seen from beneath, where great trees arch over the troubled waters, and the perpetual thundering of the fall silences all other sounds. From this point, the old mill that mars the beauty of the scene from the road becomes a picturesque object, in full keeping with its noble surroundings. The locality is still full of the charm which attracted Thomas Cole, the painter of "The Voyage of Life," forty years ago, and which he transferred to his glowing canvas.

Jackson, happy in the embrace of its hills, and lulled by the murmur of its merry madcap streams, is the gem of the mountains, and draws to its peaceful seclusion thousands of tourists every returning season. It is the merest bit of a hamlet, hidden in the deep dell between Thorn Mountain and Iron Mount, and the Spruce Mountains, peeping out down the Ellis ravine to the dreamy blue peak of Moat, and over the rugged shoulder of Iron to the colossal terraces of the Giant's Stairs. In the very centre of the hamlet, where the road crosses the stream, the Jackson Falls, amber and emerald, silver and blue, rush down over long slopes of granite, overhung with sprays of foliage and young willows, and plunging into many a rock-rimmed pool between its white and foamy descents. On one side of the bridge is the Jackson-Falls House, and on the other side rises the cluster of cottages and larger buildings, in old-English architecture, which make up Wentworth Hall. Across the road from the pretty casino stands the old village-church, whose pulpit is in summer occupied by divines of various denominations,—ministers, rectors, pastors, dominies, and even bishops. Another popular institution is the Free Library, with something over fifteen hundred volumes, and accessible to non-residents.

The Iron-Mountain House is half a mile from the hamlet, in a nest of rich rural green, near the Ellis River, and under the stately Iron Cliff. In the upper end of the hamlet stands the Glen-Ellis House.

Gray's Inn was built in 1884, on a pleasant knoll on the Thorn-Hill road, half a mile from Jackson Falls, with charming prospects from its verandas.

On the plateau above Jackson Falls, with a noble view of the Carter Notch and the upper Wild-cat Valley, stands the Eagle-Mountain House, in a region sacred to rural peace, pure air, and the charms of forest and pasture-lands.

Among the favorite drives and rambles are those to Mirror Lake, the far-viewing Hillside Circuit, the Winniweta Falls, the Thorn-Hill road, and many other points of interest; and North Conway and its manifold attractions, and the famous Ledges, and Glen-Ellis Falls, and the summit of Mount Washington are within a day's drive. The most interesting and profitable excursion is to the summit of Thorn Mountain, and the carriage-road leads to within half a mile of the crest, three miles from the village. The view is one of singular beauty, including the great Presidential Range, the Saco Valley down to Effingham, Kiarsarge and Moat, Osceola and Carrigain, and scores of other famous guardians of the wilderness, with the ideal hamlet of Jackson close at hand in the foreground.

Iron Mountain, close to Jackson on the west, has at different times been the scene of extensive operations in mining iron-ore; but this industry has long been abandoned. The massive and imposing mountain is now often visited for the sake of its view, which includes a vast area, from Chocorua to Washington. Other adventurous climbers explore the singular twin peaks of Double Head, a ride of three miles, and a clamber of a mile and a half. On the high slopes of the mountains north of Jackson, there are several deserted hill-farms, affording grand morning views of the Presidential Range, and the shadowy depths of Tuckerman's Ravine, and the long valley opening away into a dreamland distance beyond Conway.

In the more distant brooks up the glen, and towards Perkins Notch, and on the upper East Branch, many trout are found, although by August they become few and wary. Occasionally a deer is shot in the adjacent forest; and fat bears often fall victims to the traps of the farmers.

Carter Notch is nearly ten miles from Jackson, up the narrow and lonely Wild-cat Glen, the road ending five miles out, and giving place to an Appalachian-Club path, which leads up the ravine to the crystalline ponds in the heart of the Notch, amid wondrous heaps of colossal boulders, and under the shadow of the tremendous cliffs of Carter Dome. The larger of the ponds covers an acre and a half; and between this and its sister lakelet is a snug camp for fishermen and hunters. The Notch rises 3,320 feet above the sea, the very heart of mountain wilderness and desolation. A path leads out on the other side, reaching the Glen House in about four miles beyond the ponds.

The first settler in Jackson was Benjamin Copp, who dwelt here from 1778 to 1797, with his family, in lonely sovereignty. Then came the Pinkhams, Meserves, and Yonngs, five families in all, who named their colony New Madbury, in memory of their old home-town in the New-Hampshire lowlands. For years, these hardy pioneers lived on trout and corn-meal porridge, while conquering the savage wilderness. The year before the Civil War, Jetterson Davis spent some time here, in keen pursuit of the good Yankee fish that then haunted the streams in greater numbers than now. During the war, after all its available men had gone to the embattled front,

the yeomanry of the valley held back at the continuous calls for fresh relays of soldiers, and sundry of them camped out for months, amid the solitudes of the ravines and forests, to evade the recruiting-officers. They would not march away to the stormy Southland, and leave their families poor and unprovided-for. So a detachment of United-States troops entered the valley, and encamped for some weeks on the little green before the church, to overawe these recalcitrant citizens. And many a fruitless hunt did the boys in blue have, over the woody ridges and through the shadowy gorges, after the conscript mountaineers, who eluded them with the greatest ease.

"First the honey-bee, then the missionary, then the fisherman and artist, then the tourist," is the formula for the development of a summer-resort. Boardman, the New-York landscape-painter, discovered the beauties of Jackson in 1847, and dwelt here with the family of Capt. Joshua Trickey, the father-in-law of Gen. Wentworth. (This veteran of the mountains died within a year or two, aged eighty-five.) His glowing canvases, exhibited in New York, soon sent hither a group of distinguished artists,—Cole, Durand, Brackett, Gerry, Champney, and Doughty. In those halcyon days, the hostess did the cooking, the landlord waited on the table, and the rate of board was \$2 a week, washing included. The Jackson-Falls House was opened by Joseph B. Trickey in 1858; The Thorn-Mountain House (now a part of Wentworth Hall) came into existence in 1860. The great natural advantages of the place have been seized upon and made the most of, and Jackson has assumed a position as one of the chief mountain-resorts. Many handsome summer-villas now crown the adjacent hills; and costly equipages of patrician families bowl over the adjacent roads, to the immense amazement of the town-bred horses. Many of the best people in the country sojourn here during the heats of summer, including high national officials, New-York financiers, Harvard professors, Vanderbilts, Frothinghams, Converses, Blatchfords, Thatchers, *et id genus omne*.

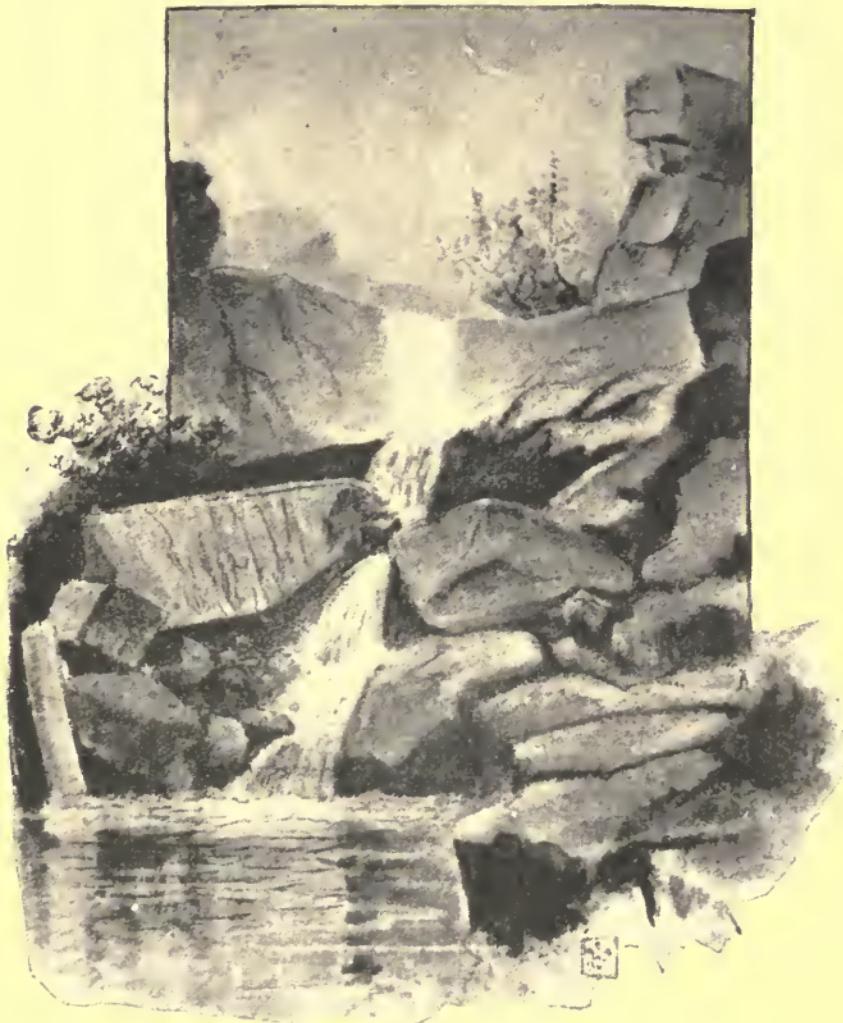
CHAPTER IV.

THE GLEN HOUSE.

THE ROAD THROUGH PINKHAM NOTCH.—THE GLEN VIEW.—THE HOTEL.—A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.—CRYSTAL CASCADE AND GLEN-Ellis FALLS.—TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE.—THE MOUNT-WASHINGTON CARRIAGE-ROAD.

THE usual route to the Glen House is by railway to Glen Station, and thence by stage, a matter of nearly sixteen miles, traversed in less than four hours. The road leads up the musical Ellis valley and by Goodrich Falls to Jackson, passing the Iron-Mountain House and the Glen-Ellis House. Beyond Jackson, the way grows narrow and picturesque, overhanging the brawling Ellis, and giving occasional impressive views of the mountains in front, the vast ridges and ravines of Washington. A few lonely houses are seen in the narrow glen, and ancient forests crown the adjacent acclivities. From the old Rogers farm and the Cook farm, high up the valley, there are magnificent views of the frowning mountains ahead. After a long climb to the top of Spruce Hill, twelve hundred feet higher than Jackson, the road leaves the Ellis, and begins a descent of four miles, past the entrance to Tuckerman's Ravine, and down the course of the Peabody River, to the Glen House. From several points on this reach there are very impressive views of Mount Washington, especially up the dark shadows of Tuckerman's Ravine, whose huge snow-banks may be seen from the road, far into the summer. After this wild and impressive ride down the Pinkham Notch, through the very heart of mountain sublimity, the bright meadows around the Glen, and the great hotel itself, with its refinements of modern architecture, have a particularly cheerful and attractive appearance. Whatever may be the excellences of the views from other points in the White Mountains, there can be little doubt that the prospect from the piazzas of the Glen House is without an equal, in its marvellous majesty of general effect and special detail. No longer veiled by leagues of atmosphere, or dimmed by the heat and haze of summer, the five sovereign peaks sweep proudly into the blue sky, sharply defined and nobly outlined, and fairly glittering in the crystalline air of this great altitude. On the left, the remote crest of Washington, peering over a huge lower peak; next, the rugged humps of Clay; then the conspicuous rocky crown of Jefferson, the magnificent gray pyramid of Adams, the graceful dome of Madison; and the pale-blue Gorham hills close the vista on the north. The five great peaks form a broad curve, opening toward the Glen, and with an admirable grouping for artistic effect.

The first Glen House, built thirty-five years ago by J. M. Thompson, of Portland, was mainly used by wayfarers on the Pinkham-Notch road, but occasionally welcomed a few summer-travellers. This primitive hostelry in due time gave way to the Glen House, whose white walls shone out with such hospitable cheeriness against the massed greenery of the Carter range, welcoming thousands of travellers from all parts of the Union. In 1884, the valley was lighted up by the conflagration of this famous hotel, which



NEAR THE GLEN HOUSE. (PEABODY RIVER.)

sank, a mournful ruin, in an amazingly brief space of time. But the demands of summer-travel were too pressing to allow this unrivalled site to remain unimproved, and so, within a brief season, the handsome old-English walls and towers of the present Glen House were reared, *vis-à-vis* with the great Presidential Range. Inside, there are broad stone fireplaces, fed generously from the trees of the forest; spacious halls and parlors; and an abiding air of luxury and refinement.

The atmospheric and cloud effects of the Glen are unsurpassed for their variety and beauty,—the magnificent sunsets behind “the Patriot Range;” the surging of clouds in the depths of the Great Gulf; the mystical twilights, with golden and roseate clouds shining through the cool air; the starry nights, with the horizon narrowed by high ebon peaks. And there are people who lavish praises on the sunrise pageants, when the morning light breaks over the Carter range, and floods the lonely westward peaks with an ineffable glory. It is of course open to question whether the testimony of eccentric persons who will get out of bed in the small hours, merely to see a sunrise, is worthy of entire credence.

For many years, Josh Billings spent his summers here, in ardent pursuit of the trout in the adjacent mountain-brooks.

“To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine,
He thought the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.”

He, indeed, was an early riser, and would sometimes return to the hotel by mid-forenoon with an enviable string of delicious trout.

The Glen is famous for its bright and abundant flowers,—the lovely blue harebells, the opal and rose-tinted Indian pipes, the pink-tipped white tortoise-plant, the delicate dog’s-bane, purple asters, golden-rod, white and pink spiraea, and many other members of the floral family. Farther up the mountain-road appear Lapland rhododendrons, the rare purple campion, starry white sandwort, Labrador tea, and other quite unusual semi-alpine flowers, so hardy that they bloom amid ice and snow, and identical with the gallant little plants that make the brief summers of Northern Labrador so glorious.

The vicinity of the Glen is rich in objects of interest, quite aside from the delightful dining-room, the tennis-court, or the flirtation-corner of the piazza. Beautiful view-points abound on and beyond the meadow that lies before the house; or up in the clearings to the eastward; or at the head of the path on Mount Wild-cat; or along the brawling stream that rushes down the valley, with its Emerald Pool, darkling amid bowers of sylvan beauty, and its Garnet Pools, cut deep in the living rock.

It is about an hour’s brisk walk up the Notch to the Crystal Cascade (the “K. K.,” Barnabee calls it), back in the rich deep woods below Tucker-man’s Ravine, where the Ellis River makes a series of foaming leaps over sixty feet of gray and purple rocks, polished to glassy smoothness, or carpeted with thick green mosses. About a mile farther, in the same direction, are the Glen-Ellis Falls, the most beautiful in all New England, where the much-tormented Ellis takes a sheer leap of seventy feet, from the top of a rocky cliff, falling with a thunderous roar into the deep green pool below, and wreathed in veils of white spray. Thompson’s Falls, the New-River Falls, Osgood’s Cascades, and other choice bits of water scenery enrich this region with their varied attractions, and form satisfactory excursion points. People who are anxious to abandon the civilized delights of the Glen House



GLEN-ELLIS FALLS.

for the uncertain chances of a camp in Carter Notch or up in the Great Gulf, or who wish to climb up Mount Madison, or Carter Dome, must get a copy of Ticknor's "White-Mountain Guide."

Tuckerman's Ravine received its name in honor of the veteran botanist, Prof. Tuckerman, who spent many seasons among the White Hills, in search of the rarer specimens of its semi-alpine flora. But the rustic people in the neighboring valleys have a simpler theory as to its meaning: "It's cuz 't'll tucker a man clean aout afore he gits tew the eend on 't." The ravine is the noblest piece of scenery of its kind in the Eastern States. It is a vast gorge opening into the side of Mount Washington, and almost surrounded by stupendous cliffs of andalusite slate, a thousand feet high. The *entourage* is of sombre and appalling grandeur, all the way from the black Hermit Lakes, near the mouth of the ravine, to the glacier-like snow-bank which occupies its head until late in August. There are two paths, one four miles long to the Summit House, from the Pinkham-Notch road near the Crystal Cascade, and one six miles long, from near the two-mile post on the road up Mount Washington. But miles in this region are hardly more than figures of speech, and the inexpert traveller may reckon a mile an hour, or an hour to a mile, as fairly

good progress. The path to be taken should be the one latest cleared out and in general use, whichever that may be. The two paths form a junction about half a mile before reaching Hermit Lake, where there is a comfortable camp built by the Appalachian-Mountain Club for public use. Many a party has spent the night in this shelter, to fare onward next morning to the summit. The great Snow Arch, formed by a stream running under the glacier, is three-quarters of a mile above the ponds, surrounded in August by the flowers that bloom in the spring down on the lowlands. An amazing climb of half an hour leads thence to the top of the ravine wall, whence Appalachians can climb to the summit of Mount Washington in thirty-five minutes, and ordinary citizens in an hour. No one but the strong and long-enduring should attempt this journey up Tuckerman's Ravine, and for such it will always remain in memory as an event of unusual sublimity. There are people who have ascended to the summit through the Great Gulf, a distance of seven miles, much of the way along a rushing icy stream, with a more or less vague path to help, when it can be found. The sturdy young persons who wish to make such excursions as these should bring up from Boston Prof. W. H. Pickering's "Walking-Guide to the Mount-Washington Range." And always make a start *early* in the morning, with companions, and (if possible) with a guide familiar with the routes. Already several lonely and inexperienced tourists have died of exhaustion and exposure among the grim rocks of Mount Washington. The carriage-road up the mountain is eight and a half miles long, and is climbed by the stage in four hours, twice daily. Good walkers can make the ascent in an hour or so less, unless they wisely linger on the way to enjoy the marvellous views. Just beyond the tree-line the road reaches the Half-Way House, and thenceforward it lies in the open, with a bewildering variety of views, continually changing as the long gradients turn in different directions. This fine and costly road was built in 1855-61, replacing the old four-mile trail by which our ancestors climbed to the crown of New England.

CHAPTER V.

GORHAM.

THE VILLAGE.—OLD TIMES IN THE MOUNTAINS.—MOUNT MORIAH.—MOUNT HAYES.—BERLIN FALLS.—SHELBURNE AND THE LEAD-MINE BRIDGE.—A GLIMPSE FROM RANDOLPH HILL.

A PLEASANT road leads down the valley of the Peabody River for eight miles, from the Glen House to Gorham, and two stages make the journey daily. Gorham is the village nearest of all to the Presidential Range, but it lies embosomed in a valley along the Androscoggin River, and the mountain-views must be sought from the adjacent hills. There are about a thousand inhabitants here, with a bright newspaper bearing the appropriate name of "The Mountaineer." A third of a century ago, this region was one of the favorite resorts of the mountain-region, whence Starr King and his friends made many a foray into the heart of the highlands, escorted by the famous Gorham guides. It is still the point where many tourists from Canada and from Western Maine enter the hill-country, over the Pinkham-Notch route, or to Jefferson by carriage.

The most interesting alpestrian excursion from Gorham is that to the top of Mount Moriah, 4,653 feet high, and reached by a path nearly five miles long, crossing the far-viewing peak of Mount Surprise about half-way up. If the trail is in good order, and a competent guide can be procured (and an early start), this trip will be memorable for its beauty and oddity. Just across the river from Gorham is the rocky Mount Hayes, ascended by a path two miles long and commanding an extraordinary view of the Presidential Range, and perhaps the grandest of all the prospects of Mount Washington.

Another point of resort in this vicinity is Berlin Falls, six miles from Gorham, up the Androscoggin, either by the Grand Trunk Railway, or by the highway, which winds along by the rapid and winsome river. There is a large village near the falls, gathered around the mills where the logs from the Umbagog region are sawed into lumber. At Berlin Falls, the swift Androscoggin, the outlet of Rangeley Lakes and the remote forest-guarded Parmachene, rushes impetuously downward through a narrow cañon in the dark rocky floor of the valley, in successive rapids and plunges, a resounding and massive fall, wreathed in amber foam, and buffeted by the rugged walls. The Milan road, northward from Berlin, gives a succession of famous views of the Presidential Range, from over the sleeping river and its green meadows.

There are two more excursions by road from Gorham which reveal surprisingly fine mountain prospects. One of these leads down the river to

Shelburne, a thinly-settled town of which five-sixths is covered by almost inaccessible peaks and ridges,—Baldeap, Ingalls, and Moriah,—while the remaining portion occupies the rich intervals along the Androscoggins, and contains several summer boarding-houses and villas. Here also are the Dryad Falls, the Dripping Walls, Dream Lake, and other points of interest, buried in the quiet forests along the mountain-slopes. The view from the Lead-Mine Bridge has been celebrated for its wonderful beauty for more than half a century, and includes the bright river and its fairy-like islands, and the colossal pyramids of Mount Madison and Mount Adams, fitly framed by nearer ranges.

Five miles or so from Gorham, in an opposite direction, is Randolph Hill, with its grand and desolate view of Madison and Adams and their



ENTRANCE TO CARTER NOTCH FROM GORHAM.

deep dark ravines. Here are the Ravine and Mount-Crescent Houses, with romantic and interesting surroundings, and handy to the Appalachian-Club path up the northern peaks and into the tremendous depths of King's Ravine. A few miles farther on, by this same road, are the hotels of Jefferson Hill.

Gorham may be reached more directly by the Grand Trunk Railway, either from Portland, where it connects with the Boston & Maine line from Boston, or from Groveton Junction, in the upper Connecticut Valley, where it meets the trains of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, from Plymouth, Littleton, and Lancaster.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CRAWFORD NOTCH.

UPPER BARTLETT.—A LITTLE ALBANY RAILROAD.—MOUNT CARRIGAIN.
—BEMIS STATION.—THE RUN UP THE NOTCH BY RAILWAY.

TOO long have we digressed up about Jackson and the Glen House and Gorham, and we return to our train at Glen Station ready to make the famous journey through Crawford Notch, the grandest railway ride in the Atlantic States. Just beyond the station comes the bridge across the Ellis River, the outflow from Tuckerman's Ravine; and away up to the right appears the sharp cleft of Carter Notch. After crossing the swift and shallow Saco, and ascending the narrowing valley for six miles, between



A LONELY BIT OF MEADOW, CRAWFORD NOTCH.

parallel ridges of frowning mountains, we reach the station at Bartlett (the old-time Upper Bartlett), where we change our point of view to seats in the open observation-cars. The seats on the right-hand side are the best. Bartlett also has a station-restaurant, where luncheons may be obtained. As to the village, it is almost environed by huge peaks, bearing homely New-England names, and sometimes visited by sturdy climbers. The great feature is Mount Carrigain, looming out of the wilderness to the westward in most imposing proportions and forming a picture of perennial fascination. So

remarkable is this view, that great artists have come up hither to paint it; and some years ago the New-Hampshire Legislature incorporated a "Mount-Carrigain Hotel Company," to erect a summer-resort here. Like many another scheme, this corporation stopped short of its ideal; and visitors to the quiet highland village must sojourn at a comfortable inn of the old style.

The Albany Railroad runs from Bartlett southward into the primeval wilderness between the Saco River and the Swift River, half a dozen miles or more, passing through the notch between Bear Mountain and Silver-Spring Mountain. It is a private line, intended to bring the timber from the unbroken forests of Albany down to Bartlett, where one of the best saw-mill plants in New Hampshire is in active operation.



VIEW OF ENTRANCE TO ALBANY INTERVALE.

The Sawyer's-River Railroad runs into the Penigewasset wilderness from Livermore station, west of Bartlett; and ends at the lumbering-settlement of Livermore Mills. From this point the tortuous path ascends Mount Carrigain. It was made by George T. Crawford, in 1888, and is not quite three miles long. There is much wild and grand scenery in this region of Livermore, and plenty of fishing and hunting; but the routes are confined to a maze of logging-roads, and the horizons are rather narrow. A bridle-path some ten miles or so in length leads from Livermore Mills through a wild region of woods and mountains, to the hamlet of Waterville, down on the edge of the Lake Country. But it is not always safe to travel, especially after a stormy winter has hidden parts of it under fallen trees.

Beyond Bartlett, the railroad sweeps around the great bend of the valley, and begins a steeper ascent, with impressive views of the mountain-peaks on

all sides. Sawyer's Rock and Nancy's Brook, with their quaint and pathetic legends, are passed, and then we come to Bemis station, near the old and long-since-abandoned Mount-Crawford House. This is in the centre of Hart's Location, a wilderness-tract of many thousands of acres, granted before the Revolutionary War, by Gov. Wentworth, to Thomas Chadbourne, a gallant veteran of the Indian wars, and sold by him for fifteen hundred dollars, to Richard Hart. Nearly a century ago, a primitive inn was opened here by Abel Crawford, the patriarch of the mountains, who spent the greater part of his life amid these wild and lonely glens, living to see them visited by a steadily increasing company of summer-tourists. In later years, — along among the forties, — N. T. P. Davis became the landlord, and built

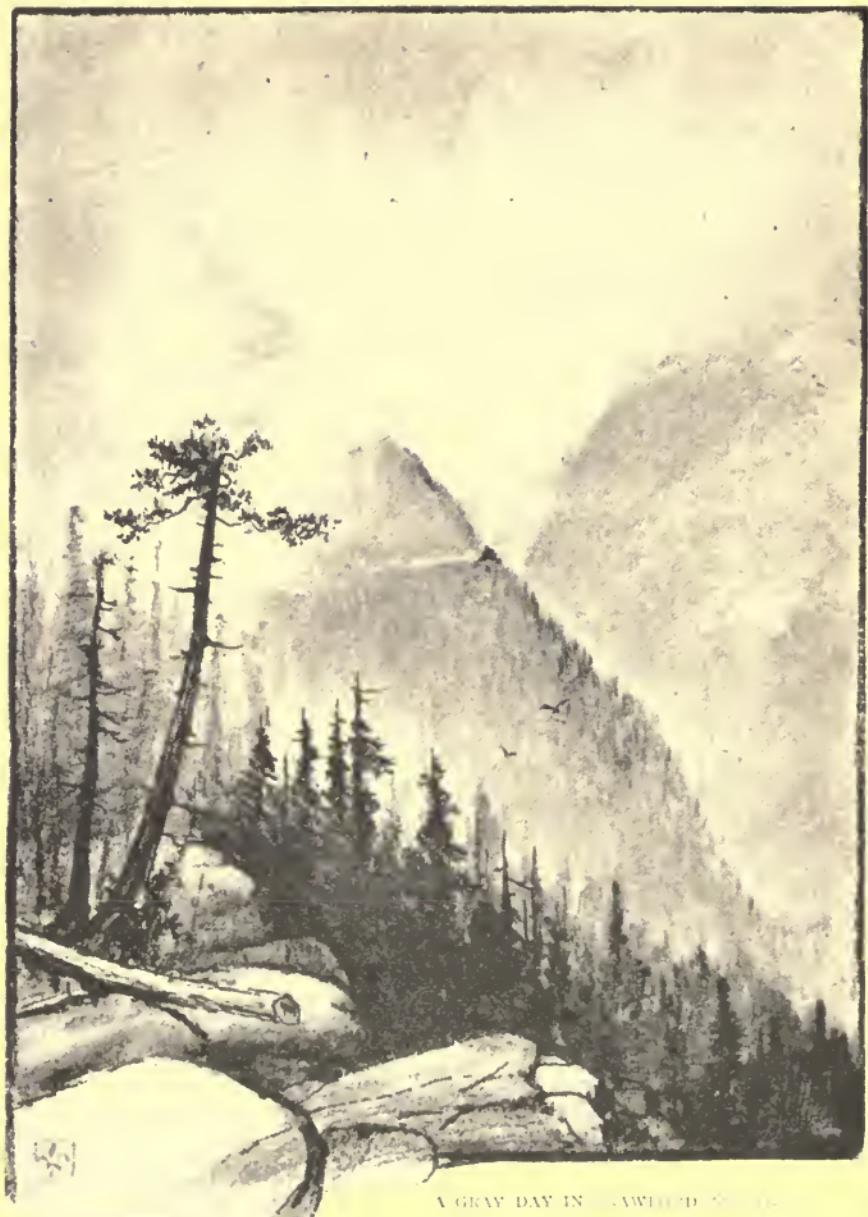


THE MOUNTAINS, FROM UPPER BARTLETT.

a new bridle-path up Mount Washington, over the now unvisited Montalban Ridge, and by Mount Isolation. In those days, the inn was frequented by Ripley, Starr King, Daniel Webster, and other famous men, who enjoyed the fishing to be found in the mountain-brooks. Nearly fifty years ago, the domain, with all its miles of rugged highlands, passed into the possession of Dr. Samuel Bemis, a wealthy and eccentric Boston dentist, who built the stone mansion near the station, and lived here until his death, in 1881. For many years, the glen has been deserted by summer-travellers, who find here no accommodations for boarding.

Beyond the picturesque Crawford Glen, the railway strikes a very heavy up-grade of 116 feet to the mile, and labors along the slopes of tremendous

cliffs, with the red peak of Mount Crawford visible across the valley, and the huge treads of the Giant's-Stairs Mountain, clear-cut against the eastern sky. Suddenly it appears to rest on the air alone, as a profound ravine is crossed on a spider-web trestle of iron, and the vast walls of Frankenstein Cliff over-



A GRAY DAY IN SAWFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

hang the line ahead. Away up at the head of the Mount-Washington River's unexplored ravine glimmers the peak of Mount Washington, and far below, in the bottom of the Sac-a-Vilee, the tops of the tall trees are interwoven like the grass of a run-down lawn. It is a half-hour of great excite-

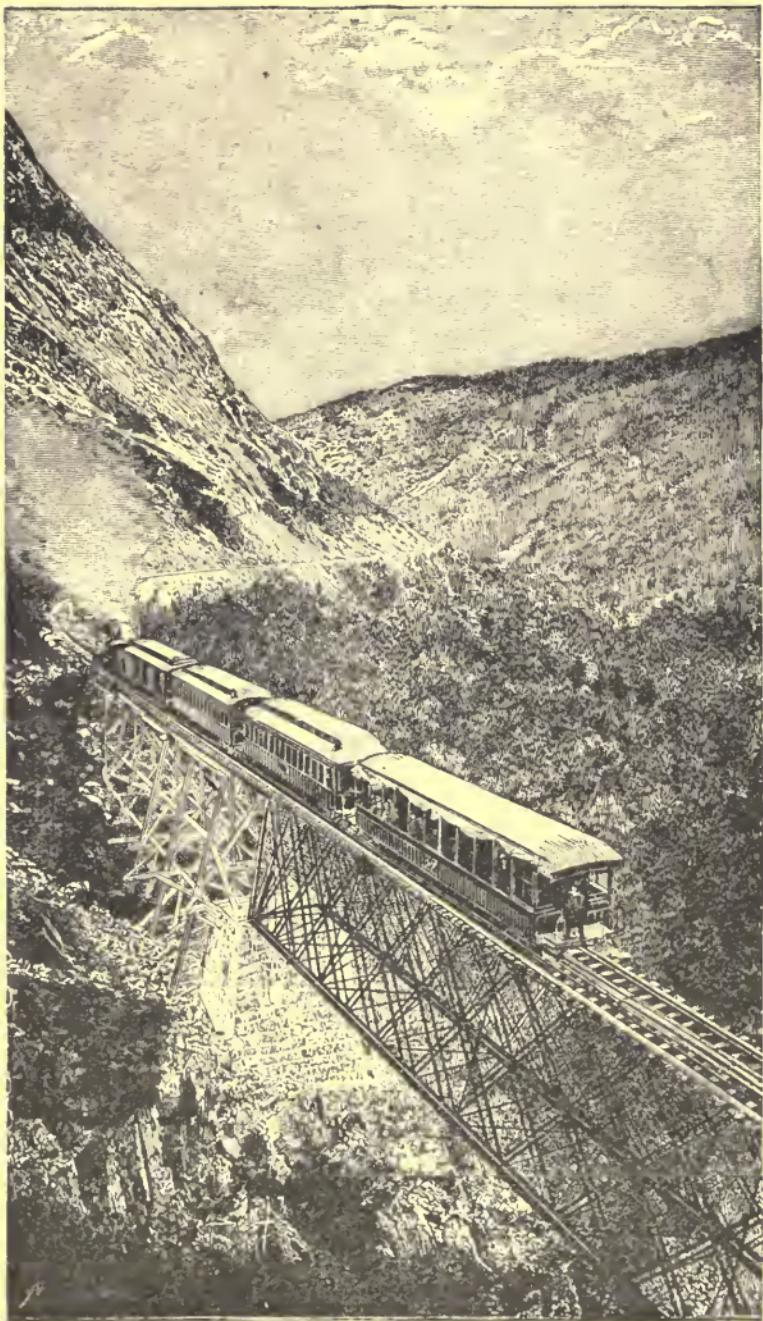
ment, the crown and culmination of a long journey, and famous mountains come into view one after another,—Crawford, Webster, Jackson, Willey, Willard,—each with its well-marked peak and shaggy slopes. As the train glides along its airy shelf, high up on the shoulder of Mount Willey, a little clearing appears far below in the valley, and in it a white building, looking inexpressibly lonely. This is the historic Willey House, one of the ancient White-Mountain taverns, and the scene of the most woful catastrophe in the annals of this region. The Crawford (or White-Mountain) Notch extends from this point to the Gate, near the Crawford House, a distance of three miles; and the railway terrace swings around the huge flanks of Mount Willey, and then along the purple precipices of Mount Willard, fronted across the gorge by the prolonged steep slope of Mount Webster, banded by the tracks of many avalanches, and adorned by the veil-like falling waters of the Crystal Cascade. Finally, a magnificent prospect opens down the long and trough-like Saco Valley, closed by the remote blue peaks toward the Swift River. Then follows a rush through the Gate of the Notch, and suddenly the scene changes, from the profoundest forest-desolation and mountain-majesty to the sunny beauty of open lawns and laughing waters, pleasure-boats and carriages, and a great hospitable hotel,—the famous old Crawford House.

By maple orchards, belts of pine
And larches climbing darkly
The mountain slopes, and, over all,
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven,—
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven,—

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains,—
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*



THROUGH THE SERRANAS

CHAPTER VII.

CRAWFORD'S.

THE FAMOUS HOTEL.—BEECHER'S CASCADES.—AMMONOOSUC LAKE.—MOUNT WILLARD.—THE RIPLEY FALLS AND ARETHUSA FALLS.—MOUNT WILLEY.—THE WILLEY TRAGEDY.—THE PATH UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE Crawford House is one of the central shrines in these great mountain-cloisters, and is rich in its picturesque and varied surroundings, and the electrically invigorating air of an altitude of nineteen hundred feet above the sea. From the long front piazzas you look across the broad lawn, with sparkling fountains, to the sharply-cut Gate of the Notch, formed of the broken slope of Mount Jackson on one side and Mount Willard on the other, with the tremendous mass of Mount Webster full in sight beyond, a magnificent and imposing spectacle.

There are numerous forest-hidden brooks in this vicinity,—the Crawford, Upper Saco, Ammonoosuc, and others,—where fishermen, following down their wayward courses, amid scenery of the wildest and grandest character, find goodly quantities of mountain-trout.

Besides the greater excursions, of which the hotel is the centre, there are many pleasant objective points for meditative strolls amid the sylvan surroundings. You may ramble down the Raymond path to the gushing crystalline fountain known as the Merrill Spring; or peep into the quaint studio-building of Shapleigh, the landscape-painter; or picnic upon Bugle Cliff, on the high slope of Mount Jackson; or visit the old well and cellar and rose-bushes marking the site of the ancient tavern, down near the Gate of the Notch; or stroll in the afternoon down to Ammonoosuc Lake, and get the famous view of Mount Washington from the Red Bench (located by Shapleigh); or find the dimpled pools and pleasant woodlands along Pearl Brook; or climb up Mount Tom, by the new path, and get its wonderful prospect down the Carrigain Notch and the Pemigewasset wilderness; or breathe the perfume from the rhodora at the base of Mount Willard; or stroll along the old Notch road to the Flume Cascade and Silver Cascade, and look up at the Devil's Den, and down at the black Dismal Pool; or do a little easy boating on Saco Lake; or clamber up to Gibbs's Falls, on the slope of Mount Clinton; or peer into the Notch from the crag of Elephant's Head, just beyond Saco Lake.

Beecher's Cascades, in the pleasant woods across the railroad, are a series of pretty falls, on a brook flowing down from the mountain, with many an intervening pool of crystal water. It is averred that the great

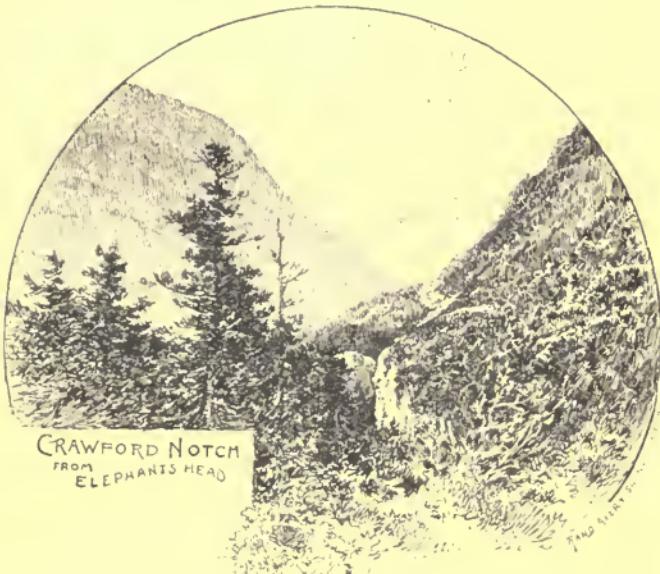
Brooklyn divine from whom they get their name once slipped from the path, and took an involuntary bath in one of these limpid basins, greatly to his discomposure. From above the uppermost fall there is a lovely view of the distant Mount Washington; and a path runs off in this vicinity to strike the Mount-Willard road, high up on that interesting mountain.

Ammonoosuc Lake, a gem of purest ray serene, set in the deep forest back of the Crawford, was built about the year 1858, when the constructors of the present hotel (just then being erected to replace the older inn, burned down the previous winter) reared here a dam and saw-mill, where the timber for the new hotel was sawed. For many years after its practical use ceased the pond remained forgotten, and when it was restored to memory it became one of the chief local attractions. A pleasant forest-walk leads to its shores, which are surrounded with gravel walks; and comfortable seats provide resting-places for summer-day idlers. The mill has long since mouldered away, and the dam is an indistinguishable bank of gravel.

The most impressive and interesting of the short excursions hereabouts leads in two miles, by a good carriage-road, to the top of Mount Willard; and when one emerges from the thick woods upon the verge of the vast precipice

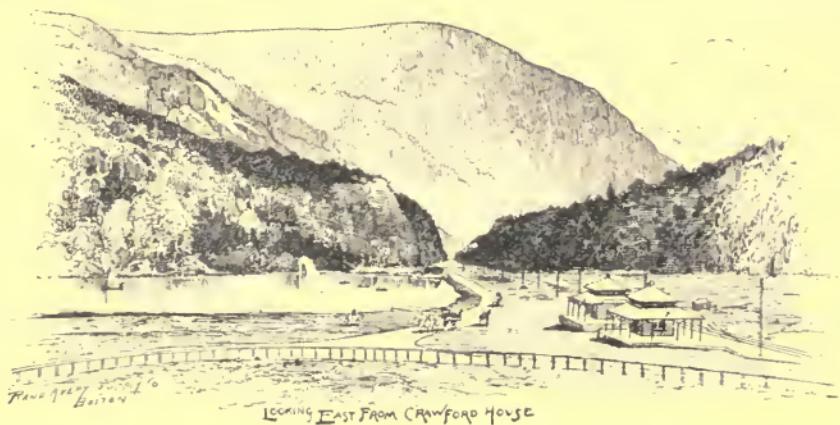
which falls away toward the Saco, he gains one of the finest possible bird's-eye views of a great mountain-pass, where road and railway and winding river and jewel-like cascades glimmer out from a curving sea of green. At the end of this remarkable vista is the ghostly white peak of Chocorua, down in the Lake Country; and in the other direction, Mount Washington lifts its noble form far into the blue sky. The most famous of White-Mountain explorers counsels people to visit Mount Willard late in the afternoon, to study and enjoy the wonderful shadow effects in the Notch. The man for whom so noble a monument as this mountain is named was Joseph Willard, clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Suffolk County (Mass.), who climbed to its summit, with Tom Crawford, in 1846, they being the first persons who ever looked from this peak. Crawford gave the name. A path was made in 1848, and a road in 1855.

Six miles down the Notch are the famous Ripley Falls, or Avalanche



Brook, high up on Mount Willey, and reached by a foot-path from the neighbouring flag-station on the railway. Farther down, on the Bemis Brook, are the magnificent Arethusa Falls, 176 feet high, amid fine forest-scenery. They are only a mile from the railway, but there is no path, and so they are very rarely visited.

The great range that enwalls the Crawford valley on the west is eight miles long, from the Ammonoosuc lowlands to the plateau beyond Mount Willey, and contains Mount Tom, named after Tom Crawford, the proprietor of the ancient Notch House; Mount Field, commemorating Darby Field, the first white visitor to Mount Washington (in 1642); and Mount Willey, a noble alpine peak, ascended by an Appalachian-Club path one and a half miles long, leaving the railway a little way south of the flag-station at Moore's Brook. This sequestered summit commands a singularly interesting view over the great Pemigewasset wilderness, and along the Presidential Range, and down to Kiarsarge, Chocorua, Carrigain, Osceola, Moosilauke, and many mountains of Vermont and Maine. At the base of this lordly



peak, on the old highway through the Notch, stands the Willey House, three miles from the Crawford. Here dwelt Samuel Willey, jun., with his wife and five children and two hired men, managing a tavern for the farmers of the Coös country on their way to and from Portland. In August, 1826, a great landslide came down from Mount Willey, and the inmates of the house, fleeing forth in dismay, were overtaken and crushed to death by the swift avalanche. Nothing was ever found of three of the children, but the mutilated bodies of the other six persons were recovered. The house remained intact, and is visited by thousands of tourists every summer.

The last great excursion from the Crawford House, and one of the most attractive and least easy in this region, is that which leads over the Crawford Path to the summit of Mount Washington. This route was built by Tom Crawford in 1810, and over it Abel Crawford rode the first horse that reached the top of Washington. For many years it was used as a bridle-path, over which travellers ascended on horseback; but since the mountain has been made more easily accessible from other points, the use of horses has been

abandoned. Good climbers, *on a clear day*, can make this royal journey to great advantage, but several ghastly fatalities have resulted from inexperienced and unguided tourists attempting the trip on days of cloud or mist. The chief points of the route are as follows: Three miles of hard climbing through the woods to the upper shoulder of Mount Clinton; one and three-quarters miles along the bare ridge, with noble views on either side, to Mount Pleasant (whose dome-like grassy top may be ascended, or flanked); three-quarters of a mile, by Red Pond, and around the profound ravine of Oakes's Gulf, to Mount Franklin; one and a quarter miles, around Oakes's Gulf, to Mount Monroe (whose fine castellated peaks should be visited, by an easy detour); one and three-quarters miles, with the bare plateau of Boott's Spur on the right and the Lakes of the Clouds on the left, and then a breathless clamber upward over the rocky cone, to the Summit House. It is a wonderful trip, full of impressive silence and solitude, abounding in inspiring views, and in all its bearings so unusual and astonishing as to form a permanent enrichment to the memory.

Upon our loftiest White-Mountain peak,
 Filled with the freshness of untainted air,
 We sat, nor cared to listen or to speak
 To one another, for the silence there
 Was eloquent with God's presence. Not a sound
 Uttered the winds in their unhindered sweep
 Above us through the heavens. The gulf profound
 Below us seethed with mists, a sullen deep,
 From thawless ice-caves of a vast ravine
 Rolled sheeted clouds across the lands unseen.

How far away seemed all that we had known
 In homely levels of the earth beneath,
 Who whispered unto us of life and death
 As silence closed upon our hearts once more?
 On heights where angels sit, perhaps a breath
 May clear the separating gulf; a door
 May open sometimes betwixt earth and heaven,
 And life's most haunting mystery be shown
 A fog-drift of the mind, scattered and driven
 Before the winds of God: no vague unknown
 Death's dreaded path, — only a curtained stair;
 And heaven but earth raised into purer air.

—Lucy Larcom.

CHAPTER VIII.

FABYAN'S.

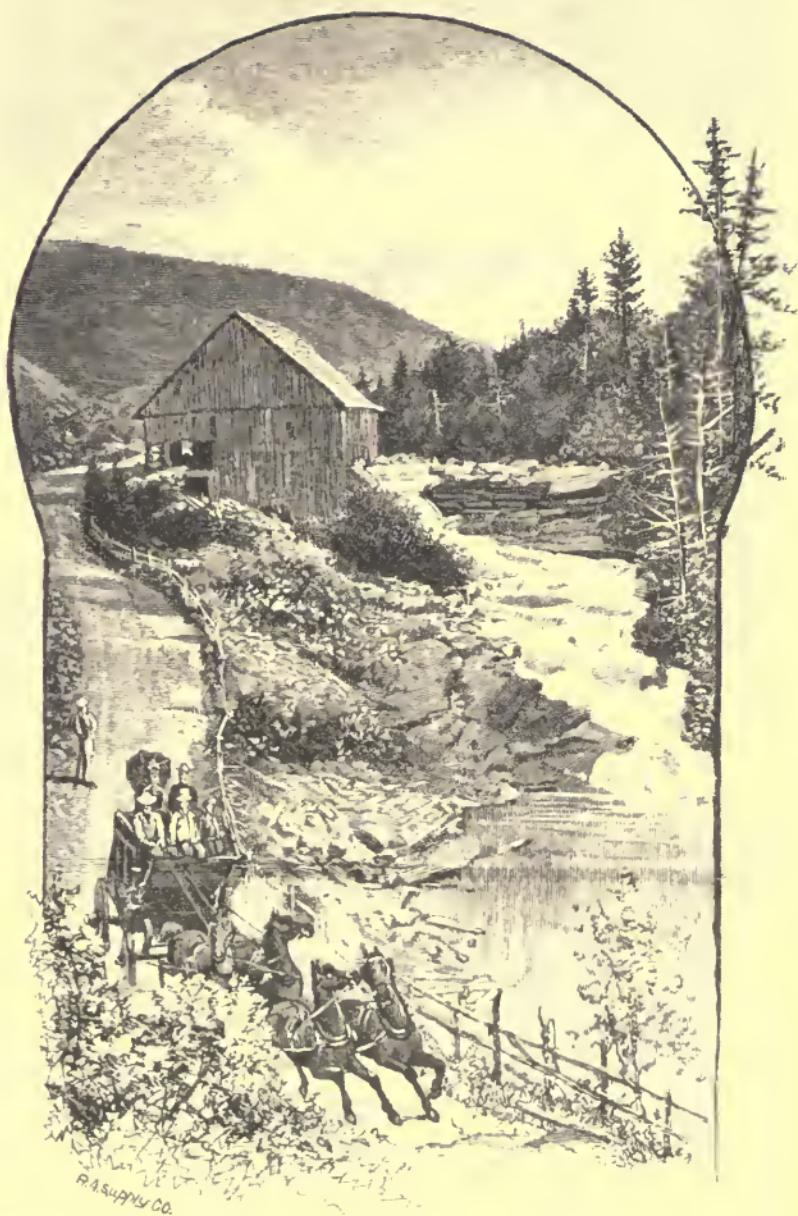
THE FABYAN HOUSE.—MOUNT DECEPTION.—OLD-TIME LANDLORDS.—
THE MOUNT-PLEASANT HOUSE.—THE WHITE-MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—
THE TWIN-MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

FOUR miles from the Crawford House, where the Ammonoosuc River flows down between the high hills of Mount Rosebrook and Mount Deception, stands the great Fabyan House, with its famous dining-room and pleasant halls. In front is the junction-point of the railways that meet on this mountain-plateau,—the lines from Boston, Lowell and Littleton, from Portland and North Conway, from Northern Vermont, and from the base of Mount Washington. At certain hours of the day this locality affords a scene of the most lively human interest, when trains come in from various distant points, crowded with tourists, and groaning under tons of Saratoga trunks. For Fabyan's is the great railroad centre of the mountain-country, and all roads lead hitherward. This fact forms one of the main attractions of the place, because excursions can be made thence with great ease to all the points of interest for many miles around.

Across the serene highland plain to the eastward, a vast expanse of virgin forest, the tremendous line of the Presidential Range cuts into the clear sky, within an air-line distance of little more than two leagues. The view of this majestic range, toward sunset, is full of impressiveness and beauty.

The wooded peak in front of the Fabyan is Mount Deception, whose name attests that its real height is much greater than it appears. A path leads through its forest-covered sides to the summit, whence the explorer may gain an interesting and extensive prospect.

The Fabyan House stands in the great domain known as Nash and Sawyer's Grant, in memory of two old border-hunters who discovered the Crawford Notch, and were rewarded by Gov. Wentworth with a grant of over two thousand acres of land. This occurred before the Revolutionary War, and the cession of territory was made in the name of King George III. In the Fabyan vicinity stood a singular alluvial mound three hundred feet long, which the indigenous Indians revered as the Giant's Grave. In 1792, Capt. Eleazar Rosebrook came down from Vermont and settled here; and in 1803 his grandson, Ethan Allen Crawford, "the giant of the hills," opened a tavern near the site of the present Fabyan. This house was burned in 1819. Its successor passed into the possession of Mr. Fabyan, a citizen of Portland, in 1837, and was burned in 1853. The present hotel dates from 1872-73, and its landlord until 1878 was John Lindsey, one of the old stage-drivers of



THE GOLD Diggers of MONTANA

these mountain-roads. The graves of Capt. Rosebrook and Ethan Allen Crawford are marked by monuments, in the little cemetery not far from the hotel.

About half a mile from the Fabyan stands the Mount-Pleasant House, built in 1876. The view includes the entire mass of Mount Washington, from base to summit, seen across the broad Ammonoosuc plain; and the curves of the mountain-railway are visible, and the little train crawling up the mighty peak.

A mile or so below the Fabyan is the ancient White-Mountain House, built in the long ago of 1845, by one of the younger Rosebrooks, and still kept open as a summer-hotel. Here the so-called Cherry-Mountain road turns away to the northward from the Ammonoosuc Valley, and crosses the high slopes of Cherry Mountain to Jefferson Hill, in seventeen miles. Half a mile or so below the hotel are the ruins of the once famous Lower Ammonoosuc Falls.

Five miles below Fabyan's by railway or road, and at the point where the road to Carroll and Whitefield leaves the valley, stands the Twin-Mountain House, facing the huge North Twin Mountain, and with views also of Mounts Hale, Garfield, Lafayette, and Agassiz. The Appalachian Club in 1882 had a path made to the North Twin, some six miles from the hotel, and on one of the grandest mountain-ranges of the Pennigewasset wilderness.

The Twin-Mountain House dates from 1869, and for some years was the summer-home of Henry Ward Beecher, Vice-President Wheeler, and other famous men.

CHAPTER IX.

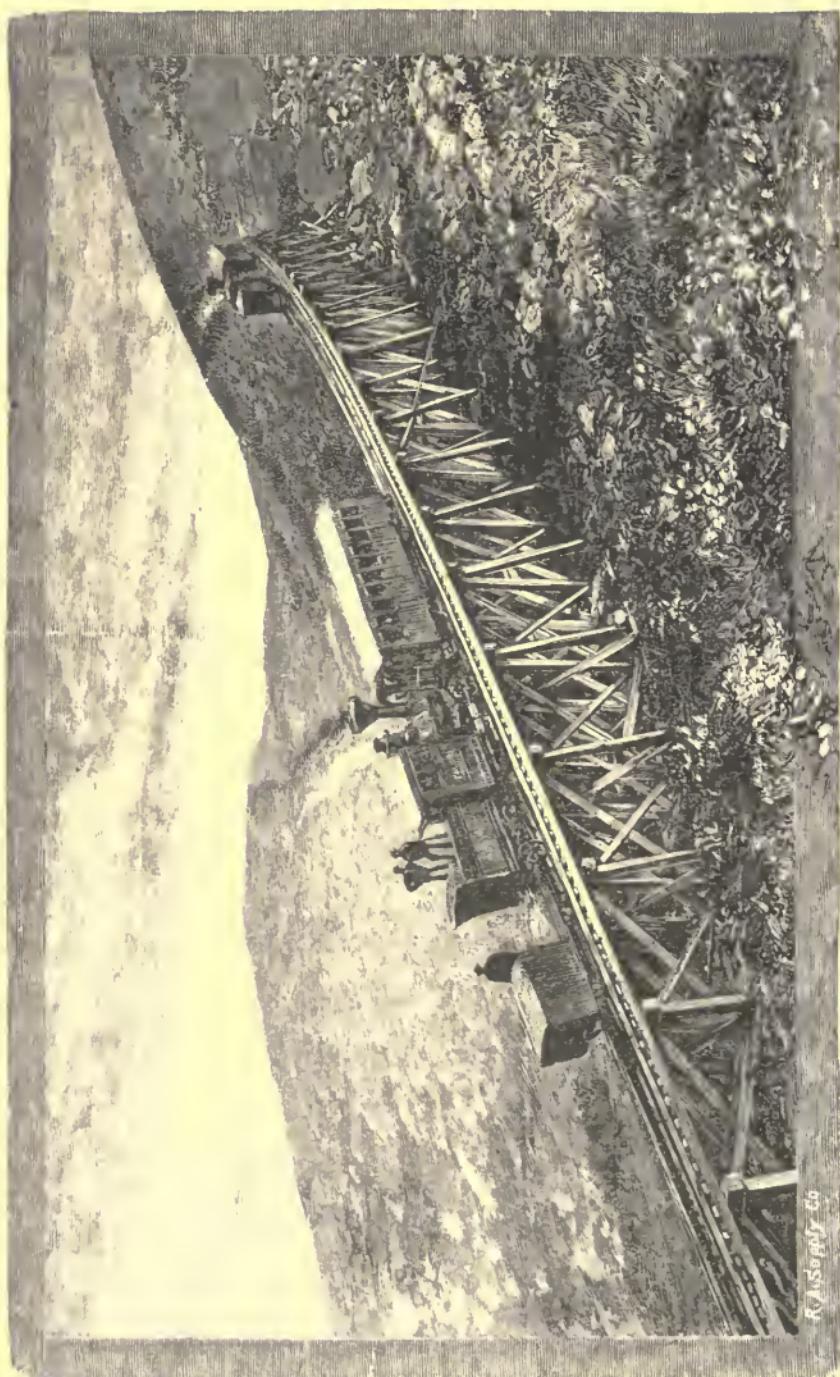
MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.—THE HAMLET ON THE SUMMIT.—THE VIEW.

WE have already ascended the chief peak of New England from the Glen House and the Crawford House; and it remains to make the climb in the easiest of all ways,—by the railroad. Six miles from the Fabyan House, by road or railroad, beyond the beautiful Upper Ammonoosuc Falls and the Twin-River Farm, is the little hotel at Marshfield, or Ammonoosuc, 2,563 feet above the sea, and within less than three miles of the summit of Mount Washington. Lumbermen sojourn here in winter, and trout-fishers in summer. Near this point the mountain-railway begins, and reaches the summit in almost exactly three miles, the average grade being 1,300 feet to the mile, the highest grade 1,980 feet to the mile. Two trains make daily ascents, in an hour and a half. This phenomenal line was invented and built by Sylvester Marsh, of Littleton, between 1866 and 1869, the first cost having been one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The cars are pushed up by an odd little hump-backed locomotive; and several practically infallible mechanical appliances render it impossible for them to slip down the grade. Nearly two hundred thousand persons have ascended by this road, without loss of life. The train creeps upward through the woods, and in about a mile reaches the tank at Cold Spring. The next tank is at Waumbek Junction, where the old Jefferson-Hill bridle-path met the Fabyan Path. At Jacob's Ladder there is a long and lofty trestle, where the track attains its steepest grade; and beyond, above the tree-line, we run along near the rocky mounds of Mount Clay, and reach the Gulf Tank. It is a mile from Jacob's Ladder to the summit, and the rise is only eight hundred feet, over a long slope covered with arctic desolation, frost-shattered rocks, reindeer moss, and the flowers of Greenland. The views, ever broadening and changing, are indescribable in their vastness, and cover half of New England.

On this great peak, 6,293 feet above the sea, are several buildings, chief of which are the spacious Summit House, the newspaper-office of "Among the Clouds," the old Tip-Top House, the railway engine-house, the observatory for many years used by the observers of the United-States Signal Service, and the Glen-House stables.

Besides the railway and the Glen-House carriage-road, there are four foot-paths to the summit,—from the Crawford House, up Tuckerman's Ravine, over the Northern Peaks, and from the Fabyan side. None of these should be undertaken by amateur mountaineers, as they may be easily lost.



MOUNT-WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

REEDS & CO.

Plenty of warm wraps should be taken up, even in August. Many people come up on the afternoon train and spend the night at the hotel; rising at four in the morning to see the magnificent sunrise. The best time for the ascent is after a rainy season, when the wind is north-west.

The view from Mount Washington is of amazing extent and variety, and is minutely described in ten close-set pages of Ticknor's "White-Mountain Guide-Book," with a detailed panorama. An hour's study with these helps reduces the chaotic and lawless scene to comprehensibility and geographical order. The outer points visible include Mount Megantic and several other Canadian border-peaks; the Rangeley Lakes; the Ebene Mountains, 125 miles away in the Maine wilderness; (possibly) Mount Desert; Sebago Lake, and the shipping on the ocean, off Portland; Mount Agamenticus, down by York Beach; Lake Winnipesaukee; Monadnock and the southern Kearsarge; Greylock and the Hoosac Range, down in Massachusetts; Ascutney, the Killington Peaks, Mansfield, and Jay Peak, in the Green Mountains of Vermont; and Whiteface and other Adirondack peaks, in New York. The nearer valleys and familiar villages and neighboring mountains are seen as in a bird's-eye view.

" Every morn I lift my head,
Gaze o'er New England underspread,
South from St. Lawrence to the Sound,
From Catskill east to the sea-bound."

A history of this bit of Greenland in New England would be full of deep interest and fascinating variety. We should begin with the legendary era, when it was the Ararat of the Indians, where a blameless chief and his squaw were saved from a world-encircling deluge; and later, when it became their Carmel, and Passaconaway, the prophet-chief, ascended thence into heaven.

" And once upon a car of flaming fire,
The dreadful Indian shook with fear to see
The king of Penacook, his chief, his sire,
Ride flaming up to heaven, than any mountain higher."

Then let us see, with fancy's eye, bold Darby Field, the Portsmouth Irishman, climbing up here with his Indian guides, in 1642; and Gorges and Vines, soon afterward; and the Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler and his party, in 1794, christening the peak with a name then (and always to be) held in highest reverence in America; and the Crawfords and Fabyans, cutting their bridle-paths up the sharp slopes; and Daniel Webster, delivering a speech to the geniuses of the mountain; and Thoreau, and Emerson, and Tuckerman, and Starr King, and scores of other noble and undaunted guests; and Strickland, and Chandler, and Lizzie Bourne, and the others who have died on these cold highlands.

"Atop

Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and thick
As meadow mole-hills, — the far side of Casco,
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and firs;
Mossy hillock's in giant dimensions, and Kearsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!"

CHAPTER X.

BETHLEHEM.

VIEWS FROM BETHLEHEM STREET.—THE TONIC AIR.—HAY-FEVER.—
MAPLEWOOD.—STRAWBERRY HILL.—MOUNT AGASSIZ.—MOUNT
CLEVELAND.

“Only a little village street,
Lying along a mountain-side.”

THUS Helen Hunt described Bethlehem; and the simple picture is accurate in its view of the foremost of the highland summer-resorts of America.

When the train reaches Bethlehem Junction, we see two narrow-gauge tracks diverging therefrom, one leading to the Profile House, and the other to Bethlehem, three miles distant, and reached by climbing grades which run as high as 255 feet to the mile.

There is a tall ridge lying between the Ammonoosuc and Gale-River Valleys, and culminating in Mount Agassiz and Mount Cleveland. Along a terrace-like plateau high up on this ridge, 1,489 feet above the sea, and 263 feet above the adjacent Ammonoosuc, is the famous village of Bethlehem, strung along a broad and smooth country-road for two miles, and composed mainly of hotels and boarding-houses. The off-look from this long-drawn Bethlehem Street is to the northward, toward the blue range of the Pilot Mountains, and the gray Percy Peaks; and the winds blowing down the long valley from this direction are cool, and full of tonic properties. There is also a long open vista up the Ammonoosuc Valley to the eastward, at whose end stands the long blue wall of the Presidential Range, grandly outlined from base to summit, and filling the horizon with its majestic peaks.

Of all the mountain-resorts in New England, Bethlehem is undoubtedly the chief, in the point of popularity, and in the extent of its accommodations for summer-visitors. Nearly ten thousand persons spend a week or longer here every season, and a vastly larger number make sojourns of shorter duration, on their way through the mountains.

The Maplewood at one end of the village, the Sinclair near the middle, the Strawberry-Hill, Bellevue, Mount Washington, Turner, Highland, Mount-Agassiz, Alpine, and others on the pleasant roads near by, afford accommodations of all grades and at all prices, and are always crowded during the height of the season. There are also several summer-shops, a public library, and three or four churches. In the environs a few villas may be found, owned and occupied by families from the cities, the finest of these being that

of Mr. J. J. Glessner, of Chicago, out on the Littleton road. Another feature of the place, and one to which it owes much of its rapid advance, is "The White-Mountain Echo," a handsome newspaper published every week during the season, and giving all the news of the highland resorts and their guests.

The great natural charm of Bethlehem is its cool and bracing air, with an average summer-temperature below seventy degrees. It is also a singularly dry air, owing to the treeless character of the vicinity, and the rapid drainage of falling rains down the slopes into the Ammonoosuc, hidden in the deep valley below. This advantage of topography is availed of to ensure the best of sewerage facilities, the well-trapped pipes emptying into large cement drains, leading to the river, and copiously flushed out by water from the great springs above the village. The water-supply from these springs is copious, pure, and cold. Bethlehem is the best place in New England for victims of hay-fever, who find here an excellent immunity from its troublesome attacks. And every year the United-States Hay-Fever Association holds a convention on this breezy plateau, to exult over its outwitted enemy, and to devise and discuss new medical and climatic remedies.

When the village has received its full quota of two thousand summer-guests, and the long two-mile plank-walk, rising and dipping by the roadside, becomes the favorite promenade of bevies of gaily-dressed city-people, and the tennis-courts and ball-grounds are in full play, and merry driving-parties are setting out for the neighboring rural roads, then Bethlehem presents a charming sight, and justifies the admiration of its many devotees. One of the prominent features of the place is its joyous social life, the guests giving themselves up to all manner of merry-making, from cribbage *à deux* to brilliant games of base-ball, in which the gentlemen-players at the hotels battle with nines from other mountain-resorts. One of the chief centres of this gaiety is the handsome casino on the Maplewood estate, with card-rooms, reading-rooms, bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, library, tennis-courts, and a hall for dancing and concerts.

The Maplewood crowns the eastern and higher end of the Bethlehem ridge, half a league from the village and an equal distance from Bethlehem Junction, and near its own little station on the narrow-gauge railroad. From this coign of vantage we look up along the Ammonoosuc Valley, and see at its end, framed between Cherry Mountain on one side, and the Twin Mountains on the other, the glorious company of the Presidential peaks, with the sharply defined Summit House, and a curving line of the mountain-railway. Bending to the right, the view includes the nearer peaks of Franconia, with Lafayette proudly conspicuous over them.

From the high crest of Strawberry Hill, at the other end of the village, you can see Littleton and Whitefield, and the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Percy Peaks, the dark and commanding Franconias, the main range of the White Mountains, and many another famous crest, blue in the grave tenderness of the distance.

Another delightful experience is found in the ascent of Mount Agassiz, the ancient Peaked (pronounced *Pé-ké*) Hill, and renamed in honor of Prof. Agassiz, who made a valuable study of the glacial moraines about

Bethlehem. A mile on the Franconia road, and somewhat less than a mile across the slanting fields, leads to the observatory on the summit, with its wonderful view of the highlands, from Mount Washington around to the Green Mountains of Vermont, the tremendous Franconia peaks, and blue Moosilauke, the shining lakes toward the Dalton Hills, the dark plains of Whitefield, and the dim ranges far away along the Canadian border. This is a beautiful excursion for late afternoon, when the sun may be seen setting behind the Green Mountains, and the Presidential Range is robed in tender purples and cool blues.

Mount Cleveland was in the old times known as Round Mountain, and now bears the name of the recent President of the United States. The path leaves the Mount-Agassiz road about a mile from the Sinclair House, and ascends through open pastures and heavy woods to the tall observatory on the summit, whence we may look out upon the White, Twin, Franconia, and Green Mountains, and a vast area of Northern New Hampshire.

The famous Swasey-Farm Drive leaves Main Street on the right a little way beyond the Maplewood, and runs around Mount Agassiz to the Swasey Farm, two miles distant, with remarkable views of the Presidential and Franconia mountains. Then the road descends the Gale-River glen, in deep woods, to the deserted and ruined hamlet of Gale's Mills, and comes out on the Franconia road, by which we return to Bethlehem.

Other pleasant drives in the vicinity lead to the famous view-point on Echo Farm, fronting the Franconias; to Kimball Hill, with its magnificent prospects; around the Heater, swinging around the dome-like crest of Mount Cleveland; to the brisk and prosperous village of Littleton, nestling along the Ammonoosuc; through the charming scenery of Cherry Valley; or across the plains to the ruined hamlet of Dalton, on the Connecticut River.

Bethlehem was first granted under the name of Lloyd Hills, in 1774, and its settlement began thirteen years later. The license of the first inn, the precursor of the score of great public-houses now standing here, reads as follows:

BETHLEHEM, Dec. 8, 1800.

Whereas, There being no tavern in the said Town of Bethlehem, and as it is highly necessary that there should be one opened for the accommodation of travellers, therefore we, the subscribers, do approbate Capt. Lot Woodbury and give him full liberty and license to keep tavern and accommodate travellers with liquors and other necessaries, as the law directs.

MOSES EASTMAN, ¹ Selectmen of Bethlehem,
AMOS WHEELER, ²

Three years later, Pres. Dwight said of the town: "There is nothing here that merits notice except the patience, enterprise, and hardihood of the settlers, which have induced them to stay upon so forbidding a spot." The venerable dominie would be surprised to enter the village now, and find that its innate charms and attractions have made it an object of summer-pilgrimages for thousands, coming hither from great distances, and esteeming themselves happy in the enjoyment of the views, the air, and the bright social life which abides here from June until the golden days of October.

Up among the log-huts and the stump-covered clearings rose

“ the post
On which high-hung the fading sign-board creaks.”

The old tavern

“ Nestled close to earth, and seemed to brood
O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious mood,
As by the peat that rather fades than burns,
The ancient grandame nods and knits by turns.”

This famous building was burned in 1856; and the Phineas-Allen farmhouse sufficed for the accommodation of all transient comers for nearly ten years. Thus, in 1865, the Sinclair House came into existence.

Half a century ago this region was the home of myriads of wild creatures, and old Allen Thompson, the prince of the local hunters, in a single year killed 114 foxes, 88 deer, 66 sable, and 7 bears. But the Appalachians and the society-girls and the dudes have apparently frightened away most of these forest-denizens, and it is only very rarely that they intrude near the well-kept roads and woodland paths of Bethlehem.

Helen Hunt was for many years an *habitué* of Bethlehem, where she wrote “ Bits of Talk,” and “ The Village Lights.” Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote “ The Gates Wide Open” at the Howard House. Nora Perry, Susan Coolidge, and other well-known authors have found it pleasant to dwell in this pure dry air.

The modernness of the village is attended with a commendable brightness and cleanliness in the buildings and their surroundings, and a marked difference to the tastes of these later days. The magnificent prospects to far northern and eastern horizons are not disfigured by unseemly foregrounds, and the salubrious air, almost as exhilarating as champagne, is free from antique flavors. It is a joyous and pleasant land, and its guests pass their time largely out of doors, in the full appreciation of its atmospheric elixir. And so the summer drifts away, and the malarias and exhaustions of the lowlands and the crowded cities are exhaled, and the vigorous new life of the hills takes their place.

“ Transfused through yon, O mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends,

Life's burdens fall, its sorrows cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.”

CHAPTER XI.

FRANCONIA.

THE FRANCONIA STORIES.—THE ANCIENT IRON-WORKS.—THE VILLAGE.—PINE HILL.—SUGAR HILL.—A MOUNTAIN PANORAMA.—EASTON.—MOUNT KINSMAN.—THE BRIDAL-VEIL FALLS.

IN the old days, Franconia was a region of enchantment in the minds of thousands of American children, for here occurred the events of Jacob Abbott's famous "Franconia Stories," and the deeds of the wonderful "Beechnut." And now the quondam readers of these marvellous tales, grown gray-headed during the flight of years, come up hither in the long summer solstice, and find a bright little mountain-hamlet, with its white farm-houses strung along the rushing brook called Gale River, and wide sweeps of forest bearing down on either side, and high over the sheltered vale the craggy Franconia peaks, towering into the clear blue sky. At one end of the long street stands the round stone tower of the old Franconia Iron-Works, whose furnaces went into operation away back of the War of 1812, and grew cold again before the great Civil War. Across the stream rises the handsome and prosperous Dow Academy, built and richly endowed within a few years by the bounty of the proprietor of the "Waverley Magazine," Moses A. Dow, who had passed the years of his boyhood in this happy valley. The Congregational Church is also a recent erection, largely due to the generosity of outside friends, and holding high the standards of religion and cultivation in this tranquil community. Along the embowered road that follows the river are several comfortable and inexpensive boarding-houses,—the Franconia, Seven-Gables, Elmwood, Mount-Lafayette, and others,—frequented in summer by joyous parties of guests from the cities. There is something in the situation of the village which has made it famous for long and amazingly cold winters, and this trait, borne over into August, has great attractions for the sun-scorched denizens of the lowlands. The wonderful verdure and unbroken peace of the glen are full of restful influences, whether one rides along the valley-roads, or pursues the elusive trout in the murmuring brooks, or simply "loafs and invites his soul" on the verandas of the little *pensions*. There is some talk of a Littleton and Franconia narrow-gauge railroad, but it never grows alarmingly definite; and the rumbling old mail-stage from Littleton, six miles away, will doubtless serve the locality adequately enough for years to come. And it is only four miles from Bethlehem, that city of hotels, over a mountain-climbing road that gives a succession of glorious views of the Franconia peaks. And an equal distance away, high over the glen, the southward road enters the famous Franconia Notch, hard by the Profile House.

On one side of Franconia Iron-Works the long plateau of Pine Hill is nobly lifted up, and among its outspread lawns and ancient groves of evergreens stands the Forest-Hills House, with its noteworthy views of the Franconia valley and its dominating mountains, and a far-away prospect of the Presidential Range.

On the west of the lovely Franconia valley rises the long ridge of Sugar Hill, a fertile and slightly upheaval of the land, adorned with the mosaic of farm-lands and pastures, and crowned with groves of sugar-maples. Here and there, on the best strategic points, nearly two thousand feet above the sea, are several large summer-hotels, frequented during the season by hundreds of happy guests, and abounding in those resources of ball-grounds, tennis-courts, broad piazzas, and dance-halls by which flying Time is beguiled of his weariness. But the paramount charm of Sugar Hill is its majestic and unparalleled prospect of the greatest of the New-Hampshire mountains,—the huge Franconias grouped across the deep valley, the dark Twins, and the far-away Presidents, the Adams and Jefferson spires, and the railway trains crawling up the long shoulders of Washington. The left of the line is filled with the tumultuous blue mounds of the Pilot range; and away off in the south rises Moosilauke, the monarch of the south-western valleys. And from the crest of the hill the entire western horizon is unfolded, saw-edged by the Green Mountains of Vermont, and extending for a score of leagues. It is an all-around panorama of almost matchless beauty, and the daily processions of morning light and sunset, clouds and storms, and even the splendors of clear evenings, make countless varying effects of great beauty and fascination. The long valleys stretch away on either side, deep and still under their Titanic walls, and cheered here and there by white farm-houses and the pale green of clearings, relieved against the more sombre tints of the ancient forests. On this high terrace, the air is cooler and more invigorating than in the neighboring glens, and the nights are full of restfulness and noble peace.

People who are bound for the Goodnow House take stage from Littleton, on the Franconia road; and those *en route* for the Sunset-Hill House leave the railroad at Lisbon, and ride for seven miles up the long valleys of the westward-flowing brooks.

Down to the southward open the lonely glens of Easton, with their scattered farms and rural boarding-houses, flanked by the gigantic ridge of Mount Kinsman, one of the most formidable of the western Franconias. High up on this rugged height, the Copper-Mine Brook leaps gallantly over a cliff nearly eighty feet high, in such a bright and translucent sheet that its discoverers named it the Bridal-Veil Falls.

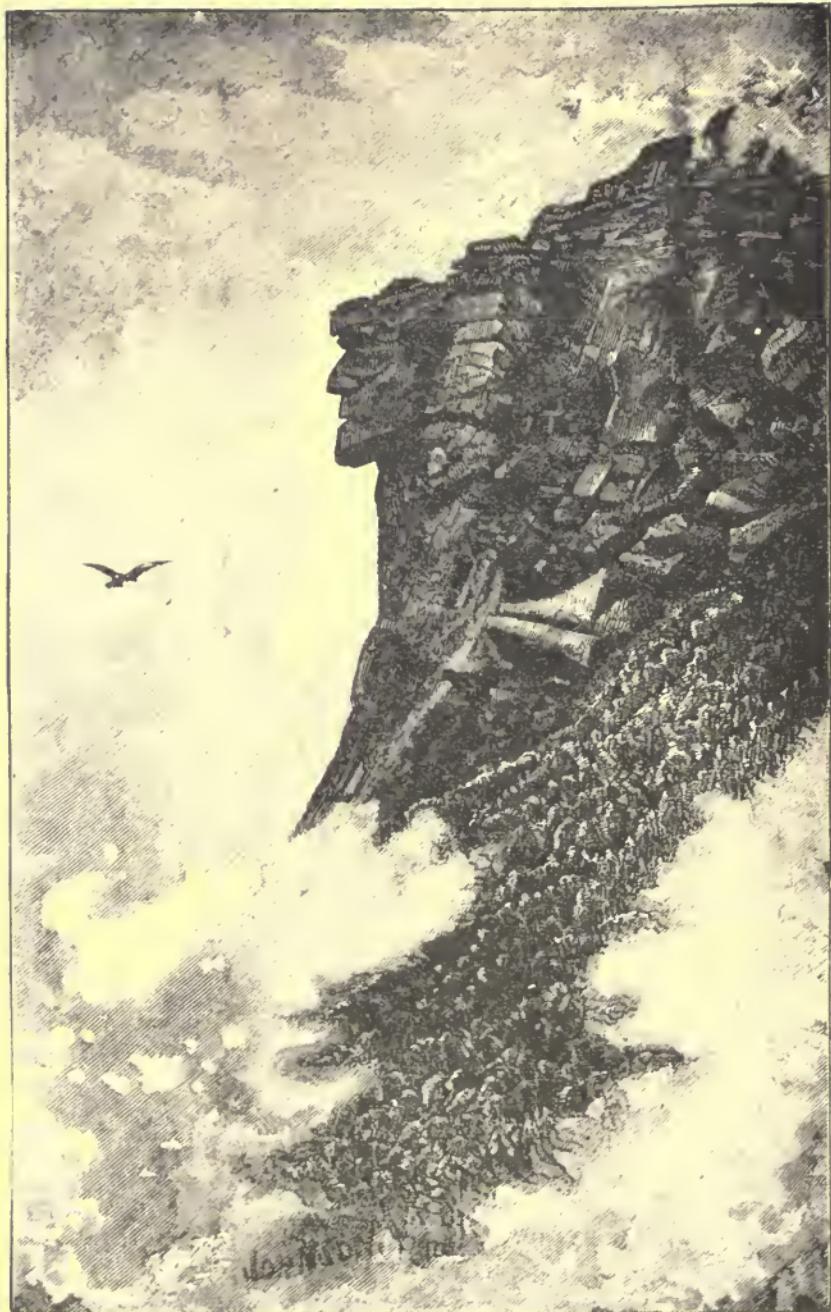
CHAPTER XII.

THE FRANCONIA NOTCH.

THE PROFILE HOUSE.—THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.—PROFILE LAKE.—ECHO LAKE.—MOUNT LAFAYETTE.—THE FLUME.—THE POOL.

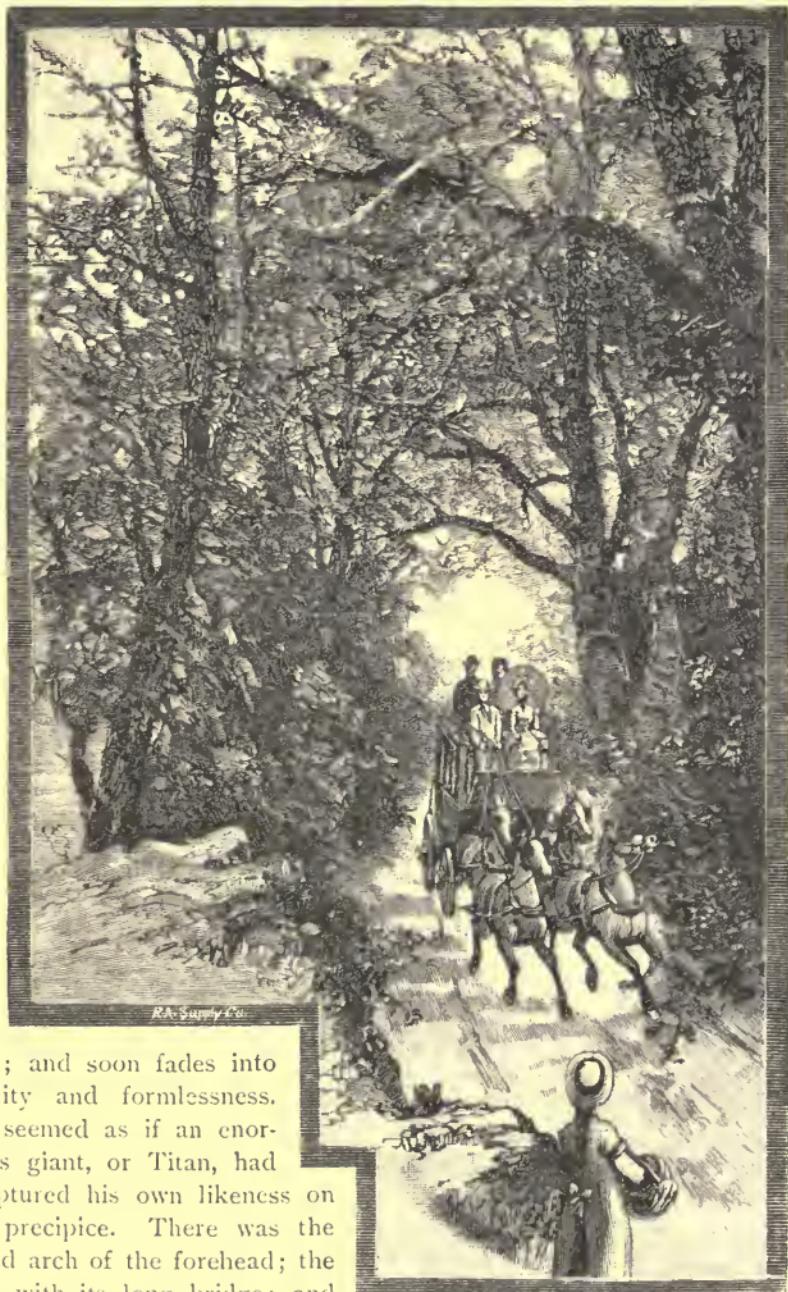
THE Franconia Notch, high amid the mountains, enwrapped in rich foliage, bright with many waters, and abounding in singular rock-sculptures, possesses many points of attraction unequalled elsewhere in New England, and thousands of travellers visit this cool recess with every returning season. The scenery is at once fantastic and peaceful, and its grandeur is tempered with a grace and an arboreal richness rarely encountered in the immediate presence of the great and sombre mountains. There is also a pleasing aspect of finish and cultivation among the artificial adjuncts of the place, not often encountered in our American summer-resorts. Even the little narrow-gauge railway on which we have ascended from Bethlehem Junction, ten miles away through the wilderness, decorously hides its terminus in the woods, and avoids intrusion on the trim lawns of the Profile House and its cottages. The great hotel is almost a village in itself, with its shop and offices, billiard-hall and bowling-alleys, livery-stable, tennis-courts, and other departments, and its great pillared walls rising like some old castle of Camelot. Higher above the sea is this eyrie than the bare crest of Sugar Hill, or the breezy street of Bethlehem, or the famous hamlet of Jefferson; and yet above it still greater cliffs rise into the luminous blue sky, or tangle on their shaggy sides vast skeins and networks of mists and clouds.

The supreme jewel of this treasury of Nature is the great stone face, the world-renowned Profile, starting out from the ledgy crest of the mountain, a patient and melancholy visage, noble and strong and benignant, gazing toward the distant south-east, haggard in the clear light of morning, and full of majestic expression when outlined against the reddening sky of late afternoon. The geologists tell us that this weird simulacrum is produced by three disconnected ledges of granite, nearly forty feet in height, and twelve hundred feet above the lake beneath it; and they warn us that the ledges are fast crumbling away, and that before many years the Profile will have vanished. According to old traditions, the lonely stone face received the adoration of the Indians of the surrounding valleys, as a visible manifestation of their Great Spirit. It is now more than eighty years since two wandering mountaineers of our race discovered it, and with high political loyalty cried out, "That is Jefferson." Can their descendants liken it to Cleveland or Harrison? Or will it fade away into a Meg Merrilles, and so pass, and be



"OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS."

seen no more? A few rods down the road from the Profile House you come to a guide-board, and, looking upward, the strange vision is apparent; and, passing either way thence, it changes its expression, and becomes femi-



nine; and soon fades into vacuity and formlessness. "It seemed as if an enormous giant, or Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other." In such words Hawthorne describes the scene, in his story of "The Great Stone Face;" and Whittier says:

“ Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
 The great Notch Mountain shone,
 Watched over by the solemn-browed
 And awful face of stone.”

At the foot of the mountain-pedestal which upholds this venerated sculpture glimmers the bright Profile Lake, which an older and more prosaic generation called “The Old Man’s Wash-bowl.” Here numerous boats float across the limpid tarn, and in the shadows of the overarching trees young people seek their charmed *solitude à deux*. And the waters flow out from the lake to form the bright Pemigewasset, and through the broadening Merrimac to find the sea at Newburyport.

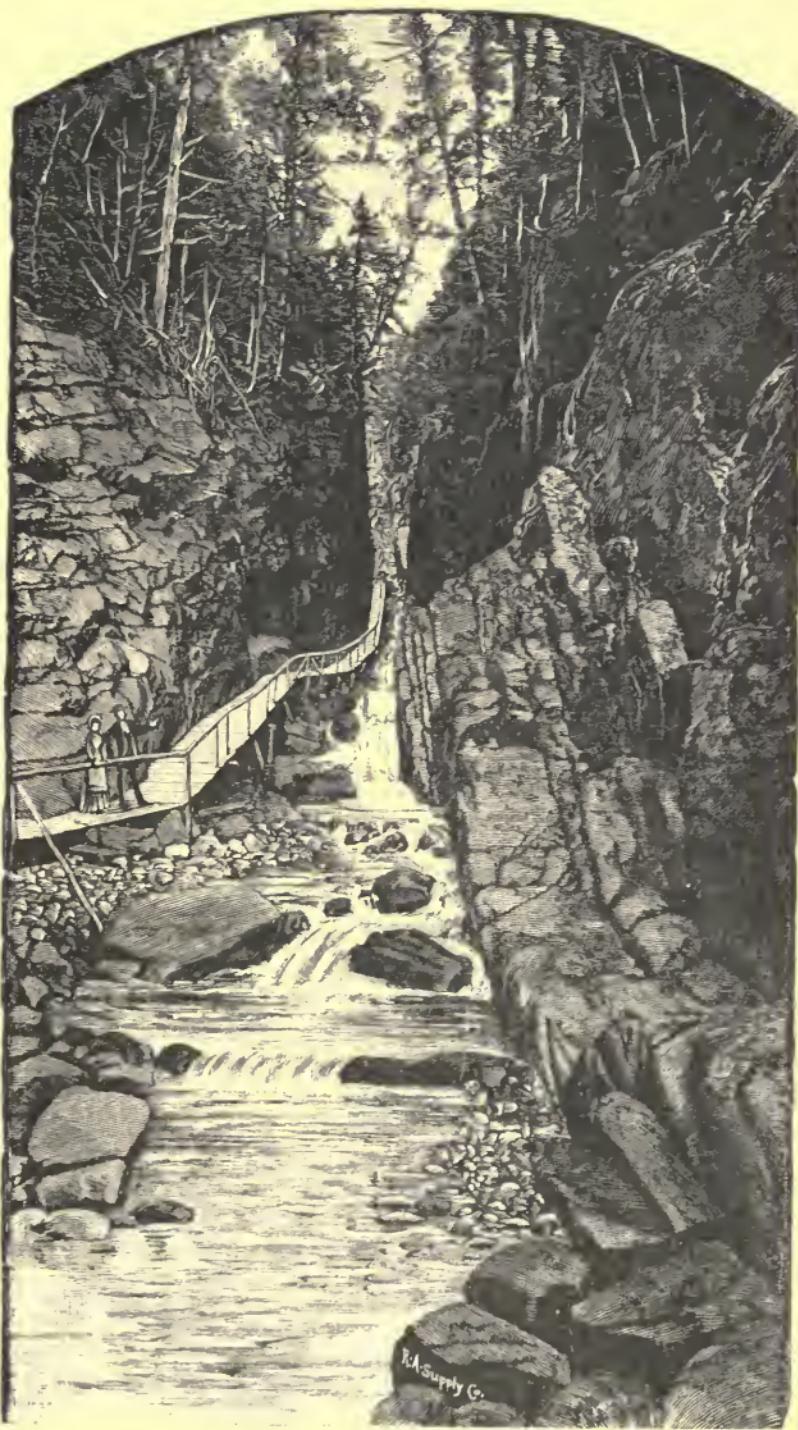
It is but little more than a mile to Echo Lake, whose outflow seeks the Ammonoosuc and the Connecticut, and makes the long journey to Long-Island Sound. This is even more beautiful than Profile Lake; and the tremendous crags of Mount Lafayette overhang its crystal depths with noble effect. There are boats here, too, and merry-making oarsmen evoke from the grim walls of Eagle Cliff many an elfland echo.

“ Eye of the wilderness,
 Lonely and loverless,
 Ages and ages since nature began;
 Sending toward heaven
 The blue it had given,
 Fringed with the forest untrodden by man.”

One more bright mountain-tarn gems these solitudes, a thousand feet above the pass, on the rocky shoulder of Mount Cannon, and reached by a steep and wearily long bridle-path. This is well-named Lonesome Lake; and in his picturesque lodge on its shore, Mr. William C. Prime, the scholar and art-lover, forgets for a few weeks of each year the roar of great New York.

In a few minutes, from the bright Belgravia of the hotel, we may pass out of sight and sound of humanity on the bridle-path up Lafayette, and so mount upward around Eagle Cliff, a long mile to the notch between the cliff and the mountain, another ten furlongs to the Eagle Lakes, high up on the plateau, and a mile and a half farther, steep up the main peak, above the line of foliage, and over the bare and storm-worn ledges. From the lonely apex of the mountain, you look down into the vast and untrodden ravines below, and along the narrow crest-lines reaching away on either side, and over the bright mosaics of the Connecticut and Merrimac Valleys, and out to the Presidential brotherhood, the Twins, Kearsarge at North Conway, Mount Pleasant by Sebago Lake, Carrigain and Chocorua, the blue mountain-walls of the Lake Country, the Merrimac Kearsarge, far-away Monadnock, white-peaked Cardigan, the hotel on Moosilauke, a hundred miles of the Green Mountains, and the Canadian peaks around Lake Memphremagog. Between these conspicuous points, hundreds of well-known heights start into view with white villages, shining lakes, and the silvery curves of far winding rivers.

The guide-books will tell of many another gallant excursion: of little Bald Mountain, with its lovely views; of the stone cannon seen from near

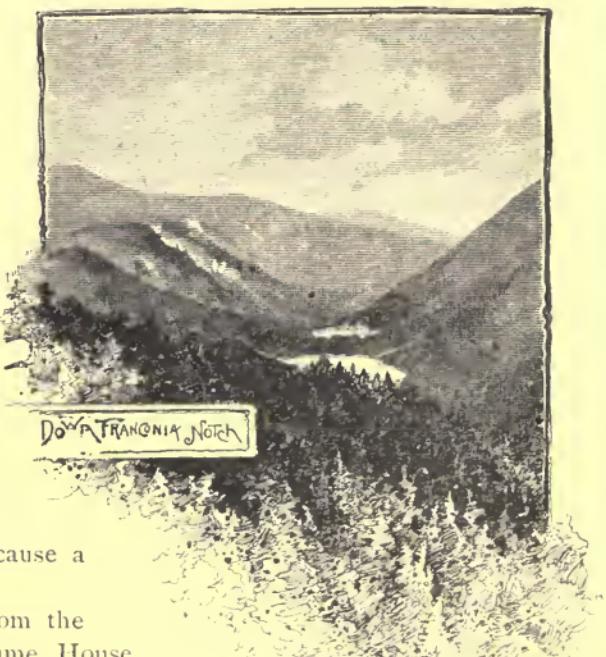


THE FLUME.

the hotel, up towards the crest of Cannon Mountain; of Walker's Falls, and Eagle Cliff, and Boyce Rock, and other points of resort in and about this marvellous glen. And the college-students who serve as table-waiters in the dining-room are competent to correct a false quantity in your quotations from Horace or Homer, or discuss recent phases of esoteric Buddhism, or review the influence of Oxford on modern Anglican thought.

The Profile House stands near the northern end of the Franconia Notch, which stretches away for five or six miles southward, with impressive mountain-ranges on either side, dipping down to the road in ~~curtains of low-lying~~ ^{the st} ~~is~~ merrily away toward the terminus of the Pemigewasset Railway at North Woodstock, passes the great granite bowl of the Basin, through which the pell-mell waters of the Pemigewasset swirl and rush, cold, clear, and refreshing. Here the Cascade Brook flows down from the high hills, over a succession of falls,—the Tunnel Falls, Island Falls, and others,—rarely visited, though within less than a mile of the road, because a good path is lacking.

About five miles from the Profile House, the Flume House stands in the southern opening of the Franconia Notch, with a beautiful view over the open country beyond, and the cultivated plains of the Pemigewasset, full of soft and delicate tenderness of forms and tints. On the other side, the great forest-clad peaks of the Franconias—the “Haystacks” of the old-time farmers—rise clear in the field of vision, near at hand, and very nobly outlined. Something more than half a mile from the hotel, on a side-road traversed daily by many well-filled stages and mountain-wagons, is the great natural curiosity known as the Flume, a fissure seven hundred feet long and sixty feet deep, between fern-draped granite walls from ten to twenty feet apart. A merry little brook flashes and rushes along its bottom, with several bright cascades, and wide bands of colorless crystal over the clean granite ledges sloping outside. In former times, a ponderous boulder hung suspended between the walls of this strange chasm, but an avalanche tore through the Flume in 1883, and



swept it away. In the dark forest to the northward is the Pool, reached by a half-mile path from the Flume House. Here the Pemigewasset falls with a dull roar into a profoundly deep basin amid the rocks, glowering blackly under the shadows of tall cliffs. Not far away, a path leads up to Liberty Cascade.

Sojourners at the Flume House need not lack for venturesome excursions. The bridle-path up Mount Pemigewasset leads to a noble point of view for the Franconia Range and the great valley to the southward. Bold climbers have ascended Mount Flume and Mount Liberty, through pathless and difficult forests. A lowland road is the beginning of the long path to the Georgiana Falls, far separated by Flume Brook.

Observation-wagons run twice daily through the Notch, from the Profile House to the Flume.

Besides the route to the Profile House by the railway from Bethlehem Junction, there is another route from the lowlands, following the Pemigewasset Railroad (which leaves the White-Mountains Division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad at Plymouth) to its terminus at North Woodstock, and riding thence by stage, a distance of about eight miles.

“ We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
Of sunlit waters.”

CHAPTER XIII.

JEFFERSON.

THE GRANDEST VIEW OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—ISRAEL'S RIVER.—
MOUNT STARR KING.—CHERRY MOUNTAIN.—A FEUDAL LORD.—
JEFFERSON HIGHLANDS.—THE PATH TO THE NORTHERN PEAKS.

A CLUSTER of hotels and summer boarding-houses, known as Jefferson Hill, stands high up on the shoulder of Mount Starr King, and from that noble vantage-ground commands the best possible view of the great Presidential Range,—Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Washington, Monroe,—and other majestic peaks. This unrivalled panorama rises over the long valley of Israel's River, with the breadth and sweep of an ocean scene, and continually varied by the magical tints and shades that play over the scarred mountains, with their grim castellated ridges and deep, dark ravines. The foreground is a sea of dark fir forests, sloping down to the edges of the meadows, where the silvery gleam of Israel's River here and there lightens up the vast and amazing picture. The sunsets along this range are of singular beauty and richness, when the chaotic crests crowning the south-eastern horizon take on marvellous shades of lilac and purple, crimson and olive, and finally sink into the solemn blackness of evening. The hemmed-in aspect of some of the mountain-resorts gives place here to broader perspectives and admirable landscape distances; and the multiform changes of sun and sky, of morning and evening, of cloud and storm, may be studied thence with unusual enjoyment. And when the eye wearies of the great range, it may dwell upon the nearer peak of Cherry Mountain, and the dark pyramids of Franconia, and the dim blue crest of Moosilauke. The pure dry air, delicious spring-water, complete natural drainage, and pleasant environs have united in the endowment of Jefferson as one of the foremost of the mountain-resorts. There has been much contention between this village and Bethlehem as to which of the two is the higher above the sea; but the difference is at any rate very slight, and either of them stands well above the hay-fever line.

Israel's River, the pleasant stream which nourishes and brightens this valley, rises in the profound gorges of Mount Adams, and flows for a brief fifteen miles around the hills, until it enters the Connecticut River. It bears the name of Israel Glines, a famous beaver-trapper of a hundred years ago; but among the Indians it was known as *Singratawak*, “The White Rock's Foaming Stream.” And of this beautiful glen Sir Charles Dilke said: “The world can show few scenes more fair.” The road from Jefferson to Gorham

ravens along the high northern wall of the valley, with incomparable views of the colorful peaks which form the opposite side.

The public houses at Jefferson Hill can accommodate fully eight hundred guests. Chief among them is the Waumbek, followed by the Starr-King, Jefferson-Hill, Plaisted, Maple, and a number of others. The south wing of the Waumbek House dates from 1861, when travel first began to drift in this direction in too large a volume for the old red tavern on the Mills road to accommodate. For many years, the visitors to this locality came by stage from Gorham, and afterwards successively from Littleton and Lancaster. The journey is made more easily now by the railroad from Whitefield, which comes within less than three miles of the hotels, and is met by a well-equipped stage-route. Jefferson Hill is eight hours from Boston.

You may drive out to Blair's Mills, in Randolph, and back on the Valley Road, along Israel's River, to the meadow; or out to Stag Hollow, and down the Potato Road and Valley Road; or along the North Road to Lancaster, and around by the Gore Road; or around Mount Prospect; or across the Cherry-Mountain Road to the Fabyan House; or to Jefferson Mills, Lancaster, Gorham, Whitefield, or Bethlehem. The roads in all this region are very interesting, and give a succession of impressive views.

On a fair and sunny afternoon, you may ascend Mount Starr King, by a path two and a half miles long, beginning near the Waumbek House, and ending at the bare rocks of the summit, whence you can overlook the Pilot and Pliny ranges, the peaks from Madison to Jackson, Carrigain, Osceola, Lafayette, and the long line of the Green Mountains.

Cherry Mountain, famous for its destructive slide a few years ago, lies bold across the valley from Jefferson, and a steep path climbs up its Owl's-Head peak in a mile and a half from the King farm.

This wild region in the remote Provincial days bore the name of Dartmouth, but when it passed into the possession of Col. Joseph Whipple, a friend of Thomas Jefferson, the name was changed to that of the great Virginian. Whipple lived here in almost baronial power, and when a British and Indian war-party raided the valley, during the Revolution, he rallied his retainers, and drove the invaders away pell-mell.

Five miles east of Jefferson Hill is Jefferson Highlands, with the Pliny Range, Highland, Crawford, and Mount-Adams Houses, large and low-priced rural boarding-houses. Here, also, on the side of Boy Mountain, is the public house kept by Ethan A. Crawford, the son of the celebrated guide and hunter, Ethan Allen Crawford. In a few minutes, you may reach the top of the oddly named hill, and gain a new and fully repaying view of the vast wall of mountains. All these houses are on sites more than sixteen hundred feet above the sea, in a region where the summer days are full of inspiration, and the nights are rich in beauty and restfulness. And from no other point is there such a variety of exciting and profitable excursions, through the tremendous ravines and along the rocky ridges of the northern peaks. King's Ravine and the Ravine of the Castles may be explored thence, with great physical weariness, but impressing indelible pictures on the memory. And here begins the great Appalachian-Club path to the northern peaks, which

runs in from the house of Charles E. Lowe (the best of the mountain-guides), three and a half miles east of the Mount-Adams House, traversing two and a half miles of forest and one and a half miles of bare ridges. Once above the tree-line, and the grand peaks of Madison, Adams, Jefferson, and Washington may be explored at leisure, and their profound ravines may be peered into. The Appalachian Club has had a stone cabin built on the upper part of the path, and many a sturdy climber has passed a summer night in its shelter. It is one and a half miles from the peak of Madison to that of Adams; two and a half miles thence to the top of Jefferson; and nearly three miles thence to the top of Mount Washington. It is tolerably safe to allow an hour for each mile of travelling over these rugged sierras, for the tired body abets the exhilarated mind in calling frequent halts, to rest, while the eye enjoys the illimitable views outspread on every side, from the beetling gray cliffs close at hand, to the dim blue rounding of the earth in Maine and Vermont and Canada.

Still farther toward the east, on this road, over the Moose-River Valley, is Randolph Hill, with its wonderful views of the main range. Here stand the Ravine and Mount-Crescent Houses, in a land of waterfalls and hills and forests, and with paths to the Pond of Safety, Salmacis Falls, and the top of Mount Madison. This delightful side-nook, off the routes of general travel, is a favorite resort of the Appalachian-Club people. It is reached from Gorham, about five miles distant on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Whitefield is a busy and prosperous modern village, whose reason for being is its immense lumber-mills, along John's River. The lumber company has built a railway nearly twenty miles long, through the deep woods that extend nearly to the base of Mount Washington, and in rude forest-camps on either side of the line hundreds of stalwart woodsmen pass their winters, cutting the huge logs that are laden upon the platform-cars and carried down to the mill-pond at Whitefield.

The Kimball-Hill House is an inexpensive *pension* two thousand feet above the sea, with a large farm; and close by it, the Howland Observatory peers above the tree-tops, overlooking scores of leagues of mountains and glens.

In the other direction, two and one-half miles from Whitefield, the Mountain-View House stands on a long plateau sloping downward towards the mountains, and commanding an especially fine view of the Franconia Range.

CHAPTER XIV.

LANCASTER.

THE UPPER COÖS.—THE PILOT RANGE.—FAIR INTERVALES.—LUNENBURG HEIGHTS.—MOUNT PROSPECT.—KILKENNY.

LANCASTER is the charming little capital of Northern New Hampshire, that great Coös country which within the present century swarmed with moose and deer, wolves and bears, and every variety of game known to our northern forests. When the first settlers came in, from Lancaster, Mass., they named their log-built hamlet on the Upper Coös in memory of their former home. It is now a bright and well-to-do modern shire-town, with banks, newspapers, public library, half a dozen churches, and a number of prosperous manufactories, and a refined and cultivated society, of the professional classes. The Lancaster House is a comfortable modern hotel, in the environs, with a good view of the White Mountains, up Israel's River, and of many other distinguished peaks, far and near. The village also contains several other summer boarding-houses.

The climate of this lovely plain, sheltered from the sea-winds by the lofty wall of the White Mountains, is bland and delightful; and the sweet pastoral scenery of the environs makes most interesting contrasts with the rugged wildness of the overhanging mountains. The most impressive features of the scene are the great Pilot Mountains, covering more than a hundred square miles, and towering over three thousand feet into the sky. This noble range was named in honor of a sagacious dog, Pilot, who led back from these dark defiles his master, half-dead from a hunger of many days. Round about the village sweep miles of fair intervals, rich in waving grain, fringed by the bright blue of the Connecticut, and overlooked by the high Vermont hills and the magnificent azure wall of the Pilot Mountains.

Just across the Connecticut (note the exquisite views from the bridge), the Vermont shore rises into the famous Lunenburg Heights, overlooking a panoramic line of mountains a hundred miles long, from Moosilauke to the upper Monadnock, and giving a bird's-eye view over the beautiful meadows. On these favored hills there are several summer boarding-houses.

Three miles from Lancaster, and accessible by a carriage-road, the Hotel Prospect crowns the apex of Mount Prospect, commanding a view which extends over a circuit of seven hundred miles, including Canada, Vermont, the blue Pilots, the silvery windings of the Connecticut, the white villages of Lancaster and Bethlehem, and the great Presidential Range.

The Kilkenny Railway runs ten miles easterly from Lancaster, through the hamlet of Lost Nation, and into the "Dark Forests" of Kilkenny.

CHAPTER XV.

DIXVILLE NOTCH.

GROVETON AND THE PERCY PEAKS.—THE UPPER-COOS RAILROAD.—COLEBROOK.—DIXVILLE NOTCH.—ERROL DAM.

A DOZEN miles farther up the valley, beyond Lancaster, the railway intersects the Grand Trunk line at Groveton Junction, a straggling little village with two inns, in the broad town of Northumberland, famous for its maple-sugar. The one experience which all alpestrians may delight in, in this locality, is the climb over the white granite domes of the Percy Peaks, distant about six miles from Groveton, and ascended by a mile of blueberry paths.

From Groveton, we may run down the Grand Trunk line to Gorham (near the Glen House), a distance of about thirty miles, through a thinly settled region, with interesting views of unvisited mountains.

In the other direction, the Grand Trunk runs northward along the rich Connecticut intervals for a dozen miles, to North Stratford, two miles from the well-known Brunswick White-Sulphur Springs, with their comfortable hotel on the shore of Silver Lake.

The Grand Trunk line crosses the Connecticut at North Stratford, and fares on to Island Pond and the great cities of Canada. But the favorite route for lovers of wild nature leads from this point up the Upper-Coos Railroad, following the Connecticut River through the happy farming-towns of Stewartstown and Colebrook.

Colebrook is a pleasant and prosperous village, amid charming scenery of green and purple hills, rich farm-lands, and silvery streams. Across the river towers the upper Monadnock Mountain, at whose foot flows the Lexington Mineral Spring.

A pleasant road leads from Colebrook up the Mohawk Valley for ten miles to the famous Dixville Notch, with its well-kept modern hotel. This is not a pass between huge ranges of mountains, like the Crawford and Franconia Notches, but a league-long gorge cut through the high hills, faced with pinnacled cliffs of mica-slate, clothed along their lower courses with dense forests of evergreens, and cutting the sky-line with marvellous spires and crags of storm-worn rock. It affords a scene of great desolation and startling interest, the arrowy spires of the cliffs resembling the forgotten ruins of some Western Petra. These triumphant walls attain a height of nine hundred feet above the ravine, in whose bottom a narrow road finds barely room to wind away toward the Umbagog plains. Of minor attractions,—the Flume, the Ice Cave, Table Rock, Jacob's Ladder, Huntington's

Cascades, and others,—the Notch has its full share; and paths lead upward to beautiful view-points along the ridge, and through the quiet forests to brooks beloved by trout. For these wild northern townships are among the best fishing and hunting grounds in New England.

At the eastern end of the Notch, the pastoral beauty of the Clear-Stream Meadows is outspread like a little Italy, after the descent from the alpine heights behind. A few miles farther, through the great forest, and the lonely road reaches Errol Dam, the little port whence the steamboats run to Lake



THE PINNACLES.

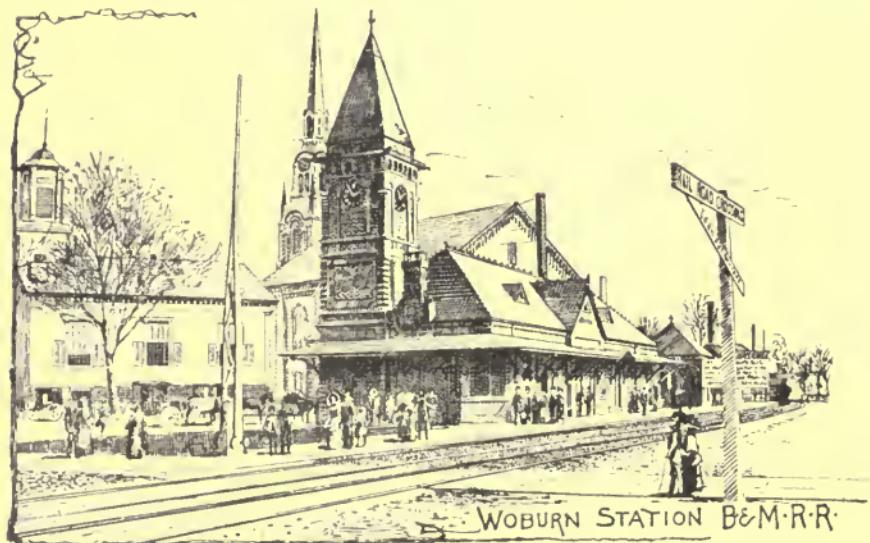
Umbagog and the Upper Magalloway River. Thence also roads diverge to Milan and Berlin, and to Upton and Bethel, names of much import to summer-travellers beyond the limiting lines of the fashionable tour. And the transit of the famous Rangeley Lakes may also be entered.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MERRIMAC ROUTE.

THE LOWELL SYSTEM.—A RUN ACROSS MIDDLESEX.—THE RIVER-CITIES.—LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE AND ITS JOYOUS CITY.

THE glories of the mountain-land as entered by the great defile of the Saco River, and reached by the sea-shore route from Boston, have been hereinbefore rapidly sketched out. Let us now return to the famous old Puritan city down on Massachusetts Bay, and re-enter the highlands by the western route, across busy Middlesex, and up the long valley of the Merrimac. This avenue of approach lies over the Lowell System of the Boston & Maine Railroad; and starts from the splendid terminal station, on Causeway Street, Boston.



Over the many-bridged Charles River, with Bunker-Hill Monument on the right and Cambridge on the left; across Somerville, that prospering suburban city; through the edge of Medford, anciently famous for ship-yards and rum-distilleries; by the patrician suburb of Winchester; past outlying villages of Woburn, Wilmington, and Billerica; and so on into great Lowell, the City of Spindles. The train flies so swiftly that the morning newspaper is not finished when the broad and beautiful Merrimac comes into view, and we enter the valley which leads away up to Lake Winnipesaukee and the Profile House. In a few minutes more, we are in the Granite State, and

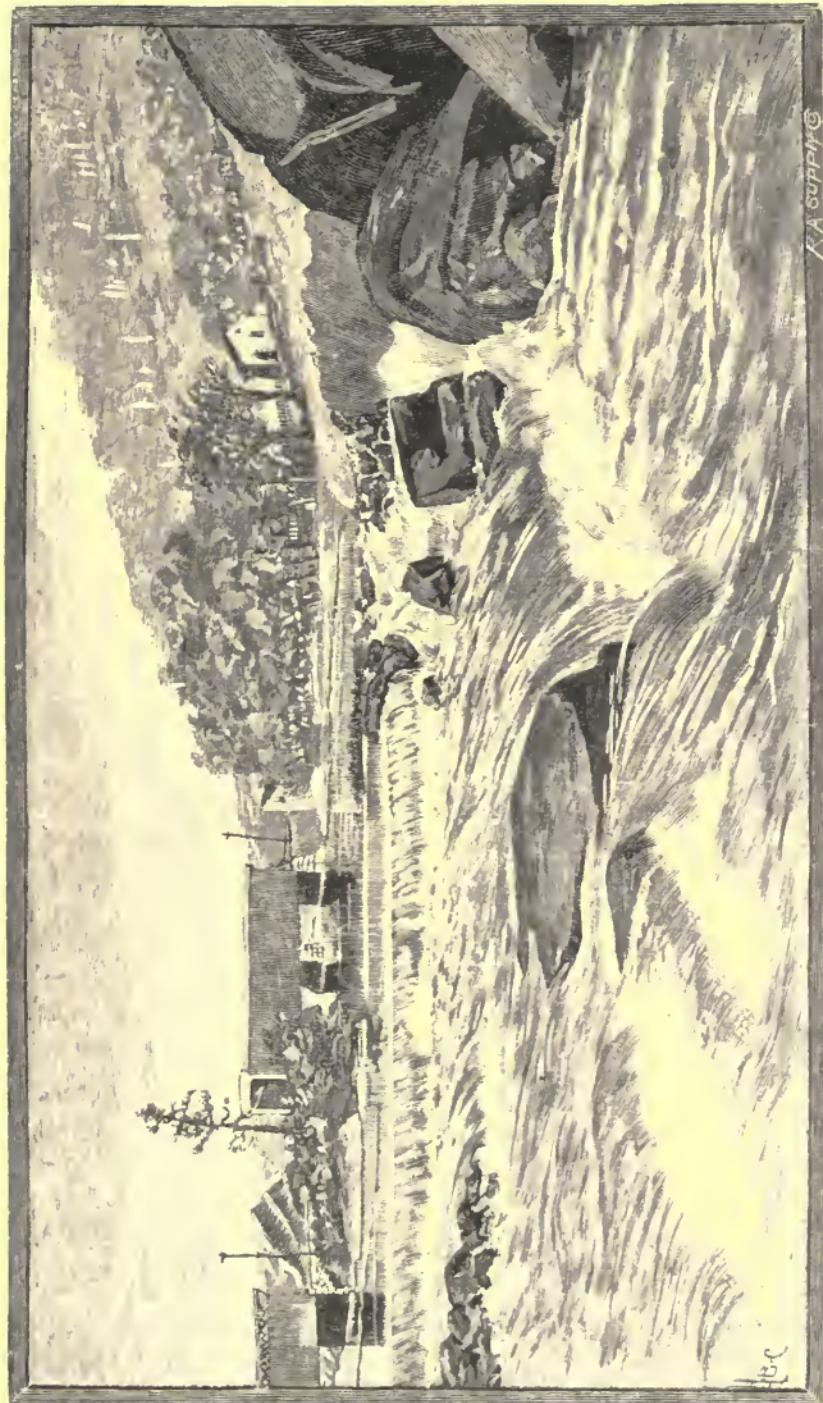
speeding on through Nashua, the bright and increasing manufacturing-city on the site of warlike old Dunstable.

At Goff's Falls the river is crossed, and soon afterward the largest city in New Hampshire comes in sight, Manchester, with its forty thousand inhabitants, and prodigious cotton-mills drawn up along the river. Above, we may look across the whitening Amoskeag Falls to the odd little Uncanoonuc Mountains; and then, beyond hilly Hookset, we reach the capital of the State, handsome little Concord, with its fine public buildings, its coach-factories, and granite-quarries. Still onward, and beyond Canterbury, home of the Shakers, there is a glimpse of Mount Kearsarge, on the left. A little time more, and, beyond Tilton with its monumental arch of marble, the long line of the Sandwich mountains starts into sight, on the left,—Chocorua, Whiteface, Tripyramid, and other conspicuous peaks. Thenceforward for an hour these monarchs of the north keep gliding into view, and disappearing behind nearer hills, and re-grouping themselves in new combinations, as the route leads us up the valley of the Winnipesaukee River and along the beautiful Winnesquam Lake. Here we come to Laconia, and then to Lake Village, two pleasant manufacturing-places on these swift-running waters, with hotels and boarding-houses (especially in their environs) enough for hundreds of guests. A few minutes more, and our train is running along the shore of Lake Winnipesaukee, whose exquisite scenery stretches away in rare combinations of blue waters, graceful islets, and the long lines of the Ossipee Mountains, with Chocorua and his brethren on one side, and the symmetrical Belknap peaks on the other. Then we come to Weirs, the joyous city of the whole Lake Country, a place of many hotels, large and small, and summer-cottages, and camps, visited during the season by myriads of people. Here the swan-white steamboat lies at its wharf near the station, and when all our fellow-travellers bound for an inland voyage have reached her decks, she wanders away among the islands and their water-lanes, and comes in due time to Centre Harbor and Wolfeborough.

A few miles from Weirs brings the train to Meredith, at the head of one of the shining bays of Lake Winnipesaukee, and within five miles of Centre Harbor. One more long pull through the woods, with the great mountains from time to time flashing into view, far away, and we pass Ashland, whence the stages run to Asquam Lake and its glorious scenery. And so, emerging on the Pemigewasset intervals, with the pale blue pyramids of the Franconia Mountains far away on the right front, we reach the station at Plymouth, and stop for dinner.



A CAR-WINDOW VIEW, TYNCSIORO' CURVE.



BOOKSTETT FALLS.

CHAPTER XVII.

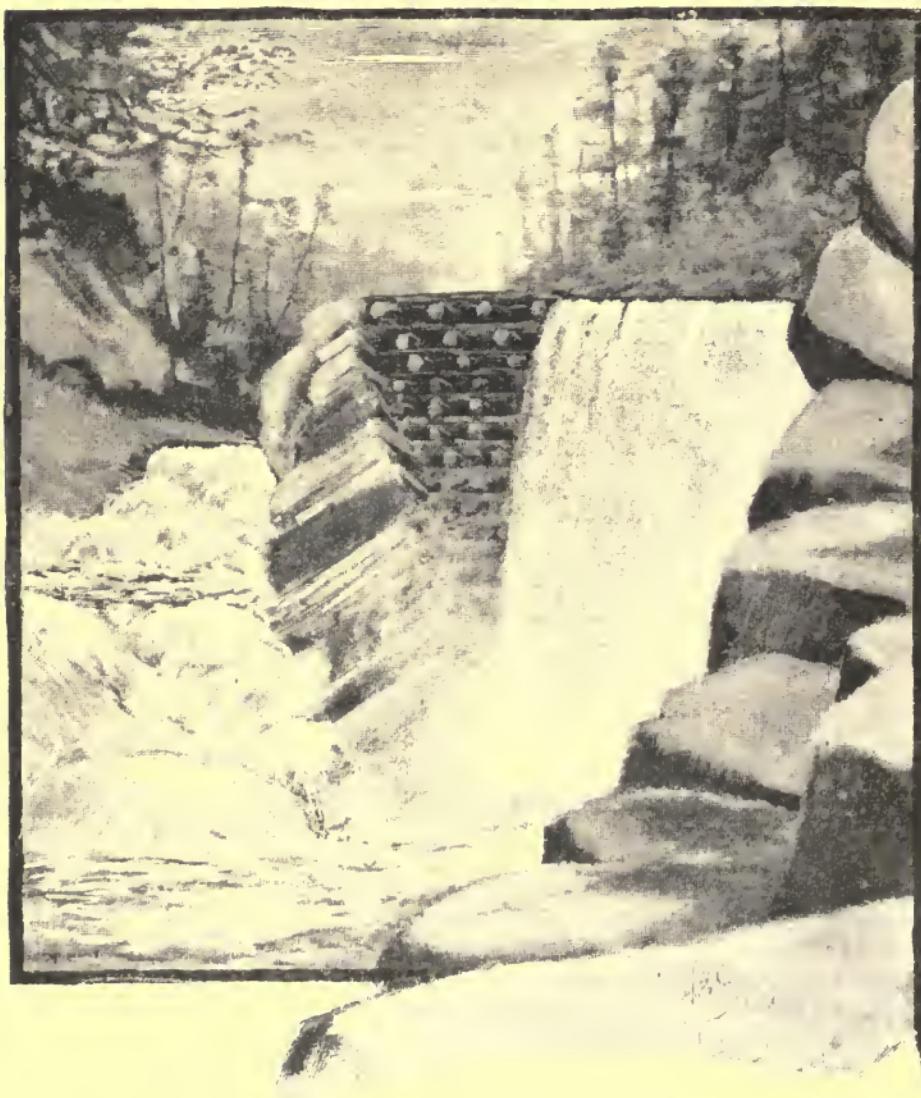
PLYMOUTH.

THE EPISCOPAL CHIMERA.—THE HOLDERNESS SCHOOL.—WEBSTER AND HAWTHORNE.—MOUNT PROSPECT

ALITTLE aside from the peaceful levels of the Lake Country, in the western gateway of the mountains, the bright village of Plymouth sleeps on its broad meadows, dotted with bouquet-shaped elms, and almost surrounded by distant blue peaks. Throughout the year, its glove-manufactories bring increasing prosperity to this typical New-England town; and the occasional court-terms of Grafton County give another interesting element to its life. But the best estate of the place comes in the long summer days, when the boarding-houses are full of happy sojourners, and the Pemigewasset House has its hundreds of guests, and the surrounding roads are enlivened by merry driving-parties. Here the rushing Pemigewasset River receives the clear waters of Baker River, the Indian *Asquam-chumauke*, flowing down from the Moosilauke country, and rich in legends of the aborigines and the militant pioneers. The broad green expanses of the meadows, overlooked by shaggy hills, and giving vistas of far-away alpine groups, with the dainty white town nestling on its undulating site, present a picture like some fair glen of Wordsworth's country, or among the foot-hills of Savoy. The village has a goodly scholastic flavor, withal, for here stands the State Normal School of New Hampshire; and upon a fair height above the serene meadows, on the site of the mansion of Chief-Justice Samuel Livermore, is the Holderness School for Boys, a popular institution of the Episcopal Church. For in the long-past times before the Revolution, this land was granted to three-score English knights and gentlemen, who designed to found here the chief city of all New England, devoted to God and the king, and in dignity, refinement, and wealth far surpassing Boston of the Puritans. It stood not as they wished, and the desired Anglican metropolis has remained as "the baseless fabric of a vision."

But Plymouth has seen two events of great import in the life of cultured New England,—the first plea of Daniel Webster, and the death of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The former occurred in the old Grafton-County court-house, which is now used as a public library, where several thousand volumes are kept for the use of the villagers. In May, 1864, Hawthorne retired to rest in Room No. 6, at the Pemigewasset House; and at early morning his travelling companion, ex-President Franklin Pierce, entered the chamber, only to find the great romancer lying upon his side, placid, silent, and cold, having passed painlessly from his slumber of the night into that longer rest, of whose duration none can tell.

By all means make the ascent of old North Hill, the Mount Prospect of modern days, where you can drive your carriage to the airy summit, and overlook the fair Lake Country, with its mosaic of deep green and celestial blue, and the sharp Franconia peaks, and far-away Mount Washington, Whiteface and Chocorua, Kearsarge and Wachusett, and hundreds of less



LIVERMORE FALLS.

familiar mountains, villages, lakes, and streams. And you may drive up to the Livermore Falls, or to Asquam Lake, or down into woodsy Bridgewater, or into the Camptons, or around Plymouth Mountain, or over to Newfound Lake, or to a score of other points of beauty and interest. And, withal, this gem of a highland village is within three or four hours of Boston, by the Boston & Lowell line.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PEMIGEWASSET VALLEY.

AN ABORIGINAL JAW-BREAKER.—CAMPTON VILLAGE.—MAD RIVER'S SONG.—WEST CAMPTON.—THORNTON.—WOODSTOCK.—THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS.—WATERVILLE.

THIS lovely valley bears one of the longest of our inherited Indian names, *Penaqui*, which means "crooked;" *wadchu*, "mountain;" *cooash*, "pine;" and *auke*, "place." As the long glen winds in and out among the pine-clad hills, the virtue of this sesquipedalian title becomes apparent. The Pemigewasset River descends fifteen hundred feet in its thirty-mile course from Profile Lake to Plymouth, the first five miles through the narrow gorge of the Franconia Notch, and then more than a score of miles down the valley to which it gives its name. In former times, one of the best stage-rides in the State was that leading from Plymouth to the Profile House, with many an enchanting view of the great mountains ahead and on either side. But latterly a railway has been built from the proud little county capital up through the Camptons and Thorntons and Woodstocks, to a point within a league and a half of the Flume House, following the level intervals, and crossing and re-crossing the madcap river. Summer boarding-houses are found all through the valley, and thousands of guests annually enjoy the serenity and salubrity of this idyllic region. There are perhaps ten of these *pensions* at Campton Village, on Mad River, and looking up the prolonged glens of that wild brook to Welch Mountain and Sandwich Dome and Tripyramid, a noble and alpine group of high peaks, enwalling the Waterville valley. Around the little Baptist hamlet are far-viewing eminences,—Campton Hill, Wallace Hill, Sunset Hill, and others,—whose prospects include the great ranges to the northward, and the jungle of mountains closing around Moosilauke. This is a region beloved by artists, and visited by them for over half a century, what time they transferred the august forms and rich colorings of the surrounding scenery to their glowing canvases. There are many charming drives in the vicinity, over level roads, to Campton Hollow and Plymouth and the other villages along the stream. The year after Gen. Wolfe conquered Canada, and freed the borders of New England from fear of the savages, the grantees of this glen came hither, and dwelt in a primitive camp, whence they named their new settlement *Campton*. Thirty of their free-born descendants gave up their lives in the great Civil War.

Longfellow's last poem is devoted to Mad River, which tells its story to a passing traveller :

“ A brooklet nameless and unknown
 Was I at first, resembling
 A little child, that all alone
 Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
 Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
 For the wide world I panted;
 Out of the forest dark and dread
 Across the open fields I fled,
 Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
 My voice exultant blending
 With thunder from the passing cloud,
 The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
 The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
 Imploring and entreating;
 Drawn onward o'er this rocky wall
 I plunged, and the loud waterfall
 Made answer to the greeting.”

About two miles from Campton Village, across the intervals of the Pemigewasset, and by a road running over a bridge instead of through the precarious rocky ford which we used until within a few years, is the tiny hamlet of West Campton, another of the delicious by-ways of travel in which this district abounds. Here stands Sanborn’s, the old Stag-and-Hounds Inn, founded in 1841, and the haunt of many famous artists,— Cole and Durand, Harding and Doughty, Casilear and Richards, Champney and Shapleigh, and dozens of others,— who found the scenery hereabouts to almost rival that of North Conway. The rich greensward of the interval, the inimitably graceful elms, the bordering thickets and forests, the glimmering river, and the great blue mountains have been composed by these wandering painters into innumerable rich and delicate pictures, full of utmost poetry of form and color. The famous Starr-King View, one of the finest in all New England, is obtained from a point on the road near Sanborn’s, and includes the grand blue spires of Franconia, especially effective towards sunset, in glorious hues of purple, crimson, and orange. More distant is Cook’s Hill, yielding another wondrous view from its unfrequented pastures.

Above Campton comes the long town of Thornton, with no village or hamlet, and occupied by about a hundred families of farmers, who derive small incomes from the corn and potato crops of the lowlands, and the maple-sugar of the hill-forests. It received its name in honor of Col. Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who was among its first grantees; and the little local church for many years received the ministrations of Dr. Noah Worcester, the founder of the Peace Society. Amid these peaceful farms, whose rich acres tessellate the meadows with their waving crops, there are half a dozen summer boarding-houses, with inspiring views over the breezy hills that hem in either side of the valley, and rise by picturesque gradations to Mount Tecumseh on the east and

Moosilauke on the west. The views from the road over Gilman Hill and from Peaked Hill are the finest in this glen; and from the solitary town-house a road leads eastward to the beautiful Mill-Brook cascades.

Above Thornton comes the forest-town of Woodstock, with over thirty thousand acres of woodlands, traversed by bright trout-brooks, and broken into ranges of untrodden hills, Trosach-like in their wild beauty. Of late years, it has advanced more rapidly as a summer-resort than any of the other valley-towns, and can take care of more than six hundred of the "cities' caged ones" in its dozen rustic *pensions*. Plenty of pure air, good water, and imposing scenery, fishing and hunting, riding over picturesque roads, rambling along cool meadows and among ancient forests unite to charm the wayfarer. From the openings in the narrow valley two-score of mountain-peaks are seen, closing in at the north at the colossal gateway of the Franconia Notch, walled in by stately peaks. Waternomee, Moosilauke, Cannon, Lafayette, Liberty, Huntington, and Loon-Pond Mountain cluster around the little glen in massive ranks, clear in the sunlight or draped with drifting clouds. Up on the high plateau of Loon Mountain is a great pond, fringed with rocks, and surrounded by unbroken solitudes of highland forests. The Grafton Mineral Spring, with its healing waters; the wilderness-drive into Thornton Gore; the vast prospect from Wyatt Hill; the charming rock-and-water scenery of the Agassiz Basins; the ice-caves near the Beaver-Brook cascades; the Elbow Ponds, out near Mount Cilley; the Pilot-Hill Basin, hid among the hills; the cliffs of Bryant's Ledge; the bold rocks of Parker's Cliff, afford material for many pleasant rambles. On the west, a path seven miles long leads through the forests and defiles to Mount Moosilauke. And up in the edge of the great Pemigewasset wilderness, where the road stops in dismay at the unbroken jungles ahead, is the lonely house of Pollard, the guide for all this savage region, for Loon Pond and Hancock Branch and Thoreau Falls and Ethan's Pond, and many another rarely visited locality. It is over twenty miles (or a hard two or three days' journey) from this outpost of civilization to the White-Mountain Notch, through a trackless solitude.

The northern terminus of the Pemigewasset-Valley Railroad is at North Woodstock, near the hotels; and thence old-fashioned mountain-stages dash away upward to the Flume House, four and a half miles away, and farther on to the Profile House.

There is a delightful side-excursion from the Pemigewasset Valley, a dozen miles from Campton Village, to the mountain-walled glen of Waterville, an immense township with a population of fewer than two-score persons. The boarding-house in this secluded basin was for many years known as Greeley's, and is always occupied in summer by cultivated Bostonians, of the professional classes, who find here great peace and congenial society, amid scenery of renowned beauty. The only road in the town is the one leading up Mad River. By this you enter Waterville, and by this you depart. Sturdy climbers may find their way over the vague bridle-path to Livermore and the White-Mountain Notch, fifteen miles distant, or along the disused trail over Flat Mountain to Sandwich. And the writer of these lines

has dragged himself over the top of Sandwich Dome, and again over the top of Tripyramid and Whiteface, and so descended to the Lake Country. But it is much more sensible, and conducive to integrity of garments, to return down the Mad-River road, after a sufficient stay in the glen. The air is remarkably pure and cool, the falling waters are clear as crystal, and the majestic mountain-slopes nobly enfold the dainty little valley. Conventional souls find here their opportunities for knitting afghans and reading novels, for poring over newspapers and playing whist; and the adventurous and athletic may ramble to the Cascades, the Greeley Ponds, the Flume (Waterville has one of its own), and other fair woodland scenes. And here begin the paths up the great mountains of Osceola and Tecumseh and Sandwich Dome (so called by scientific persons, though the rustics number it among their many "Black Mountains"), each a tramp of miles, mostly vertical, and yielding fascinating views over the Lake Country and the wild pell-mell of highlands to the north.



AGASSIZ BASIN.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ASQUAMCHUMAUKE VALLEY.

A TRAIL OF CENTURIES.—RUMNEY.—JOHN STARK, TRAPPER AND GENERAL.—WENTWORTH.—WARREN.—MOOSILAUKE.

THE ancient Indian trails led out from Plymouth up the long valley of the Asquamchumauke (*asquam*, “water;” *wadchu*, “mountain;” *m* for euphony; *auke*, “place”—“Water of the Mountain-Place”), the river since re-named in honor of Capt. Baker, the gallant ranger. The Provincial turnpike followed the same route; and now the railway, by which we have flashed up the country from Boston and Lowell, sweeps along the same highway of centuries. First it enters the narrowing glens of Rumney, hemmed between high and shaggy mountains, and with its two white hamlets, where several scores of refugees from the cities spend their vacation-days. When John Stark was a poor young trapper, hunting along this stream, with three companions, he fell into the hands of the Indians, who, hiding themselves, tried to compel him to invite his friends to row their canoe ashore. Instead, he shouted to them to escape, for the Indians had him, and when the angry redskins aimed at the fleeing hunters, he struck up their rifles. Beaten half to death by his captors, he was borne to Canada. A year later his friends ransomed the hero, afterwards the victor over Burgoyne’s Hessian troops at Bennington, and major-general commanding the Northern Department of the United States.

A few miles above West Rumney, the Congregational hamlet of Wentworth comes into view, near Mount Cuba and the Baker Ponds. Here is another favorite resting-place of unfashionable summer-travellers, in a quiet farming-town, surrounded by highland scenery. The next railway village is Warren, a long and rambling street of houses, among and beyond which are several farms where people get summer-homes for small prices. Few towns are so rich in ponds and brooks and cascades and picturesque hills. There is also great wealth of traditions here, pertaining to the old Indian and pioneer days, and narrated with unusual literary skill in Little’s “History of Warren.”

Moosilauke is one of the noblest mountains in New England, on account of its imposing size, its unexcelled view, and its surrounding curiosities of Nature. It is five and a half miles from Warren to the base, and a good carriage-road five miles long leads thence to the summit, for the last half-mile running along the bare and narrow ridge, of which Col. Higginson says: “As you traverse it, you seem to walk along the heights of heaven.” The utmost peak is crowned by a comfortable hotel accommodating fifty

guests. There are footpaths leading to this great peak from North Woodstock, Easton (towards Franconia), and Warren Summit. There are many who prefer the Moosilauke view to any other in all this land of mountains, and it has the advantage of the other famous and much visited peaks in being comparatively free from obscuring clouds and fogs. Several pages in Ticknor's Guide are devoted to a minute description of it, point by point, and to the wonderful legends of its ravines. It is idle to try to condense them here. Lafayette, Washington, Carrigain, Kearsarge, Osceola, Chocorua, Winnipesaukee, Wachusett, Monadnock, Ascutney, Greylock, the Green Mountains, Mount Marcy of the Adirondack group, Owl's Head and Orford in Canada,—all these are in plain sight, and a hundred others, and the garden-valley of the Connecticut. Washington Gladden says: "The view from the summit of Moosilauke is, on the whole, the most thoroughly satisfactory and inspiring view I have ever seen. The Alps and the Yosemite keep their wonders in store for me; but I have seen most of the New-England scenery, and I give my hearty preference to Moosilauke over every mountain whose top I have climbed. The view from Washington is vast but vague; the view from Lafayette is noble, but it shows us little of the sweet restfulness of the Connecticut Valley; on Moosilauke we get all forms of grandeur and all types of beauty. And we get it so easily! I made the ascent four times last summer, with increasing enjoyment, and I wish that all those visitors to the mountain, to whom the other peaks are familiar, could know of the glory that waits to be revealed to them from the top of Moosilauke."

It is but a short ride over the height-of-land from Warren station to the upper valley of the Oliverian Brook, down whose course the train glides to the station at Haverhill, close to the great Connecticut River.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COÖS MEADOWS.

HAVERHILL.—A DREAMY COUNTRY-TOWN.—BLACK MOUNTAIN IN BENTON.—NEWBURY.—A BEAUTIFUL MEADOW-LAND.—MONTEBELLO SPRINGS.—MOUNT PULASKI.—WOODSVILLE AND WELLS RIVER.

WHEN the pioneers from Massachusetts came up into this Indian-haunted country, the famous Coös meadows, in 1762, they named their new towns after the two chief places in their fondly remembered Essex North, to wit, Haverhill and Newbury. Haverhill is now an ancient country-town, with its inn and Congregational church and academy and the old-time mansions of the local and professional aristocracy resting around the common, shaded by immemorial trees, and not far from the venerable court-house of Grafton County. The dominant characteristic of the place is its amazing stillness and repose, right well calculated to rest brains and nerves on edge with the roar of Broadway and State Street. The manufacturing-suburb on the Oliverian Brook is well secluded from this quiet and dignified village; and one hundred and fifty feet below, the lovely inter-vales of the Connecticut spread out for thousands of acres, rich in the varied products of Yankee farms. This town alone produces seven thousand tons of hay yearly, besides potatoes and barley, oats and corn, maple-sugar and wheat sufficient to feed hungry legions. Across the verdant meadows, a league or so away, is fair Newbury, and one of the pleasantest drives in this vicinity leads round this famous Ox-Bow, and through North Haverhill, Woodsville, Wells River, and Newbury, a great circle around the alluvial plain.

Still broader is the view from Catamount Hill, a mile out of the village, or from Powder-House Hill, on the other side. And if one wants a capital mountain-trip, with plenty of hard climbing and amply rewarding views, the rocky Benton Range may be attacked from Haverhill, and from Black Mountain's splendid crest of white rocks he may look out on Moosilauke and Lafayette, and enjoy a bird's-eye view of the Arcadian valley.

On the Vermont side of the great Connecticut Valley, opposite Haverhill, a plateau makes out from Mount Pulaski, upbearing the lovely and tranquil village of Newbury, with its churches and academy and elm-shadowed common, and many legends of the ancient days, when the beginnings of New England were in progress. There can hardly be a fairer prospect in all these States (or in the world beside) than that given from the little rocky hill of Montebello, on the edge of the hamlet; and "Picturesque America" has done well to praise its exquisite beauty. The foreground is occupied by



TIFF ON-HOW, NEAR HAVERHILL.

the great Ox-Bow intervals, covering four hundred and fifty acres with their rich farm-lands, golden grain and deep-green meadow-grass, and nearly encircled by the broad silvery curves of the Connecticut, placid and stately, and flashing in the warm sunlight. Beyond this foreground of Paradise-like beauty, the alder-bushes along the stream give place to dark woods and steep upland pastures; and over these rise the fine peaks of the Benton Range, Black and Sugar Loaf and Owl's Head, ten miles long, and overlooked by the grand purple-tinted Moosilauke. The highest of the Benton peaks reaches but little over three thousand five hundred feet, but smooth pastures lead up to the very edges of the cliffs, and lend to the prospect an unusually alpine aspect of ruggedness and height. The combination of this long line of stern uplifted crags and the idyllic peace and soft Southern beauty of the Connecticut interval is the glory of the Newbury view. In rambling along the meadow, a hundred changing phases of this prospect may be gained, with the charming accessories of the great lowland elms, most graceful of all New England's wealth of trees.

Under the shadow of Montebello is a group of mineral springs, resembling those of Harrowgate, and in popular use for medicinal purposes since the dawn of the century. The iron springs are strongly tonic, and have been found efficient in enriching the blood; and the sulphur-water, administered in heated baths, is said to heal a great variety of maladies, from brain-exhaustion at one end to gout at the other. There is a large boarding-house here, with scientific bath-rooms and other adjuncts; and if urban guests are not benefitted by the celebrated mineral waters, they will surely be the better for the pure air and sylvan quiet of the place, and its views of dreamland beauty. If a vaster prospect is desired, it may be had from the top of Mount Pulaski, a cliff-bound hill not far from the village-street; and other interesting scenes appear from the roads to Bradford and Piermont, and Haverhill and Wells River, or back among the hemming hills of Vermont.

Up at the head of the valley are the twin villages of Woodsville and Wells River, separated by the Connecticut River, and overlooked by the ponderous Mount Gardner. This is a convergent point of several railways, — the Boston & Lowell, Passumpsic Division of the Boston & Maine, and Montpelier and Wells-River lines. There is much changing of cars here, by passengers bound to and from the White Mountains; and then the mountain-train runs back over the bridge it has just crossed, and rolls away up the Wild-Ammonoosuc valley, past quiet old Bath, with its group of boarding-houses; and Lisbon, a busy village with gold and copper mines, and several public houses. Stages leave this station for Sugar Hill, the far-viewing ridge over the Franconia valley. A few more miles up the long Ammonoosuc glen, and the train slows up at Littleton.

Down in the valley of the Ammonoosuc, close beside the rushing stream, nestles the busy village of Littleton, with its churches and country-stores, and its glove-factories and other profitable industries, whose output reaches half a million dollars a year. And here also is the great Kilburn stereoscopic-views factory, whose pictures of the mountains are known all over the country.

On the high hill above Littleton, overlooking the village and the Ammonoosuc Valley, and giving one of the grandest possible views of the White and Franconia Mountains far beyond, are the two chief summer-hotels of this vicinity, attractive in their architecture, and surrounded by verdant lawns and perfumed pine-groves and beds of bright flowers. The surroundings are delightfully quiet and rural, while within ten minutes' walk one can enter the busy main street below, with its many shops and other conveniences, often missed at the remoter summer-resorts.

There is an unusual number of pleasant rural drives around Littleton, leading to Franconia, Sugar Hill, Bethlehem, Lisbon, Gilmanton Hill, Upper Waterford (and the Fifteen-Mile Falls on the Connecticut River), and many other points, with capital views of the great mountains, and of the unknown hills of Vermont. And close about the village are Mount Eustis, Mann's Hill, Parker's Cliff, Morrison's Hill, and other famous view-points, from whose airy pastures are gained some of the fairest valley and mountain views in all New England.

Take it all in all, the Waterford drive is one of the most interesting in this neighborhood, with the quaint old Vermont hamlets of Upper and Lower Waterford, and the musical rapids of the river.

The railway advances from Littleton to Lancaster and Groveton, up the Connecticut Valley; and a branch line turns in towards the mountains, to Bethlehem and the Profile House, Fabyan's and Mount Washington, the White-Mountain Notch and North Conway. All these points, famous among summer-tourists, are more fully described in earlier chapters of this book.

CHAPTER XXI.

A GLIMPSE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SUDSBURY AND THE WAYSIDE INN.—PRINCETON AND WACHUSETT.—
THE NASHUA VALLEY.—RUTLAND AND BARRE.—BELCHERTOWN.—
AMHERST.—HADLEY.—NORTHAMPTON.—MOUNT HOLYOKE.

THIS route leaves the great Lowell station, in Boston, and at Somerville turns off to the westward. From Cambridge Junction a branch line diverges to the historic towns of Lexington and Concord, and to the pleasant summer-resort of Bedford Springs. The Central line keeps to the westward, past the aristocratic hill-suburb of Belmont; and Waverly, famous for its venerable oak-groves; and Waltham, the seat of the great watch-factory, and close to Prospect Hill; and Weston, with its patrician



Somerville.
Highlands Station.
B.A.M.R.R.

country-estates; and Wayland, a lovely rural town with a new summer-hotel. There are several stations in the old town of Sudbury, with farm boarding-houses among the fields and woods. Here, also, still stands the quaint Wayside Inn, founded in 1666, and immortalized in Longfellow's poem:

"One autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves.
As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay."

Two other volumes of verse—Dr. T. W. Parsons's "The Old House at Sudbury" and Gerry's book of rural poems—have found their themes in this pleasant town. Just beyond South Sudbury, we get a glimpse of Sudbury Centre. The State built a monument here to commemorate the battle of April 21, 1676, when King Philip's Indians wellnigh destroyed the village, and annihilated a detachment marching to its rescue.

Westward the route keeps its way, around the bold hills and through the forests of Hudson and Bolton and Berlin and the Boylstsons; and at Oakdale, where the Quinapoxet and Still Rivers unite, it crosses the Worcester, Nashua & Portland Division of the Boston & Maine, running from Worcester, a few miles to the southward, to Nashua, Rochester, and Portland. Descending the Quinapoxet Valley, fine views of Wachusett Mountain are gained, and also of Princeton village, one of the most popular mountain-resorts in Massachusetts, where the lone peak of Wachusett rises high over



OLD HADLEY.

the Worcester-County plains. Princeton, with its summer-hotels, is situated on a high plateau, with charming views in every direction. Three miles beyond the village, a capital carriage-road reaches the Summit House, whence you can see Monadnock, Kearsarge, Moosilauke, the White Mountains, Boston, and a hundred towns and villages, mountains and lakes, and hazy valleys.

The Worcester, Nashua & Portland Division, a link in one of the routes from New York to the White Mountains, runs down through

" Rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods, the gentle Nashua flows."

After leaving the bright and prosperous city of Worcester, and cutting across our line at Oakdale, it throws off a connecting line to Fitchburg at Sterling Junction, and at the pleasant village of Clinton crosses another

railroad to Fitchburg. A few miles beyond is the lovely old village of Lancaster, with elm-lined streets, patrician villas, and summer boarding-houses.

Farther on are the stations of Harvard, Ayer Junction, and Groton, all of them near famous old hill-villages, in a picturesque land of lakes and glens. Many hundreds of people from Boston summer among these convenient highlands. Pepperell is another deeply interesting old village on this route, near the Nissitisset Hills, and with the manorial estate of the Prescotts.

Next, our westward line enters the rich old farming-town of Rutland, at the exact geographical centre of Massachusetts, and twelve hundred feet above the sea, favored by many summer-guests; and passes near the once-famous Coldbrook Springs, amid the Oakham hills; and traverses Barre and Barre Plains, amid the dairy-farms of the Ware-River Valley, and not far



OX-BOW IN CONNECTICUT RIVER, FROM MOUNT NONOTUCK.

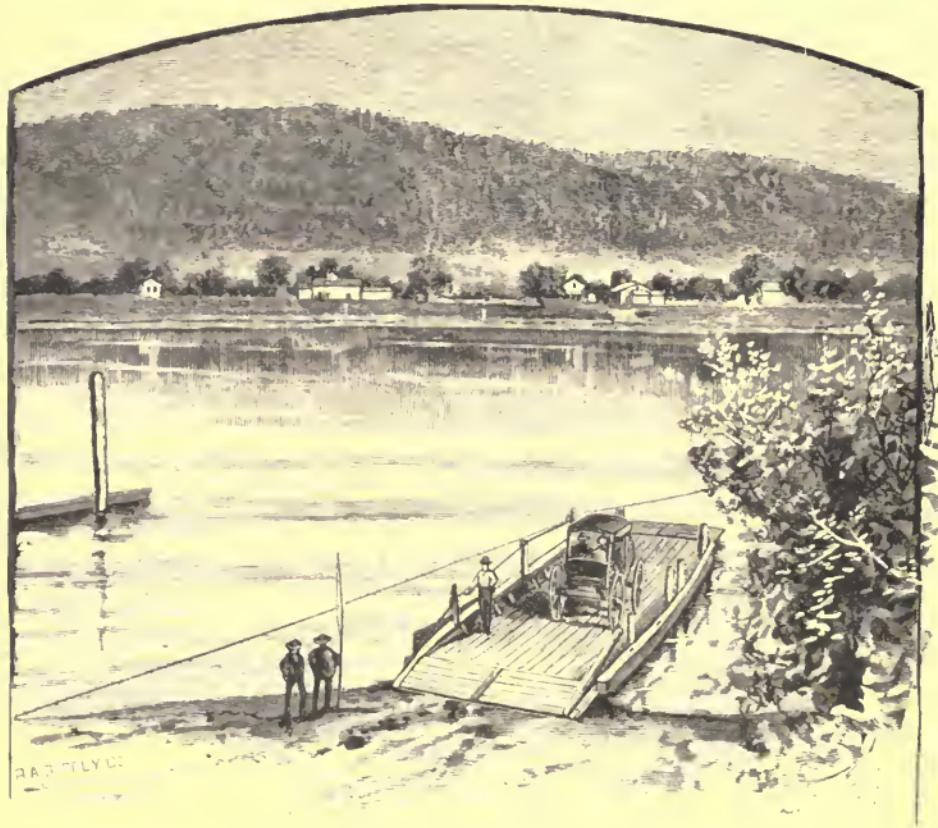
from the summer-resort of Petersham. The glens of Ware River are followed by the factory-villages of Gilbertville and Ware, and so on to Bondsville, the route bending far south to avoid the great ridges which environ the Swift River. Then it swings around to the north-west, amid rugged highland scenery, following the valley, which is also the route of the New-London Northern Railroad.

Belchertown is a bright and handsome village near the western end of the Mount-Holyoke range, abounding in interesting scenery of lakes and hills, and latterly much visited in summer, especially by New-Workers. In this remote mountain-glen Dr. J. G. Holland was born, and Henry Ward Beecher preached his first sermon.

Beyond Belchertown, the line descends toward the Connecticut Valley,

with views of the Holyoke peaks, winding and unwinding in charming combinations, and seen across lily-strewn ponds and rugged farm-lands. Presently the college-town of Amherst is reached, with its handsome and high-placed educational buildings and summer pleasures, and the famous Amherst College and the Massachusetts Agricultural College. From this favorable centre, we may visit Mount Toby or Norwottuck ; or explore the garden-like valley.

A long grade carries the train down to Hadley, one of the loveliest villages in America, whose great street, a mile long and sixteen rods wide, with quadruple lines of ancient elms, has been justly called "the handsomest



MOUNT HOLYOKE, FROM HOCKANUM FERRY.

street by nature in all New England." All this region is filled with memories of the old Indian wars, but the savages always suffered defeat before the walls of Hadley, and retired in dismay to the wilderness. This is the town where Gen. Goffe, the regicide judge, headed the people in a heroic repulse of the red invaders. And here, a century and a half later, of the same gallant race, Fighting Joe Hooker was born.

Across the lovely intervals of the Connecticut goes our railway, and then over the river on a long bridge, with exquisite views on either side. And so we reach Northampton, the pleasant little city on the Connecticut, with its prosperous manufactories and proud local spirit. This is the seat of

Smith College, a richly endowed and prosperous institution for the higher education of women. One of the great lunatic asylums of the State stands near the city; and on Round Hill, once famous for its classical school, "the Massachusetts Eton," is the Clarke Institution for Mutes. The history of this section of the valley overflows with romantic interest, and many of the chief men of Massachusetts originated here. Among the citizens at the present time is George W. Cable, the famous Louisiana author.

It is only two miles to Mount Holyoke, with its inclined railway and summit-hotel, and a view which is absolutely unexcelled for beauty, including, as it does, the fair meadows, the far-winding Connecticut, the spires of Springfield and Hartford and scores of other towns, the heights about New Haven, Greylock and the Berkshire Hills, leagues upon leagues of the Green Mountains, and the blue peaks of Monadnock and Wachusett. In easy excursions from Northampton, we may also visit the Mount-Holyoke College and Seminary, where New-England girls have come for education during more than half a century; and historic Hatfield, oftentimes stormed by hostile Indian bands, but now engaged in the peaceful cultivation of tobacco; and Old Hadley, dreaming on its verdant meadows; and Florence, with its great silk-mills; and Goshen, high up among the hills; and many another pretty hamlet or far-viewing mountain, in the garden of Massachusetts.

Stedman sings, of Northampton :

" There still the giant warders stand
 And watch the current's downward flow,
 And northward still, with threatening hand,
 The river bends his ancient bow.
 I see the hazy lowlands meet
 The sky, and count each shining spire,
 From these which sparkle at my feet,
 'To distant steeples tipt with fire."

As a well-known English traveller has written: "Ah! surely this whole Connecticut Valley, and the river that goes meandering through it, is one of the chosen homes of romance. How musical its names!—Chicopee, Agawam, Massasoit, and so on. The scenery will compare with that of the famed Rhine and Moselle—indeed, it has more variety, for the vine is omnipresent there, while the blossoming and fragrant trees that line the banks of the Connecticut fill and satisfy the most exacting sense."

CHAPTER XXII.

SOUTH-WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

AMHERST.—MILFORD SPRINGS.—MILFORD.—MONT VERNON.—THE CONTOOCOOK VALLEY.—PETERBOROUGH.—DUBLIN.—MONADNOCK.—KEENE.

THE hill-country of South-western New Hampshire is a region of picturesque diversity of scenery, with bright lakes, lofty highlands, and quiet villages of the well-known New-England type. It is quickly and easily accessible from Boston and other large cities; and thousands of refugees from the super-heated streets come hither every summer to enjoy the clear, pure air, and to "take in Nature at the pores." The route across the southern tier of counties,—Hillsborough and Cheshire,—is by the branch of the Lowell System of the Boston & Maine Railroad running from Nashua, on the Merrimac, to Keene, on the Ashuelot River, with subordinate branches to Peterborough, in the Monadnock country, and Contoocook, in the western suburbs of Concord. The first important point, after leaving Nashua, is Amherst, near the pleasant old village that used to be the metropolis and shire-town of Hillsborough County, before the rise of Nashua and Manchester. The first settlers were Massachusetts veterans of the Narragansett War of the year 1675; and the place had more inhabitants and vastly more consequence before the Revolution than it has now. In later days, Horace Greeley, the great New-York journalist, was born in a farm-house about five miles from the village. The "Farmer's Cabinet" is the local newspaper, published now for eighty-seven years. There are a dozen or so of summer boarding-houses in the town; and the drives along the Souhegan Valley, and among the bordering hills, abound in placid beauty. A mile and a half away, high up on the hills, are the Milford Springs, famous for more than seventy years for their valuable curative properties, and latterly, under the name of Ponemah Water, much used as a table-beverage. Rheumatism, dyspepsia, debility, and other troubles incident to this life of pain are benefitted by these flowing springs, and by the sweet forest-perfumed air of the ridge, which overlooks the Merrimac Valley for many leagues.

A few miles beyond Amherst, up the fair valley of the Souhegan, is the manufacturing-village of Milford, with its pleasant Common and unusually good public buildings, and a surrounding country rich in farm-products. Great quantities of milk are sent daily to Boston, from this and the other towns bordering the Souhegan. Semi-daily stages run northwest to Mont Vernon, on the Quohquinaspissakesanannahquog, River, a beautiful and well-

cultivated highland-town, the seat of the McCollom Institute. Fully four hundred summer-guests can be cared for at one time in the village-inns and surrounding farm-houses. It was proposed to name the latest new hotel after the stream which flows through the town, but the proprietors concluded that the cost for advertising would be too great, and a simpler title had to suffice them. The views from the high plateau of Mont Vernon abound in interest and beauty, for it is a thousand feet above the sea, and commands the Hillsborough lowlands for many leagues. The burning of Boston, in 1872, was easily seen from this remote watch-tower of the hills. Many places of interest are found in the vicinity,—Purgatory, Joe-English Hill, the Uncanoonuc Mountains, Lake Babboosic, Milford Springs, the glens of New Boston, and others; but there is no compulsion to visit them, and summer-guests may rest under the great trees, and dream over the valley-views, and inhale the bracing highland air, without reproach.

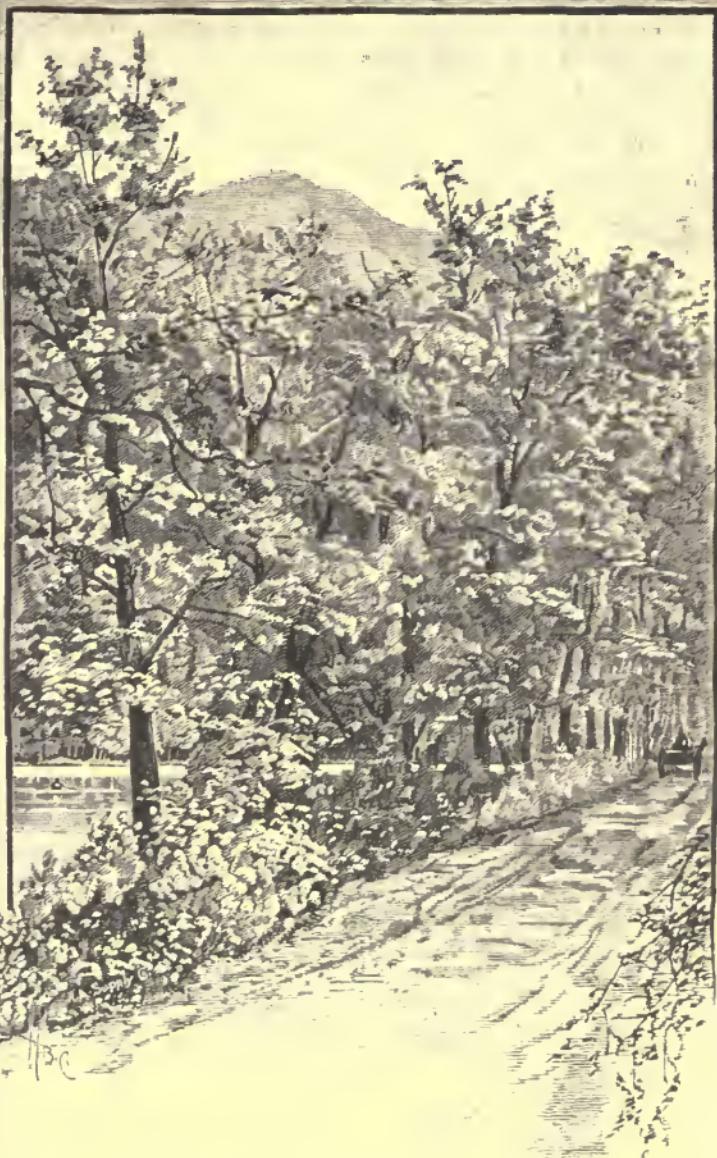
Wilton, a few miles farther up the railway, is one of the busiest of factory-villages, well-known also for its cattle-shows and its large shipments of milk. The surrounding country abounds in farm boarding-houses, where five dollars a week is held as a goodly price for accommodation. The milder scenery of the valley-towns gives place here to strong and noble mountain-features, in the ranges radiating from mighty Monadnock. Among these rich and extensive farm-lands, diversified by shadowy fragments of the forest primeval,

"Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;
And the landscape lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood."

Stages run down through the hills to the charming village of New Ipswich; and it is but a few miles to Lyndeborough, one of the most picturesque mountain-towns in this region, with several hospitably inclined farmers.

Farther up the line we come to Greenfield, with another group of *mansions*, and the fine scenery of Crotched Mountain, Lyndeborough Mountain, and half a dozen glimmering ponds.

At Hancock Junction we enter an antique and conservative town, named for the famous John Hancock, one of its first proprietors, and occupied for generations by families of farmers. Here, and in the neighboring town of Bennington, there are accommodations for several hundred summer-visitors, in a calm and restful agricultural country, high amid the hills. At the Junction, the railroad is crossed by the railroad from Contoocook to Peterborough, and we may ascend the Contoocook Valley southward for seven miles to the last-named place, one of the most prosperous manufacturing-villages in the State, and endowed with banks, newspaper, hotels, churches, a public library, and other metropolitan luxuries. Peterborough was settled by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians a century and a half ago, and acted as a defensive outpost of Massachusetts against the northern Indians. Climbing up from the narrow glen in which the village nestles, you reach the high plateau and ever-present hills, with many comfortable farms and summer boarding-houses, and glorious views of Monadnock and its brethren. The best of these outlooks may be gained from the old grave-yard hill in the centre of the town, two hundred feet above the river. A beautiful river-road



DUBLIN POND.

runs six miles from Peterborough to Jaffrey, the old-time Middle-Monadnock town, famous as a summer-resort, and commanding, from its quaint old village high up on the plateau, a royal view of Monadnock. And another pleasant road runs from Peterborough to Dublin, the most fashionable summer-resort in all the Monadnock country.

Returning to Hancock Junction, we may go northward by railway down the Contoocook Valley to Contoocook and Concord, traversing the quiet hill-towns of Bennington, Antrim, Hillsborough, and Henniker, each with its half-score of summer boarding-houses. Hillsborough was the birthplace of Franklin Pierce, fourteenth president of the United States.

Returning to the main line from Manchester to Keene, after these divagations along the silvery Contoocook, we soon reach Harrisville, whose chief village, thirteen hundred feet above the sea, is well known for its manufactures of woollen goods and flannels. Four miles to the southward is the picturesque mountain-town of Dublin, which includes much of gray old Monadnock, and has of late years become a highly favored resort during the season of hot weather. There are many summer-cottages here, pertaining mainly to Boston families; and a good carriage-road encircles the lake, and affords many enchanting views. Dublin Pond is one of the loveliest, clearest lakes ever born of mountain-brooks, and affords capital bathing and sailing, with gently-shelving beaches which abound in garnets. The village is fifteen hundred feet above the sea (some say twenty-six hundred), which exceeds the height of Bethlehem. And all the surrounding scenery is Scottish, in its pleasant mingling of the lochs and the highlands. The air is pure and bracing; the waters flow in limpid sweetness from cold springs; and the roads wind away amid lines of sugar-maples and other fine trees. Across the lake rises the noble peak of Monadnock, Emerson's

“ Monadnock is a mountain strong,
Tall and good my kind among; ”

and another poet's

“ Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.”

You may drive around into Jaffrey, and up to the Monadnock-Mountain House, high up on the great range; and thence a rugged path leads upward over the ledges to the summit, looking out on the Green Mountains, the White Mountains, the Franconias, Wachusett, the Berkshire Hills, and all the wide valleys intervening.

“ If the gods had but heard of the charming scenes,
Away in the distance below,
They'd leave famed Olympus, its rock and ravines,
And come to Monadnock, I know,
And Orpheus (the charmer) of enchanting tame,
Would cause the whole mountain to ring,
And trees, rocks, and cattle would cheer and proclaim,
Monadnock of mountains is King! ”

From Hancock Junction to Keene the line affords many beautiful views over the Ashuelot Valley, especially in the open country about Marlborough.

And so at last the train crosses a long viaduct and enters the "proud little city of Keene," rich in its variety of manufactures and in a large country-trade. The charms of the scenery,

"By bosky dell, blue lake, and grassy fell,"

are so generally recognized that the local inns have accommodations for five hundred guests. Stages run ten miles westward to Lake Spofford, among the hills of Chesterfield; and railroads diverge north-westward to Bellows Falls, and south-westward to South Vernon, on the Connecticut; and south-eastward to Winchendon, in Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WESTWARD FROM CONCORD.

HOPKINTON.—WARNER.—BRADFORD AND ITS SPRINGS.—SUNAPEE LAKE.
NEWPORT.—CLAREMONT.

ANOTHER division of the Lowell System of the Boston & Maine Railroad runs westward from Concord to the Sunapee-Lake country, and across to Claremont, in the Connecticut Valley.

Three miles from Contoocook, and seven miles (by stage) from Concord, is the Perkins Inn, in the beautiful old town of Hopkinton, famous for its great trees and fair scenery. From Putney Hill, a mile distant, you may see Moosilauke, Chocorua, Monadnock, Kearsarge, and other points in seven counties.

Beyond the village of Contoocook, whence a branch runs up the Contoocook Valley to Peterborough, we soon reach Warner, a pleasant old village, under arching lines of rock-maples, with a long main street following the course of Warner River, and lined with neat and attractive dwellings, and the churches and public buildings. Among these pleasant homes is that of Amanda B. Harris, the author; and in the outer environs we may find the summer-homes of Senator William E. Chandler, and Gov. N. G. Ordway, of Dakota, and Eaton Grange, the estate of President Eaton, late United-States Commissioner of Education. Ezekiel Straw and Walter Harriman, both governors of New Hampshire, were natives of Warner. Within easy driving distance are Hardy's white-sulphur springs, Point Lookout, the far-viewing Bald Mink, and other interesting localities, to say nothing of Sunapee Lake and Bradford Springs. A good road also leads up on the great Kearsarge Mountain to within half a mile of the summit.

Above Warner, the railroad climbs along the Warner-River Valley, past several rural stations, and through many a deep forest and lonely neighborhood of farms, to Bradford, a pleasant village, not far from Lovewell's and Sunapee Mountains, and the dark Kearsarge. Here is the lovely Bradford Pond, with its bold shores and wooded islands, a glorious feature in the landscape. And a few miles to the south-west we may find the Bradford Mineral Springs, frequented by invalid Indians before Boston was founded, and for half a century favored with a summer-hotel, surrounded by rugged highlands. A few miles beyond Bradford, through a region of Tyrolese savagery, and up heavy grades cut through the mountains, and the train runs along Sunapee Lake, of which more is said in our "LAKES AND STREAMS." Kearsarge, Cardigan, Sunapee Mountain, and other tall peaks are now

within sight, rising from this picturesque lake-country, and affording noble prospects.

Not far beyond, we come to Newport, the capital of Sullivan County, surrounded by many hills, and enriched by the pleasant glens and intervals opening into the Sugar-River Valley. The village extends down a mile-long street, with its four churches and town and county buildings, and the offices of the professional gentry, and the stores which control a large country-trade. Favored by the best of roads, leading through pleasant scenery of hill and dale and lake, Newport attracts several hundred summer-guests every year, and gives them plenty of pure air and rural diversions. Three miles to the southward are Unity Springs, with tonic iron-waters, and a hotel.

The route beyond Newport descends the rugged glens about Sugar River for several miles, to the brisk manufacturing-village of Claremont, abounding in hills and streams, and favored by wanderers from the cities. From Bible Hill, or from Flat Rock, we may overlook the Connecticut Valley for many



a bright league, and from Green Mountain a nobler view is gained. And an excursion can also be made to Ascutney, the famous Vermont peak, whose crest commands hundreds of miles of broken country, extending even to the White Mountains.

Outside of Claremont stands an Episcopal church founded in 1773 on a domain given it by King George III. of England, and still supported by its royal glebe-lands.

Two miles beyond Newport village the railroad terminates, at Claremont Junction, where a connection is made with the Central Vermont Railroad, midway between Bellows Falls and White-River Junction.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE KEARSARGE COUNTRY.

A BIT OF THE MERRIMAC.—THE ANDOVERS.—MOUNT KEARSARGE.—THE CANAANS.—MOUNT CARDIGAN.—A GLIMPSE OF THE CONNECTICUT.

THE line of the old Northern Railroad (now a part of the Lowell System of the Boston & Maine Railroad) follows a north-westerly course from Concord to the Connecticut Valley, through a region of highlands and lakes, visited by thousands of summer-idlers every season. For many miles, it runs along the pleasant intervalle of the Merrimac, with broad views, on either side, of cultivated fields and white hamlets. On Duston's Island, as you cross the Contoocook River, you may see (close to the train, on the right) the tall Amazonian statue of Mrs. Hannah Duston, who here killed the Indians who had borne her captive from burning Haverhill, and so escaped to her people. Next we pass through rich old Boscawen, the birthplace of Senator Fessenden, and of Gen. Dix, whose "If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot" is among the watchwords of our national history. Not far from the manufacturing-village of Franklin, farther up the line, was the birthplace of Daniel Webster, the greatest of American orators. A branch line runs from Franklin up the Pemigewasset Valley to Bristol, near the beautiful Newfound Lake (see "LAKES AND STREAMS"). Beyond the bright Webster Lake and East Andover, near its beautiful Highland Lake, and with many a notable view of Ragged Mountain on the north, comes Andover, a quiet hamlet with good accommodations, and the attractions of Apple Hill, Echo Lake, the Salisbury roads, and other vistas of grand scenery. It is two miles to Ragged Mountain, and five miles to Kearsarge.

Potter Place, the next station, received its name from a famous wizard and necromancer who used to live near by. Stages run thence four miles south to the Winslow House, high up on Kearsarge, and with a bridle-path leading to the summit of that famous peak. (It should be said here that there are many people who believe that the victorious war-ship *Kearsarge* received its name from this mountain, and not from its namesake at North Conway. Several polemical pamphlets have been written by the partisans of the two peaks.) The climb to the crest is not a severe one, but it wrung from Horace Greeley the heartfelt ejaculation, "Thank God it is no higher!" The view from the top includes the White, Franconia, and Green Mountains, Cardigan, Croydon, and Ascutney, the lakes of Sunapee and Winnipesaukee, and many leagues of the Merrimac Valley.

"Kearsarge,
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun,"

has been the theme of several brilliant poems, ever since Passaconaway's braves brought to the nuptial feast

"Steaks of the brown bear, fat and large,
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;"

and Whittier's drovers sang

"Tomorrow, eastward with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kearsarge,
Have seen the sun of morning;"

and Edna Dean Proctor praised it as

"The monarch of our mountain-land."

And the grand naval poem on a previous page should be read here.

Stages also run from Potter Place eight miles west to New London, a pleasant old hill-town, the seat of the well-endowed New-London Literary and Scientific Institute. It has one or two summer-hotels and several boarding-houses, frequented during the season by lovers of quiet rural scenery. On one side of the town lies the broad mirror of Sunapee Lake.

The next station beyond Potter Place is West Andover, close under Ragged Mountain, and near the pleasant scenery of the Black-Water River and Eagle Pond. Many families spend their summer-vacations here, riding, fishing, and otherwise enjoying country-life.

Farther on, the Northern Railroad runs north-west through the glens and narrow valleys of Danbury and Grafton, passing half a dozen lonely little stations. Then it reaches Canaan station, at East-Canaan village, which has a large country-trade, and stage-routes to several secluded hamlets among the hills. Close by is the Jerusalem-Spring House, on high ground and in the vicinity of pleasant groves, at the foot of Mount Tug. The spring produces an uncommonly pure alkaline water. In the vicinity, you can drive to the Enfield Shakers' community, the mica-quarry, the Pinnacle, Indian River, and a score of lakes and ponds. A road leads five miles to the northward to the little Mountain House on the slope of Mount Cardigan; and after a short hour's climb thence, over the ledges, you may stand on the noble granite peak above, and look out over half of New Hampshire and Vermont. Less than three miles from East Canaan is the great grassy avenue of Canaan Street, a full mile long, bordered on one side by Crystal Lake and overhung by magnificent elms.

The railroad traverses the towns of Enfield (see "LAKES AND STREAMS") and Lebanon, and crosses the Connecticut River to White-River Junction, where it connects with the Central-Vermont lines for Montpelier, Burlington, and Montreal, and for Stowe *via* Waterbury. The Passumpsic Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad runs thence northward along the Connecticut for many miles.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE VERMONT BORDER.

NORWICH AND DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—FAIRLEE AND ORFORD.—THE OLD BRIDGE.—THE COÖS COUNTRY.—UP THE PASSUMPSIC.—A WESTERN SCOTLAND.—ST. JOHNSBURY AND NEWPORT.—JAY PEAK.—A RAID INTO CANADA.

THE Passumpsic Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, about 145 miles long, runs northward from White-River Junction, where it connects with the Northern-Railroad Division of the Boston & Maine System from Concord, and with the Central-Vermont Railroad, coming up the valley as a part of the through route from New York to Quebec, and also crossing the Green Mountains to Montpelier and Burlington.

For about a third of the way, the Passumpsic route closely follows the beautiful valley of the upper Connecticut River, amid the rugged scenery of the mountains, the western outposts of the White and Franconia ranges. Throughout this fifty miles, the river flashes along by the side of the track, giving an unusual brilliancy and vivacity to the scene.

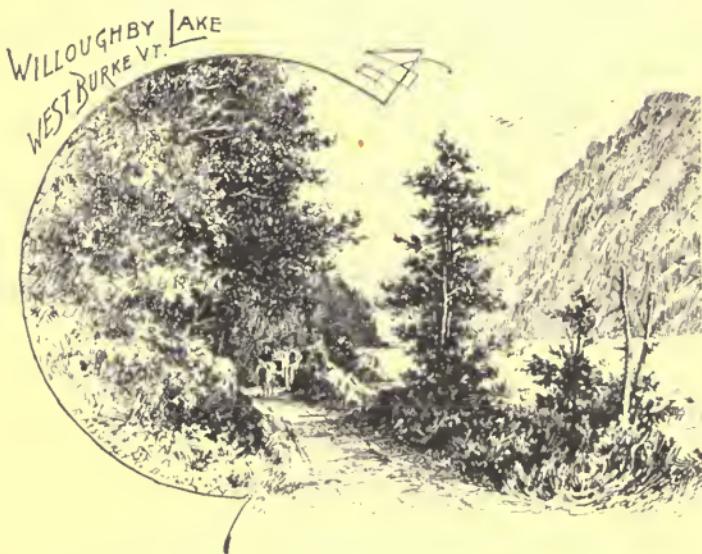
A few minutes' run from White-River Junction brings us to the ancient Vermont village of Norwich, on a plain near Bloody Brook, whose name commemorates a battle fought here during the days of the French wars. Norwich University, the chief local institution from 1832 until its buildings burned, in 1866, in its day held high rank as a military academy, and graduated many distinguished officers of the American army. Just across the river, over a pleasant-viewing bridge, is the fine old college-town of Hanover, on a fair upland plain, amid beautiful rural surroundings. On its broad campus, overshadowed by noble trees, stand the buildings of the famous Dartmouth College, the *alma mater* of Webster, Choate, Thaddeus Stevens, George Ticknor, Levi Woodbury, Salmon P. Chase, and many other famous men. It was founded in 1770, as a school for Indian missionaries. The chapel, library, and other buildings are handsome modern structures; and the art-gallery and museums merit a visit.

Above Norwich we cross the bright little Ompompanoosuc River, flowing down from the valleys occupied by the Vermont Copper Company, and once famous for its shipments of copperas.

Oak Hill and Thetford Hill crowd down close to the Connecticut, and under their shadows the silvery rails are followed to Thetford, whose village lies among the hills a mile to the westward of the station. Off to the right appear glimpses of Moosilauke.

Beyond the station of North Thetford comes the station of Fairlee and

Orford, near the lake where Captain Morey built the steamboat *Aunt Sally*, more than seventy years ago. Morey successfully ran a small steamer at Fairlee as early as the year 1792, and Robert Fulton came up here and studied its operation, years before he built his first steamboat on the Hudson River. Over this historic pond the bold Yosemite Cliffs impend; and above them towers the crest of Mount Fairlee, commanding a charming view of the Connecticut Valley. The venerable hamlet of Orford lies on the farther shore of the river, with its mile-long mall lined with great trees, and leading nearly to the famous view-point of the Seven Pines. Among the many summer-visitors who have found great content here were Christine Nilsson, Washington Irving, James T. Fields, Elihu Burritt, and John S. C. Abbott. Mount Cuba, a few miles distant, commands a glorious view of the White and Franconia Mountains; and the drive may be prolonged to the picturesque Baker Ponds, and over into the Moosilauke country.



Running north from Fairlee, the route is crowded into the narrow pass between Sawyer's Mountain and the river, with Soapstone Hill on the other side of the stream. Piermont station is near "The Old Bridge," celebrated in the poem beginning :

"Bowered at either arching entrance
By a wilderness of leaves,
Clustering o'er the slant old gables,
And the brown and mossy eaves."

The poet, the same who wrote

"Only waiting till the shadows,"

was the daughter of the toll-gatherer at the bridge.

A short run over the intervals of Waite's River, with the white houses of Bradford on the left, leads to the station of Bradford, a bright Vermont village, a few miles from Wright's Mountain. Farther on, we traverse the

edges of the famous Coös meadows, with ancient Haverhill high up on the plateau beyond the Connecticut. (Haverhill and Newbury are mentioned in an earlier chapter.) After passing Newbury, very charming views are given over the great Ox-Bow Meadows, with Moosilauke and the alpine peaks of Sugar Loaf and Black Mountain beyond.

So we come to Wells River, a hill-girt hamlet close to the rushing Connecticut, at the mouth of Wells River, coming down from the great ponds of Groton. Here we may change cars for the summer-resorts of the Franconia and White Mountains, or for Montpelier and Western Vermont.

Ryegate, the next town on our northward route, was settled 125 years ago, by immigrants from Lanarkshire. The main body of these Scottish pilgrims was halted by Gen. Gage, in Boston, and compelled to return to their own land, but after the Revolution many of them crossed the sea again, and settled among these lonely glens.

Beyond the lumber-mills at McIndoe's Falls we reach Barnet, in another town populated by Scots. And so, whirling around Stevens Hill, the route leaves the Connecticut, and begins to climb the long valley to the northward, crossing and recrossing the Passumpsic River, with the high Waterford



hills on the east. The next considerable village is St. Johnsbury, the shire-town of Caledonia County, the seat of the great factories where the Fairbanks scales are made, and with a famous art-gallery, a large academy, and other cultivating influences. Here we cross the great railway route from the White Mountains to Lake Champlain, mentioned in the next chapter.

Running northward up the valley, through St. Johnsbury Centre and the Lyndons, we get occasional views of Burke Mountain, on the right, and the Green Mountains, on the other side. At West Burke, stages are in waiting for Willoughby Lake, six miles distant, amid noble and interesting mountain-scenery. The route leads through a wilder region, and Jay Peak looms proudly in the distance. Beyond the league-long Crystal Lake, overlooked by the forest, are the stations of South Barton and Barton Landing. We are now in the St.-Lawrence Valley; and the line runs down the course of Barton River, past quiet little Coventry, and along the great southern bay of Lake Memphremagog, to Newport, the chief summer-resort of this region, with its hotels and steamboats and other vernal attractions (see "LAKES AND STREAMS").

The ascent of Jay Peak is one of the most arduous and profitable mountain-excursions in Northern New England, and may be made from Westfield, a dozen or more miles west of Newport, and reached by a daily stage in eleven miles from North Troy, on the railroad running westward from Newport. From the summit you may see the vast White-Mountain range, the Franconias and Moosilauke, the shining levels of Lake Champlain and Lake Memphremagog, scores of leagues of the Green Mountains, the plains of the St. Lawrence, and the smoke of Montreal.

The line crosses the lake at Newport, and follows its shores for several miles, with fine views over the broad and beautiful Memphremagog, and glimpses of Owl's Head and other well-known mountains.

“Owl's Head wears its coil of snow,
Memphremagog hides below.”

Just after crossing the United-States frontier, Stanstead Junction is reached, with its branch line to Stanstead Plain and Derby Line. The route lies across the Eastern Townships, settled by New-England men a century ago; and soon reaches the beautiful Massawippi Lake, nine miles long, and abounding in fish. The course of the Massawippi River then leads the line down to Lennoxville, the seat of Bishops' College, on the St. Francis River, and the point of divergence of the Canadian Pacific Railway for Lake Megantic. A short run farther brings the train to Sherbrooke, the capital of the Canadian county of Compton, at the confluence of the Magog and the St. Francis. Thence the Grand Trunk Railway will take us to Montreal or Quebec, or the Quebec Central Railway to Quebec.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

LUNENBURG. — ST. JOHNSBURY. — DANVILLE GREEN. — WALDEN. — GREENSBOROUGH. — THE GREAT RAILWAY BEND. — THE LAMOILLE VALLEY. — STOWE AND MOUNT MANSFIELD. — SHELDON. — MAQUAM BAY.

FROM Fabyan's, in the very heart of the White Mountains, a half-day's excursion by rail through the Green Mountains and across Northern Vermont leads to the shores of Lake Champlain. The first part of this most interesting journey descends the familiar valley of the Wild Ammonoosuc, and around by Bethlehem Junction and Wing Road; and beyond the great lumber-mills of Whitefield it turns off from the Littleton-Lancaster line, and rounds the long Dalton Mountain. Then it crosses the Connecticut River, to the beautiful highland hamlet of Lunenburg, with its summer boarding-houses, and a series of the noblest views of the White Mountains. Passing along the edge of the silver-shining Miles Pond, and by the drowsy hamlets of Concord, at East St. Johnsbury the Passumpsic River is met, and followed down to the great village of St. Johnsbury, one of the future cities of Vermont. Here the Passumpsic Division is crossed; and leaving the terraced hills and pretty villas of the scale-making town, the line goes forward to Danville Green, crossing a trestle seventy-five feet high and sever hundred feet long. The last-named village is famous for its vast and magnificent view of the mountains of New Hampshire; and, indeed, from many points along this line of railway there are remarkable and inspiring prospects of the Presidential Range, the Franconias, and other great peaks, grouped in close and serried ranks. As the train swings around the long horse-shoe curves, turning again and again upon itself, this magnificent group of mountains appears first on one side and then on the other, or straight ahead, or dead astern. In the nineteen miles from St. Johnsbury to Walden, traversed in an hour, the line ascends eight hundred feet. The carriage-road from St. Johnsbury to Danville Green is seven miles long, but the railroad must go thirteen miles, to climb those noble heights. Near West-Danville station is the famous Joe's Pond, abounding in black bass. At Walden, which looks out on the White Mountains, Jay Peak, and Mount Mansfield, the height of land is reached, and the line begins its long descent to the Champlain Valley, entering the valley of the Lamoille, and describing an immense horse-shoe curve of many miles, with the track that we are to traverse long afterward seen far below across the glen, and within a mile.

Greensborough is two miles from the station, over the hills, and fifteen

hundred feet above the sea, in a country famous for its grain and dairy products and maple-sugar. Of late years, it has become a favorite summer-resort of New-Haven and Yale-University people.

Caspian Lake, one of the most famous fishing-resorts in Vermont, is six miles around, with many picturesque points and bays and beaches, and finely wooded shores. From Barr Hill, two miles from the village, the White and Franconia Mountains are seen, and the majestic panorama of the Green Mountains.

At Greensborough Bend, the line makes a grand curve of seven miles to gain one mile, like some of the Pennsylvania Railroad's grades in crossing the Alleghany Mountains, where it is said that the engineers and rear brakemen can shake hands while swinging around the bends. The little Lamoille River is followed through the hilly Hardwicks, and past Wolcott, with fine views of the huge Elmore Mountain and Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump, the last two remaining in sight for many miles, and appearing in constantly changing forms. The Lamoille flows now in a broader current, shimmering between banks overshadowed by rich groves, and rising now and then into fertile hills.

Semi-daily stages run from Morrisville station eight miles south to Stowe, the chief summer-resort of the Green Mountains, with its great Mount-Mansfield Hotel, pleasantly situated in a typical New-England village. It is ten miles from Stowe to the top of Mount Mansfield, by a good road, five miles over the country roads, two and a half miles of climbing to the Half-way House, commanding a superb view; then two and a half miles more up the wooded ridge to the Summit House; and a clamber on foot of a mile and a half, to the top of the Chin, three hundred feet higher than the Nose, and commanding a vast and magnificent prospect over the wilderness and the fertile valleys of Vermont, the Green-Mountain range, the beautiful expanse of Lake Champlain, the deep-blue Adirondack Mountains of New York, the houses of Burlington, the shining spires of Montreal, and the great Connecticut Valley, overlooked by the White-Mountain wall.

There are many other points of interest about Stowe.—the Smuggler's Notch, with its great spring; the Moss-Glen Falls, in a deep ravine of Worcester Mountain; the far-viewing West Hill; and various mineral springs and cascades, enfolded in this great glen of *Les Monts Verts*. Stowe is also reached by stages from Waterbury, ten miles south, on the Central-Vermont Railroad, and from White-River Junction to Montpelier and St. Albans.

This is the crowning beauty of

“Vermont,—our glorious mother!
Strong with the strength of thy verdant hills,
Fresh with the freshness of mountain-rills,
Pure as the breath of the fragrant pine,
Glad with the gladness of youth divine.”

Hyde Park, settled by Connecticut veterans of the Revolutionary War, and now the shire-town of Lamoille County, is a bright and pleasant village near the tree-sprinkled intervals of the Lamoille, on the railroad.

Beyond Johnson, the railroad and river rush through the defile between Sterling Mountain and Round Mountain, and down to Cambridge Junction, whence the Burlington & Lamoille Railroad diverges to Burlington. A few miles south of Cambridge is Underhill, one of the favorite summer-resorts of the Green-Mountain region. Our route turns sharply to the northward, through a wild and hilly country, passing Fletcher and the Fairfields, and soon reaching Sheldon, with its mineral springs, at the crossing of the Missisquoi-Valley Railroad, running from St. Albans to Richford.

The train descends the Missisquoi Valley rapidly, through the villages of Highgate, and crosses the Central-Vermont Railroad, in Swanton, whence we may take trains west to Alburgh Springs and Rouse's Point, Paul Smith's, on St. Regis Lake, and beyond; or south to St. Albans and Burlington, or north to Montreal. After passing this station, our mountain-conquering line reaches Maquam, with its summer-hotel and steamboat dock, and its hopes of becoming an important city. Here the steamer may be taken for the ports on Lake Champlain, whose silvery waters shine invitingly before the little hamlet, dotted by great wooded islands, and fringed with pleasant beaches. Crossing the lake to Plattsburgh, we may there take the train into the famous Adirondack Mountains, towards Lake Placid and the Saranac Lakes, ex-President Cleveland's favorite summer-resort. From Plattsburgh the boat runs up to Port Kent, the route to the Ausable Chasm; and then crosses to Burlington, the queen-city of Lake Champlain, and the metropolis of Vermont. Steamboats run thence to Essex, Westport, Port Henry, Ticonderoga, and other landings in the southern part of Lake Champlain, connecting for Lake George and Saratoga. See "LAKES AND STREAMS."

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO CANADA TOWNS.

MONTRÉAL.—MOUNT-ROYAL PARK.—NOTRE DAME AND THE CATHEDRAL.—THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.—QUEBEC.—THE UPPER TOWN.—LITERATURE.—THE CHURCHES.—THE CITADEL.—MONTMORENCI FALLS.

MONTREAL, the queen of the St. Lawrence and the great city of Canada, has been the goal of thousands of American pilgrimages of all kinds,—mountain-tourists, wedding-journey people, trans-continental travellers, and afflicted financiers. This bright and joyous modern city stands on the site of the Indian town visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535, and by Champlain sixty-eight years later, and of the semi-monastic French colony founded in 1642 by Maisonneuve, and captured successively by the Iroquois, Schuyler's New-Yorkers, and Montgomery's American army. The local merchants, by vast outlays of money and effort, have opened such channels to the sea, that this is now a regular port for four-thousand-ton steamships from England, and the docks and quays excel those of any American city. The great bridges that cross the St. Lawrence in front of Montreal are familiar by report everywhere.

Over the city rises the great ridge of Mount Royal, most of which is occupied by a public park, traversed by roads and drive-ways, and adorned by bits of forest and lawn and shrubbery. The views from its higher parts include the great city below, the broad and winding river, the populous French parishes in Chambly and La Prairie, and the conspicuous mountains of Vermont.

The immense Church of Notre Dame, fronting on the Place d'Armes, with seats for ten thousand persons, has been for nearly half a century the chief "lion" of Montreal, since the old Yankee fathers used to bring their children here to see "the great Papist meeting-house." But the new Cathedral of St. Peter, on Dominion Square, not far from the Windsor, now surpasses Notre Dame, being a copy of St. Peter's at Rome, smaller than the original, but full of massive strength. A daintier and more beautiful edifice is Christ-Church Cathedral, the Anglican metropolitical church, a perfect specimen of English Gothic architecture, amid the patrician houses of St. Catherine Street. Among the other localities to be seen in this pleasant town we must include the Gray Nunneriy, the lovely chapel of the Nazareth Asylum for the Blind, the buildings of McGill University, the most prettily frescoed Gesù Church, the modern city hall on Jeanne-Cartier-Square, the great Bourseours Market, and the Seminary of St. Sabine.

The streets of this northern capital are full of animation and activity, and in many respects resemble the thoroughfares of an American city of the second class. The great gray stone mercantile buildings of the wholesale districts, the imposing architecture of the banks and public buildings, the plate-glass windows and bright displays of the retail quarter, the movement of countless horse-cars, the throngs of shopping-parties on the sidewalks, give a brilliant variety to the scene, and furnish material for interested observation. Off in another quarter of the city the life is all French, and one might fancy himself in a quiet little *faubourg* of Rouen or Bordeaux. The island on which Montreal is built covers nearly two hundred square miles, and contains several bright French villages, named after the saints, and grouped around great convents or parish-churches. Pleasant excursions may be made to St. Anne, Tom Moore's

"We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn,
Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past;"

or to the Iroquois House, on the Belœil Mountains, a favorite summer-resort of Montrealers; or the Lachine Rapids, where the St. Lawrence steamboats shoot downward through the boiling whirlpools and rock-fringed white abysses; or Hochelaga, with its huge convent.

When the summer-voyager is at Montreal, he should surely go to Quebec also, and this may be done by a voyage of a single night down the beautiful St. Lawrence, past scores of ancient French villages and towns. Or he can make the journey more quickly by railway, passing in seven hours from one city to the other.

Quebec is a great French commercial city, of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, built in a triangle between the St. Charles River, the St. Lawrence River, and the Plains of Abraham, and divided into the Upper Town, three hundred feet above the river, and the Lower Town, close to the level of the stream.

On her noble heights, frowning down on the mighty St. Lawrence, and surrounded by a country of great interest and beauty, stands the city of Quebec, the Gibraltar of America. Nothing can be more of a contrast to the cheery modern cities of the American republic; and its charm for cultivated travellers is perennial. Within the embattled walls of the Upper Town cannon and convents nestle side by side, as in the days of the Crusades, shrines and statues of the saints, high battlemented stone portals, *terrepleins* overlooked by Armstrong guns, the whilom homes of English dukes and French marquises, people wearing Norman blouses and clattering down the stone pavement in *sabots*, steep house-gables and shining tin roofs, the melody of the basilica-organ and the Ursuline bells, and everywhere the crisp, short-cut words of provincial French, the *marche-donc* of the *caleche*.

drivers. All these strange sights and sounds impress the nineteenth-century man like some quaint old black-letter volume, or a fragment of Bayeux tapestry, or a chapter of "Ivanhoe."

And the views from this Upper Town, whether from the citadel, or the old houses fronting on the ramparts, or the world-renowned Dufferin Terrace, are of such grandeur and fascination as no other town on the continent can parallel. Under the great cliffs extend the narrow and crowded streets and roaring commerce of the Lower Town, fringed with piers and steam-boats, ocean-liners, and packet-ships, and diversified by great stone public buildings. The noble St. Lawrence flows past, with its vast commerce from Duluth, Mackinaw, Chicago, and a thousand mid-continental ports, making of this eagle's-nest of a city, four hundred miles from the Atlantic, an imposing sea-port. Down its stream, the Isle of Orleans guards the harbor of Quebec, a French county of seventy square miles, with many an ancient church and holy convent, and legends of centuries of Norman rule. Across the northern channel glimmers St. Anne de Beaupré, the most famous pilgrimage-shrine north of Mexico; and beyond, sweeping around a wide arc of the horizon, the grand Laurentides Mountains lift their blue lines.

There are several guide-books to the town,—Le Moine's and others,—and here is a good place to read Parkman's brilliant histories and Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance." Besides the good hotels in the Upper Town, there are half a dozen boarding-houses frequented by American tourists. Many pleasant hours may be spent in the library of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, in Morrin College, hospitably open to visitors.

The churches are attractive to strangers, especially the Basilica, or Cathedral of the Catholic Archdiocese of Quebec, whence Laval de Montmorency "waved his crozier over half a continent, from the strand of Miquelon to the spring of Itasca; from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to where the rosy sea-shells murmur in the Bay of Pascagoula." The Church-of-England Cathedral, not far away, abounds in mural monuments, regimental standards, and stained windows. Other churches have their attractions,—Notre Dame des Victoires, in the Lower Town, built in 1690; Notre Dame des Anges and its monastery, near the General Hospital; St. John, outside of St. John's Gate; the Chalmers Church, close to the Citadel, exemplifying radical Scottish Presbyterianism; the Hôtel-Dieu convent-church, with its rich old paintings by French and Spanish masters; and the Ursulines' chapel, also enriched by rare pictures.

Everyone goes to the Citadel, and follows a Canadian artillerist around that vast and imposing relic of the Middle Ages, with its ravelins and casemates and bomb-proofs and batteries. The most interesting feature is the magnificent view over the valley of the St. Lawrence and its white villages and far-away mountain-walls.

Out on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe defeated Montcalm, in 1759, and added a vast empire to England, a monument marks the place where the victorious general died. Not far away, the immense new Parliament building of the Province of Quebec lifts its gray walls, visible for leagues over the Lorette and Charlesbourg plains and from far down the majestic river.

Everyone rides out to the Montmorenci Falls, a charming trip of perhaps eight miles each way, leading through the league-long village of Beauport, more French than Carcassonne or Yvetot, with its roadside crosses and tall parish-church, all hidden from the modern world by the vast ramparts of Quebec. The Montmorenci is one of the most beautiful falls in the world, cream-tinted, surrounded with spray-enriched herbage, and enshrined in a niche of chocolate-brown cliffs opening off one side of the harbor of Quebec.

All the environs of the old chivalric city—Lorette, Charlesbourg, Sillery, Cap Rouge, etc.,—are full of interest. As Howells says: “The whole landscape looks just like a dream of ‘Evangeline.’”

Steamboats leave Quebec at regular intervals for the ports of the St. Lawrence, from Montreal in one direction to Father Point in the other, running with frequency to the neighboring villages like Point Levi, St. Pierre, Beaulieu, Pointe aux Trembles, and St. Lambert. And railways lead to Montreal and Ottawa, to New England, and the Maritime Provinces. The Quebec & Lake St. John Railway runs to the interesting Lake St. John (see “LAKES AND STREAMS”).

The routes from Boston to Montreal lead over the Boston & Maine Railroad and its connections, either by the Central-Vermont line across the Green Mountains and through St. Albans, or by the Canadian Pacific line from Newport, on Lake Memphremagog.

The routes from Boston to Quebec lead over the Passumpsic route and by Lake Memphremagog to Sherbrooke, where we may reach Quebec by the Grand Trunk Railway or the Quebec Central Railway.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

POLAND SPRING.

THE VIEW FROM THE HILLS.—A BIT OF HISTORY.—PRECIOUS HEALING WATERS.—THE ENVIRONS.—THE AVENUE OF APPROACH.

FOREMOST among the summer-resorts of the hill-country of Maine stands the famous Poland-Spring House, eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, on a breezy plateau which looks out on the Ossipee Range and the White Mountains, and across leagues of lowlands, amid which glimmers many a silver lakelet. Mount Kiarsarge is also visible, with its hotel; and the long levels of Sebago Lake; and the tall spires of Lewiston. The medicinal virtues of the Poland Spring were known to the Indians, but their matter-of-fact successors were too busy in conquering the soil and establishing their homes to regard this well-spring of health, and it remained practically unknown until 1859, when several wonderful cures were wrought by its instrumentality. Then began the public development of the property, which has gone forward without check, until now five hundred guests may often be found here at one time, and the export of the water amounts to nearly four hundred thousand gallons a year. The water issues from a fissure-vein in the gneiss and mica-schist rocks, near the surface of the hill, and is of an alkaline nature, an active remedial agent in cases of rheumatism and rheumatic gout, dyspepsia and indigestion, gravel and diabetes, and other kindred ills.

Visitors to the spring find pleasure in boating on the lakes, a mile or so from the hotel, and in riding about the picturesque and diversified country, to the Shaker village at New Gloucester, to Lewiston and Auburn, and over the Raymond hills. There is refreshment and invigoration in the cool breezes of this hill-top, coming from the ocean, not many miles away to the southward, or from the gorges of the White Mountains, over the green lowlands. All summer long, the frequenters of the great hotel enjoy many forms of social relaxation and amusement, to make the golden hours fly fast.

Poland Spring is reached by through parlor-cars on the Boston & Maine to Portland, thence *via* the Maine Central or Grand Trunk Railroad to Danville Junction, from whose remarkably pretty station stages run to the hotel, a distance of about five miles, over a picturesque and much-ascending road. The running-time from Boston to the hotel is five hours.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HIGHLANDS OF MAINE.

FRYEBURG. — A BIT FROM HOWELLS. — MOUNT PLEASANT. — LOVELY OLD BETHEL. — THE GRAFTON NOTCH. — PARIS HILL. — MOUNT KATAHDIN.

ONE of the loveliest villages in all New England is Fryeburg, standing in the bend of the Saco River, a few miles below North Conway. Here Howells laid the scene of "A Modern Instance," and he thus pictures the place:—

"The village stood on a wide plain, and round it rose the mountains. They were green to their tops in summer, and, in winter, white through their serried pines and drifting mists, but at every season serious and beautiful, furrowed with hollow shadows and taking the light on masses and stretches of iron-gray crag. The river swam through the plain in long curves, and slipped away at last through an unseen pass to the southward, tracing a score of miles in its course over a space that measured but three or four."

The conservative old village has a goodly academy, and a broad street between overarching trees and old colonial mansions. All around sweep the lovely intervals of the Saco, overlooked by majestic mountain-forms. And here you may visit Lovewell's Pond, "more deeply dyed with tradition than any other body of water in New England;" or the huge granite boulder of Jockey Cap, near the pond; or Pine Hill, with its famous views; or the Northern New-England Chautauqua Union Camp-grounds, two miles away; Chatham, and the Kezar Ponds; and many another interesting point in this part of Western Maine.

Mount Pleasant lies ten miles to the eastward of Fryeburg, forming a long rampart-like ridge which rises out of the levels of the Sebago-Lake country. It is a very interesting mountain to visit, on account of its isolation; and commands a noble outlook over the White Mountains on one side, and the blue bosom of Sebago on the other, under Portland's spires. A road two miles long leads from the plain to the summit, where there is a commodious hotel. Ten miles from the mountain is the great village of Bridgton, the metropolis of this beautiful lake-country.

Fryeburg may be reached by the Maine Central Railroad, from North Conway or from Portland.

Thirty-five miles north of Fryeburg, across the rugged and interesting towns of Lovell and Albany, is the olden summer-resort of Bethel, which may be visited by the Grand Trunk Railway, from Portland or from Grafton, or from Gorham, eight miles north of the Glen House.

Bethel has not developed as a summer-resort with the rapidity that has characterized the other mountain-villages, and this is probably due to its considerable distance from Boston and other cities, and the circuitousness of the route. But even now it has a dozen or more boarding-houses; and many hundreds of vacation-tourists come hither every season.

It is an academy-town, abounding in churches and antique houses, and rising on a gentle eminence around which the rich and fertile intervals of the Androscoggin spread out their fields of pastoral beauty. The valley is more open than that of Conway, and the surrounding hills, with their bare tops and cultivated sides, are less frowning and savage than those that enwall the Saco. The chief feature in the view from these hills, and front the village itself, is the great cluster of the White Mountains, looming at the apparent head of the Androscoggin Valley. Hence, also, we may visit the Albany Basins, the glens of Gilead, the Pleasant-River Valley, and Rumford Falls; and stages run to the Grafton Notch, Lake Umbagog, and Dixville Notch. The finest scenery of the Grafton Notch is between Speckled Mountain and the Bear-River White-Cap, in a lonely region, seldom visited by travellers, but filled with the charms of Nature.

Down the Grand Trunk Railway are the hill-country hamlets of Locke's Mills and Bryant's Pond, where people go for fishing and for picturesque highland prospects. Norway nestles down near the long and beautiful Pennessewassee Lake; and from Pike's Hill or Singe-Poll the White Mountains may be seen. The dignified old capital of Oxford County, Paris Hill, crowns the highlands two miles or so from the South-Paris station, and near Mount Mica, famous for beryls, tourmalines, garnets, rose-quartz, and other gems.

The secluded hamlet of Phillips, at the end of the Sandy-River Railroad from Farmington (reached by the Maine-Central line from Portland), affords several highly interesting mountain-excursions. The easiest of these leads to the summit of Mount Blue, in five miles, and provides for compensation an unusual prospect of the White Mountains, Mount Saddleback and Mount Bigelow, and a vast expanse of the distant sea. The path is less than a mile long, and the top is clear. Eight miles from Phillips, and beyond Madrid, is the bare crest of the great Saddleback Mountain, rising from a long and lofty ridge. The unrolled map of Western Maine, as seen from this lone watch-tower, is embossed by many a well-known forest-peak, and lighted up by the sheen of the Rangeley Lakes. The famous Mount Aziscoöös, in the heart of the Rangeley country, may be ascended from Aziscoöös Falls, on the Magalloway, or (in five miles) from the larger Richardson Pond, and looks out over the network of lakes and streams below, with Magalloway and other settlements, and the White Mountains. The top is of white granite blocks, imbedded in acres of blueberries and white cranberries. All this region, for many leagues, is prolific in woodland charms, and affords the best of fishing and hunting. We should never have done, if we unfolded the mountain charms of Andover; the ascent of Mount Bigelow from Flagstaff, beyond Dead River and the Seven Ponds; the lonely journey to Mount Abraham, towering over Kingfield; or the wilderness-bound peak of Goose-Eye.

The royal mountain of Maine, Mount Katahdin, is so remote in the wilderness that it is less visited, even by New-Englanders, than Pike's Peak or Ben Lomond. There are four routes from Bangor to Katahdin: (1) by rail to Mattawamkeag, and thence by rough roads twenty-four miles to Fowler's, and twenty-four miles by canoes and carries to the Aboljackarmegas stream, whence a trail of nine miles leads to the summit; (2) by rail from Bangor to Milo, thirty-two miles by rough roads through Brownville to Middle Joe Merry Lake, twenty miles by canoe to the Aboljackarmegas, and nine miles by trail; (3) from the head of Moosehead Lake, two and one-half miles by road, and fifty-three miles by the Penobscot River, to Aboljackarmegas; or (4) from Bangor by rail to Mattawamkeag, twenty-four miles by stage to Sherman, whence thirty-three miles of rugged roads lead into the great Katahdin Basin, on the most picturesque side of the mountain, and near the beautiful Katahdin Lake. All these routes are minutely described by Prof. Charles E. Hamlin, in twenty-five pages of "Appalachia" for December, 1881 (Vol. II., No. IV.); but not more than fifty persons a year visit this lone peak, which Theodore Winthrop pronounced "the best mountain in the wildest wild to be had on this side the continent," and overlooking hundreds of leagues of almost unbroken forest. It is not an excursion *virginibus puerisque*.

There are many other noble mountains in the old Pine-Tree State, but they are not yet included in the domains of summer-tours, and need not be described here. Of these are the tall highlands among the northern lakes; the unvisited ranges about Moosehead; the eastern outworks of the White Mountains; and the untrodden peaks along the Canadian frontier. Here are the cradles of the great rivers, which enrich the populous tide-water plains, winding down from their northern network of lakes, shining under the dark-green shadows of bear-haunted sierras.

" Rivers of surpassing beauty
 From thy hemlock woodlands flow, —
 Androscoggin and Penobscot,
 Saco, chilled by northern snow;
 These from many a lowly valley
 Thick by pine-trees shadowed o'er,
 Sparkling from their ice-cold tributes
 To the surges of thy shore."

ALTITUDES OF MOUNTAINS

IN NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND.

The heights of the chief summits are taken from Prof. E. C. Pickering's monograph in "Appalachia" (Vol. IV., No. IV.). Most of the others are from the "Geology of New Hampshire."

Abraham (Me.), 3,387.	Carter Dome, 4,856.	Iron, 2,736.
Adams, 5,819.	Cherry, 3,600.	Israel, 2,880.
Agassiz, 2,401.	Chocorua, 3,508.	Jackson, 4,076.
Anderson, 3,748.	Clay, 5,554.	Jefferson, 5,736.
Ascutney (Vt.), 3,163.	Cleveland, 2,442.	Kancamagus, 3,774.
Attitash, 2,985.	Clinton, 4,331.	Kearsarge, 2,943.
Aziscoöis, 3,150.	Copple Crown, 2,100.	Kiarsarge, 3,270.
Bald (Shelburne), 3,752.	Crawford, 3,130.	Killington (Vt.), 4,221
Bald (Rangeley), 2,500.	Crescent, 3,322.	Kineo (Me.), 1,958.
Baldcap, 2,952.	Croydon, 2,789.	Kinneo, 3,427.
Baldface, 3,608.	Cuba, 2,927.	Kinsman, 4,377.
Ball, 2,233.	Cushman, 3,326.	Lafayette, 5,269.
Bartlett, 2,650.	Dalton, 2,181.	Langdon, 2,439.
Bear, 3,271.	Dartmouth, 3,768.	Liberty, 4,472.
Bear Peak, 2,807.	Deception, 3,722.	Lincoln, 5,098.
Belknap, 2,394.	Deer, 3,500.	Lowell, 3,765.
Black (Benton), 3,571.	Double Head, 3,072.	Lyon, 2,735.
Blue, 4,533.	Dustan, 2,526.	Madison, 5,381.
Blue (Me.), 3,200.	Eastman, 3,559.	Mansfield (Vt.), 4,389.
Blue (Strafford), 1,151.	Field, 4,355.	Marcy (N.Y.), 5,344.
Blueberry, 2,800.	Flume, 4,342.	Middle, 1,500.
Bond, 4,709.	Forist, 1,950.	Mill, 2,485.
Boott's Spur, 5,529.	Franklin, 4,923.	Mist, 2,243.
Bosebuck, 3,200.	Garfield, 4,520.	Mitten, 3,118.
Pray Hill, 1,633.	Giant's Stairs, 3,512.	Moat (North), 3,217.
Burnt-Meadow, 2,000.	Goose-Eye, 3,200.	Monadnock, 3,169.
Camel's Hump (Vt.), 4,077.	Green's Cliff, 2,072.	Monroe, 5,390.
Camel's Rump, 3,711.	Greylock (Mass.), 3,505.	Moosilauke, 4,810.
Cannon, 4,107.	Gunstock, 2,394.	Moriah, 4,065.
Cape Horn, 2,735.	Guyot, 4,589.	Nancy, 3,744.
Cardigan, 3,156.	Hale, 4,102.	North Twin, 4,754.
Carmel, 3,711.	Hancock, 4,434.	Osceola, 4,352.
Carr, 3,652.	Haystack, 4,520.	Owl's Head, 3,270.
Carrigain, 4,701.	Hitchcock, 3,200.	Pack Monadnock, 2,289.
Carter, 4,650.	Huntington, 3,731.	Parker, 3,015.

Passaconaway, 4,116.	Saddleback, 4,000.	Temple, 1,755.
Paugus, 3,248.	Sandwich Dome, 3,999.	Tin, 1,650.
Penigewasset, 2,561.	Scar Ridge, 3,816.	Tom, 4,078.
Pico (Vt.), 3,935.	Sentinel, 2,032.	Tremont, 3,399.
Piermont, 2,167.	Shaw (Ossipee), 2,956.	Tripyramid, 4,189.
Pilot, 4,186.	Shrewsbury (Vt.), 3,838.	Uncanoonuc, 1,333.
Pleasant (Me.), 2,018.	Silver Spring, 3,001.	Wachusett (Mass.), 2,018.
Pleasant, 4,781.	Skylight (N.Y.), 4,890.	Washington, 6,293.
Pliny, 3,651.	South Twin, 4,922.	Waternomee, 4,096.
Prospect (Plymouth), 2,072.	Squaw (Me.), 3,262.	Webster, 3,930.
Randolph, 3,043.	Starr King, 3,925.	Welch, 3,500.
Red Hill, 2,038.	Stinson, 2,707.	Whiteface, 4,057.
Red Ridge, 2,787.	Sugar Loaf, 2,565.	Whiteface (N.Y.), 4,872
Resolution, 3,436.	Sunapee, 2,683.	Wild-Cat, 4,428.
Royce, 3,219.	Table, 2,953.	Willard, 2,570.
Sable, 3,377.	Tecumseh, 4,008.	Willey, 4,313.

ALTITUDES OF VILLAGES.

Anmonoosuc, 2,668.	Fabyan's, 1,571.	Littleton, 817.
Andover, 628.	Flume House, 1,431.	Newbury, 436.
Bartlett, 660.	Franconia, 921.	North Conway, 516.
Bemis, 995.	Fryeburg, 420.	Peterborough, 744.
Bethlehem, 1,450.	Glen House, 1,632.	Plymouth, 473.
Bradford, 679.	Glen Station, 529.	Rutland (Mass.), 1,200.
Campton, 594.	Gorham, 812.	Sandwich, 648.
Canaan, 956.	Hanover, 545.	Shelburne, 723.
Centre Harbor, 553.	Harrisville, 1,334.	Stowe (Vt.), 720.
Colebrook, 1,026.	Intervale, 549.	Warren, 736.
Concord, 252.	Jackson, 759.	Waterville, 1,553.
Conway Corner, 466.	Keene, 479.	West Ossipee, 428.
Crawford's, 1,899.	Lancaster, 870.	Whitefield, 931.

ALTITUDES OF LAKES.

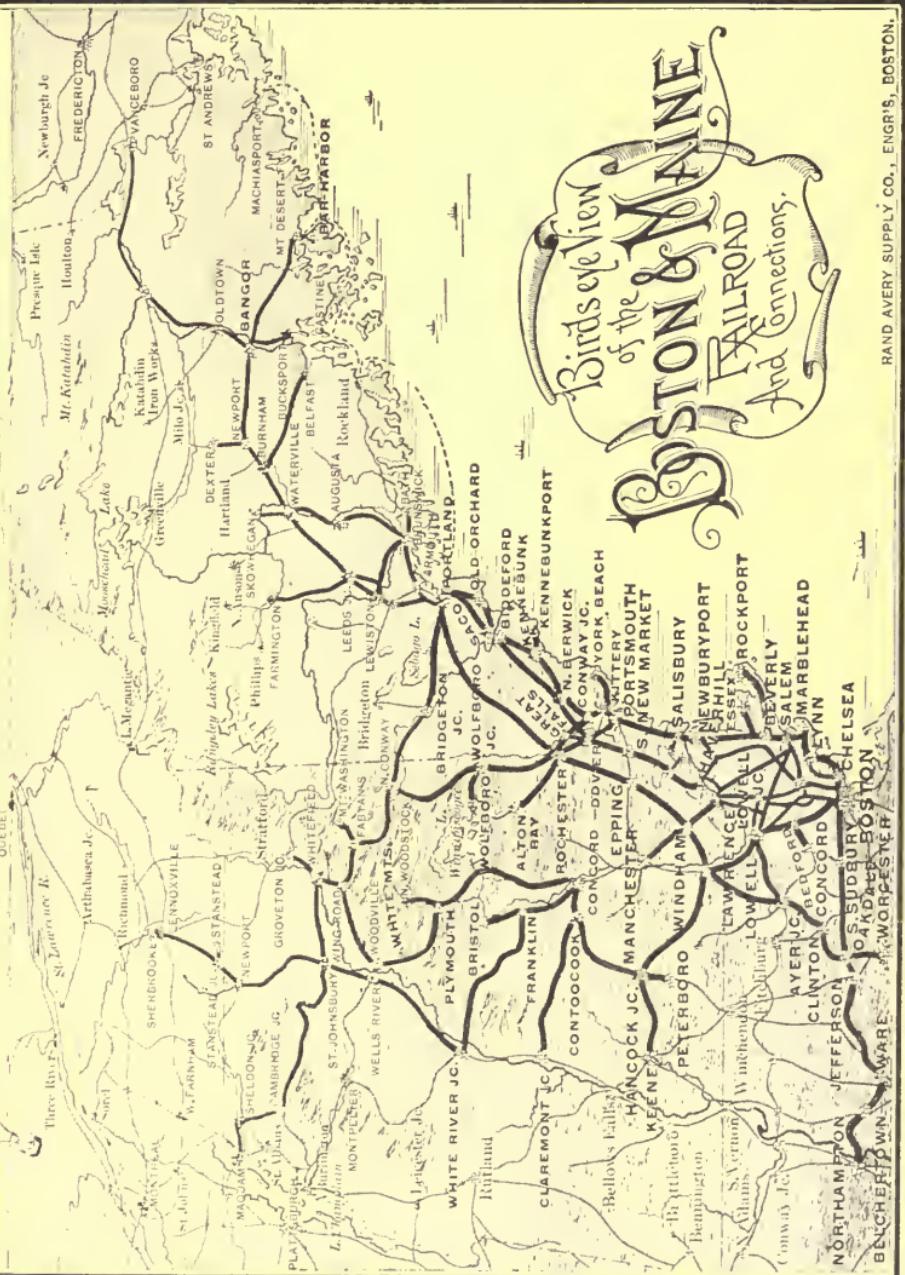
Asquam, 540.	Newfound, 597.	Umbagog, 1,256.
Connecticut, 1,619.	Sebago, 263.	Winnipesaukee, 496-502.
Echo (Franconia), 1,926.	Spofford, 738	
Moosehead, 1,023.	Sunapee, 1,106.	

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HERE AND THERE IN NEW ENGLAND
AND CANADA.

LAKES AND STREAMS.

BY

M. F. SWEETSER.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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DANA J. FLANDERS

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INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the many natural beauties of New England, its lakes and streams command a noble and conspicuous place. From the placid loveliness of the lowland ponds, environed by grassy hills and rich farm-lands, to the wild picturesqueness of the far northern lakes, where the weird cry of the loon is heard by night, and the moose and deer come down to drink, there is almost every variety of water-scenery, and of attractions for the lover of Nature and the sportsman. When the tired city-man closes his ledgers and desk, and reverts to thoughts of the joys of younger days, he cheerily says: "I go a-fishing," and starts off for the grassy banks and rocky shores and darkling forest-pools, whence the trout and bass and pickerel may be drawn, flashing in the fair summer sun. There is Winnipesaukee, mirroring the grand blue mountains of New Hampshire; and Moosehead, buried in leagues of ancient forest; and the Rangeleys, with their camps and carries and woodland shades; and Memphremagog, winding away among the great highlands; and broad Champlain, its silvery tide flowing between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains; and Lake St. John, far away in the wild Northland, cooled by the breezes from Hudson's Bay. It is of these and a few of their comrade-lakes,—Sunapee and Spofford, Asquam and Newfound, Sebago and Megantic,—that we would speak, telling briefly how they may be reached, and what may be found about them. Boating, fishing, bathing, driving, climbing, and many other forms of recreation may be enjoyed amid these tranquil and restful localities, at light expense, and within easy reach of the cities. To those who are wearied of the sea and the mountains, the great lake-country of Northern New England offers new and unusual attractions.

The human interest of this region is hardly less than that which lends such fascination to similar localities in the Old World, for many years the goals of thousands of happy sentimental journeys. The lakes of Westmoreland won the love and called forth the eloquent praises of Wordsworth and Coleridge, but our New-Hampshire mountain tarns have equally enjoyed the frequent visits and inspired the poems of Whittier and Longfellow, in no-wise less admirable. For Virgil and the Lake Maggiore we may often find Hawthorne and Sebago Lake; for William Tell and the Luecrie, we have Daniel Webster in the beloved lake-region of New Hampshire. Lowell, Thoreau, Everett, Bartol, Starr King, Winthrop, and other foremost leaders of Ameri-

ican thought and action, have found here abundant themes for study and inspiration.

A great variety of accommodations is offered to the summer-voyager, from luxurious and costly hotels to comfortable old farmhouses, nestling about the quiet bays. Steamboats of all degrees traverse the clear waters,—the great vessels of Winnipesaukee and Champlain, and the steam-launches and excursion-boats of the minor lakes. There are all sorts of craft for rowing and sailing, and the quaint horse-boats of Winnipesaukee, and the house-boats, built on the model of the family-arks of the upper Thames and the Norfolk Broads. Farther into the wilderness, Indian guides may be found; and wild and lonely streams and lakes may be followed for days without the sight of a hamlet, or even of a pioneer farm.

The present little volume is one of the three companion-books issued by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, under the general title of "*HERE AND THERE IN NEW ENGLAND AND CANADA*." This work is naturally divided into "*ALL ALONG SHORE*," treating of the beaches and islands; "*AMONG THE MOUNTAINS*," dealing with the highlands of New England, from Mount Holyoke, Wachusett, and Monadnock, to the White and Franconia Mountains and Dixville Notch; and "*LAKES AND STREAMS*," devoted to a consideration of the beautiful inland waters of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, and especially to Winnipesaukee, Sunapee, Moosehead, the Rangeleys, Memphremagog, and the far-away Lake St. John, in Northern Canada. Richly bound and handsomely illustrated, it is hoped that these books may be of service both to actual travellers and to people who are planning for a summer-journey. The Boston & Maine Railroad also issues a little book devoted solely to lists of the hotels and boarding-houses in each of the localities on or near its route, rates of excursions and circular-trips, and the service of its parlor and sleeping cars. It is entitled "*BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD SUMMER EXCURSIONS*." With this practical helper, the cost of an eastern trip, in time and money, may be computed approximately.

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Gems of the Northland, never yet
Were lakes in lovelier valleys set
Glossing the granite and the pines
That mark New Hampshire's mountain lines.
And not less fair the winding ways
Of Casco and Penobscot bays.
They seek for happy shores in vain
Who leave the summer isles of allaine!
Lancaster

John G. Whittier

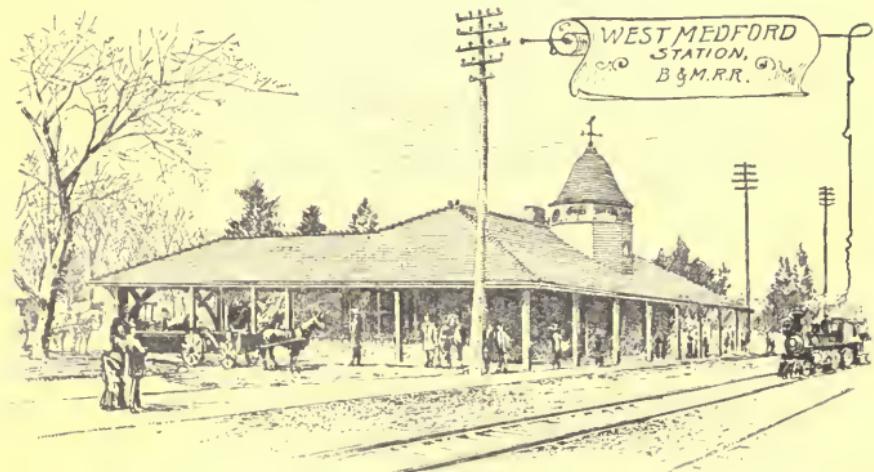
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CHAPTER I.

LAKEWARD ROUTES.

TO ALTON BAY.—A GLIMPSE OF THE MERRIMAC.—TO WOLFEBOROUGH.—ALONG THE SEA.—THE GREAT LAKE.

THERE are two points at which the great lake of Winnipesaukee is touched by the Boston & Maine Railroad, and all summer long the trains of this route are occupied by travellers on their way to the tranquil joys of the northern waters.



The most ancient route, and the shortest one, is that which leads from Boston to Alton Bay, the southernmost extremity of the lake, by the Boston & Maine Railroad, now familiar to two generations of New-Englanders.

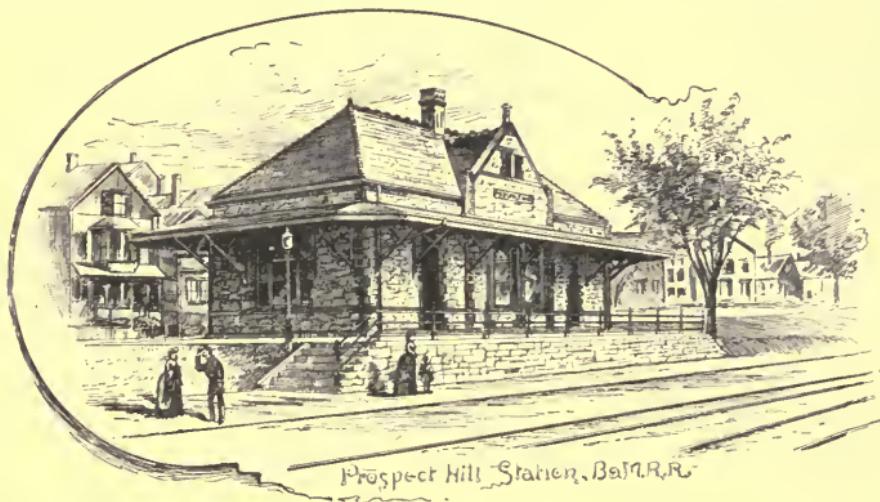
After the hour spent in running through the Boston suburbs, and across Middlesex, the scholastic towers of Andover appear on the view, followed by the red lines of Lawrence's cotton-factories, drawn up in line of battle along the Merrimac. For the next seven miles the train runs a race with the bright blue river, following its course toward the sea, and passing many an ancient hamlet and colonial farmstead.

At the pleasant old town of Bradford, famous for its long-established academy for girls, our line swings around on to a long, high bridge, with the pleasant city of Haverhill in front; and so crosses the Merrimac, looking

"On the river, full of sailing,
To the lip of green slopes,
Winding 'twixen wooded hills,
Willow skirted, white with sails."

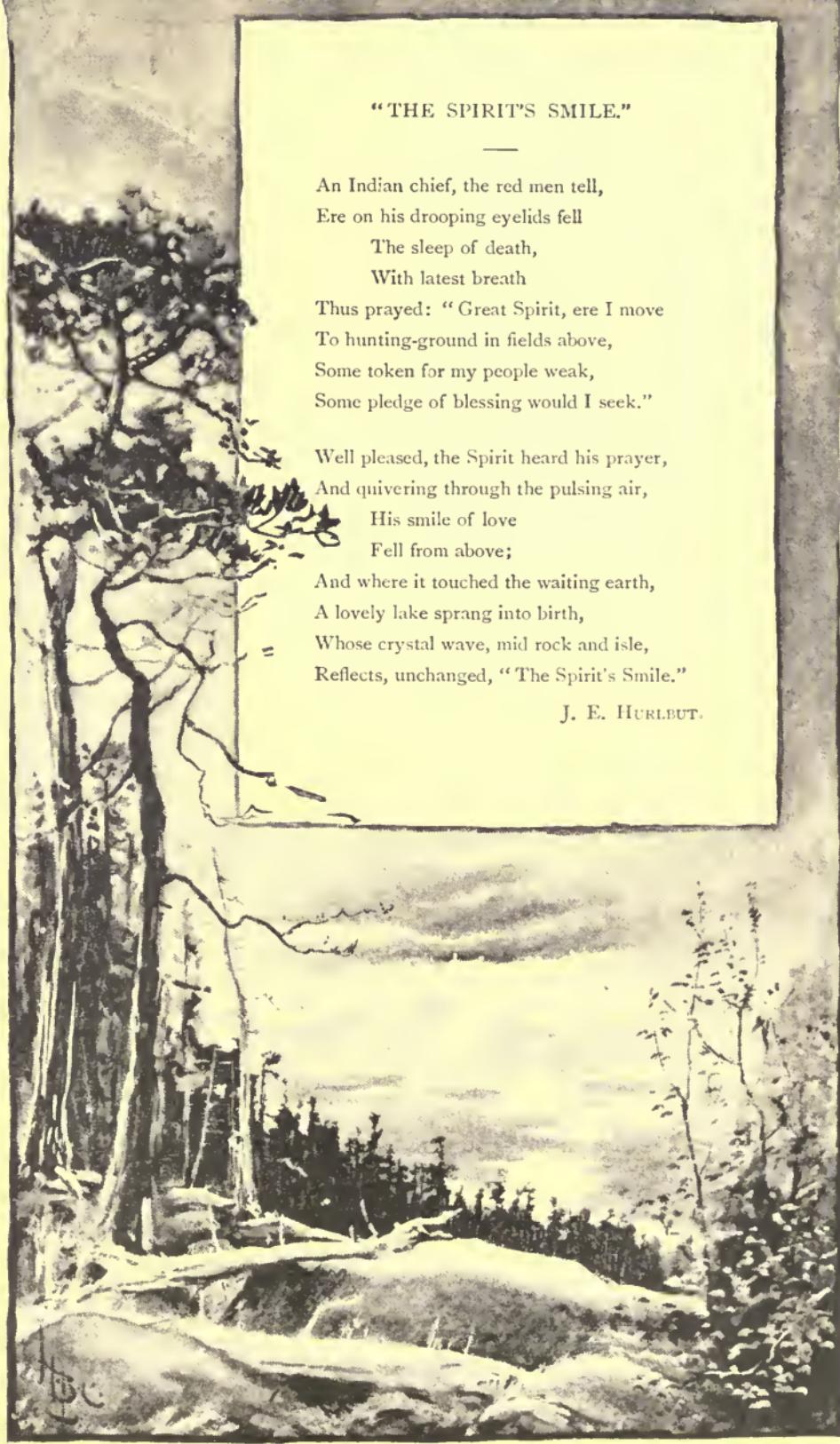
Beyond the streets of Haverhill, our train rolls easily over many a league of rural New Hampshire, past the delightful old academy-town of Exeter, and down to the picturesque little city of Dover, the most ancient settlement in the Granite State. Thence the route turns off from the great highway to Portland and the mysterious land of "Down East," and runs up the Cocheco Valley, crossing a network of railroads at Rochester. The pleasant Blue Hills of Strafford come into view; and the long town of Farmington is crossed; and so, in ninety-six miles from Boston, we reach Alton Bay, hard by the dock of the fine steamer *Mount Washington*.

Wolfeborough is one of the chief ports and summer-resorts on Lake Winnipesaukee. It may be reached by the preceding route, and the steam-boat from Alton Bay. But the usual route is by the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, along the coast of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and through the famous old sea-cities,—Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth,—with many a glimpse of the blue Atlantic, and the cool salt



marshes of Lynn and Newbury and Hampton. Beyond Portsmouth and the Piscataqua River, we pass through the busy villages of Salmon Falls and Great Falls, and across the many railroads converging at Rochester; and then run northward through Milton and Union, with their many bright ponds and graceful hills. At Wolfeborough Junction the line to North Conway and the White Mountains is left, and we go down a branch railroad for eleven miles, and reaching Wolfeborough in 108 miles from Boston.

"Winnipesaukee's tranquil sea,
Bosomed in hills and bright with isles
Where the alder grows and the dark pine-tree,
And the tired wind sleeps and the sunlight smiles."

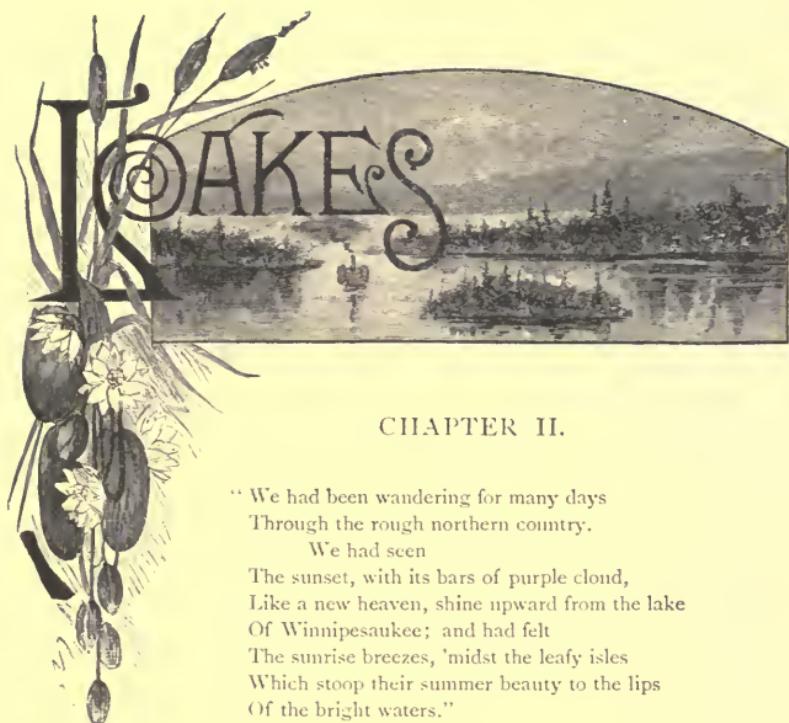


"THE SPIRIT'S SMILE."

An Indian chief, the red men tell,
Ere on his drooping eyelids fell
The sleep of death,
With latest breath
Thus prayed: "Great Spirit, ere I move
To hunting-ground in fields above,
Some token for my people weak,
Some pledge of blessing would I seek."

Well pleased, the Spirit heard his prayer,
And quivering through the pulsing air,
His smile of love
Fell from above;
And where it touched the waiting earth,
A lovely lake sprang into birth,
Whose crystal wave, mid rock and isle,
Reflects, unchanged, "The Spirit's Smile."

J. E. HURLBUT.



CHAPTER II.

" We had been wandering for many days
 Through the rough northern country,
 We had seen
 The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,
 Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
 Of Winnipesaukee; and had felt
 The sunrise breezes, 'midst the leafy isles
 Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips
 Of the bright waters."

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

THE NAME.—OLD-TIME INDIAN MEMORIES.—A BUNDLE OF FACTS.—
 THE STEAM FLEET.—ALTON BAY.—WOLFEBOROUGH.—LAKE WENTWORTH.—COPPLE CROWN.—A GLIMPSE OF NUMEROUS ISLANDS.—CENTRE HARBOR.—RED HILL.—MOULTONBOROUGH BAY.—MELVIN VILLAGE.—GREEN'S BASIN.—OSSIPEE PARK.—WEIRS.—A PROVINCIAL MEMENTO.—MEREDITH.—LAKE VILLAGE.—MOUNT BELKNAP.

WINNIPESAUKEE is an Indian word-phrase, meaning "Beautiful Water in a High Place," and the scene is admirably portrayed by this amazing polysyllabic word, which has been spelt, in old documents and histories, in 131 various ways. Some ancient poet, unskilled in Indian lore, and deeming that such a name and locality should have a romantic meaning, affirmed that Winnipesaukee meant "The Smile of the Great Spirit;" and this pleasant signification has been handed down by generations of believers, and may never be wholly forgotten. The celestial beauty of the lake, and its sunny peacefulness, give color of reason to this free translation. There may be more lovely lakes elsewhere in this pleasant world, but Lucerne could envy the islands of Winnipesaukee, and Lake George could wish for



WINNIPESAUKEE LILIES.

its blue mountain vistas, and Yellowstone could sigh for its sweet and tranquil farm-lands.

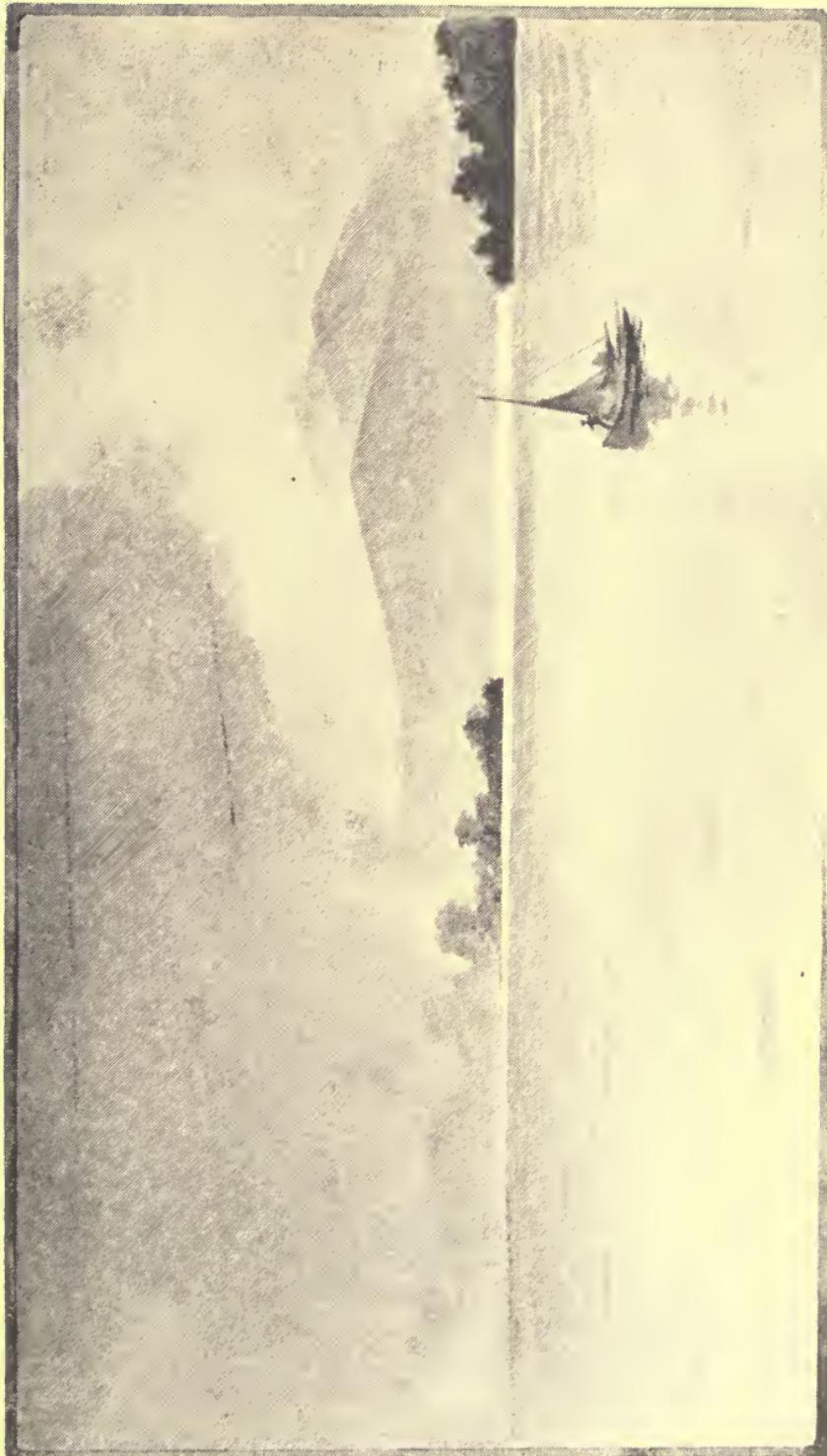
From time immemorial, the lake-shores were the homes of the Ossipee and Winnipesaukee Indians, and at the Weirs great assemblies of other tribes gathered, during the fishing-season. In later days, the raiding-parties of the French chevaliers and their red-skinned allies found this a capital route of attack from Canada upon the frontiers of New England, and many a bleeding American captive and the plunder of devastated villages were borne northward along these shores. As early as 1689, Provincial troops made hot forays into the Lake Country, for Cotton Mather had denounced the natives as "Scythians," *difficilis invenire quam interficere*. Thirty-three years later, block-houses were built and garrisoned here, and the aborigines



A GLIMPSE AT LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

retired before the Provincial troops. In 1746, Atkinson's New-Hampshire regiment lay, for a year or more, a few miles from the lake, and built a strong fortress at Union Bridge, on the Winnipesaukee River. Their scouting-parties and reconnoissances in the neighborhood gave them a great liking for this fair region; and a few years later, when the Conquest of Canada had made an end of Indian raids, they moved on all sides into the Lake Country, where their descendants now live.

The modern taste for accurate statistics compels the statements that Winnipesaukee covers 70 square miles of water, in places 200 feet deep, and forms 267 islands, covering 8 square miles, 226 of which are of less than 10 acres in area each. The inability of the small inflowing streams to form so great a lake causes scientific persons to believe that many copious springs



A PASSING SHOWER, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

gush out in the quiet depths below, preserving the crystalline purity and limpidity for which these waters have always been renowned. The outlet is the Winnipesaukee River, which unites with the pure Pemigewasset flood to form the Merrimac, entering the sea at gray old Newburyport. On the south are Copple Crown and the bold highlands of Wolfeborough and Alton; the stately Belknap peaks rise on the west, like Vesuvius from the Bay of Naples; the vast blue line of the Ossipee range closes in on the east; and to the northward, beyond Red Hill's long ridge, the imposing crests of the Sandwich Mountains cleave the sky.

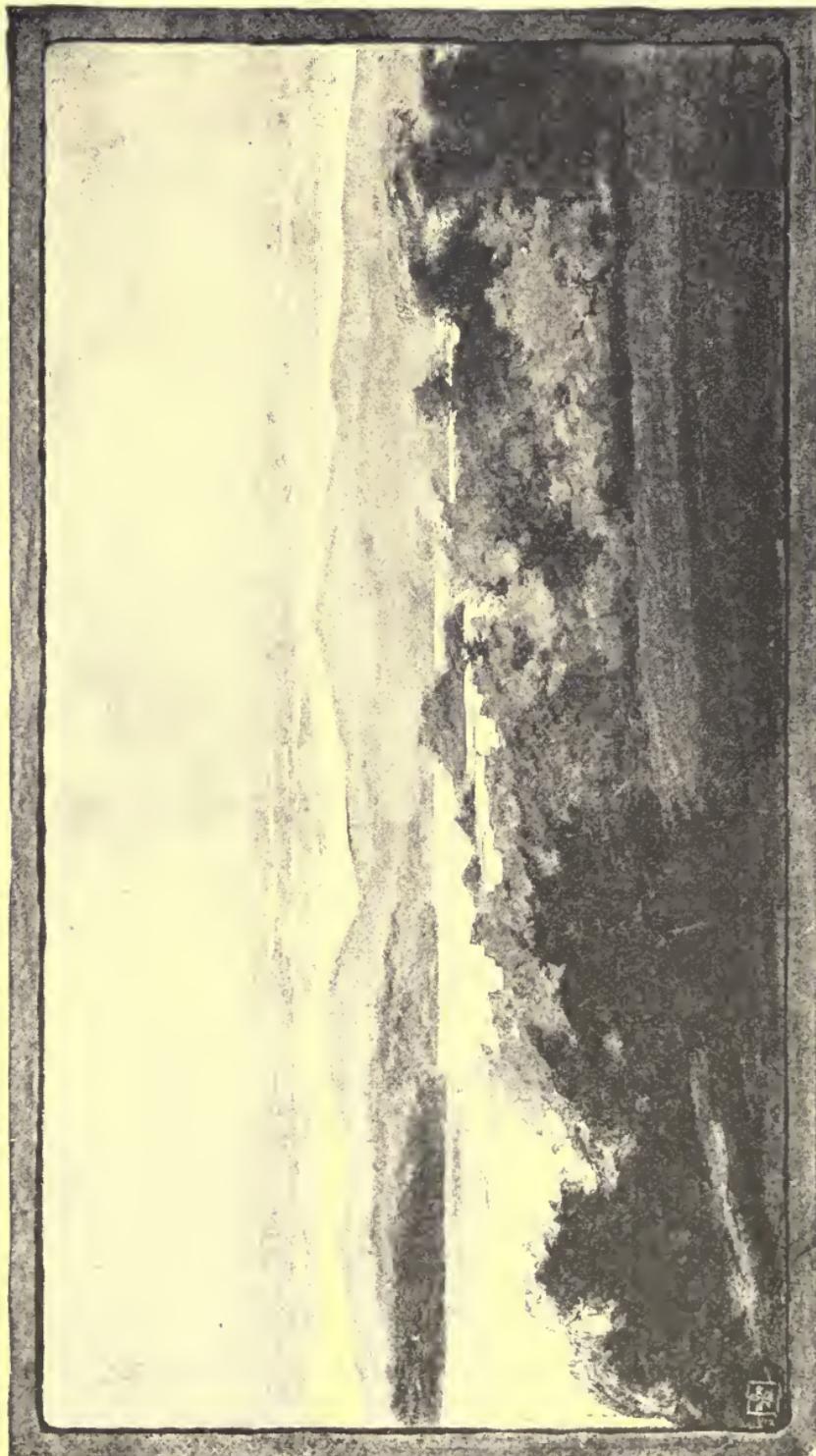
The two chief steamboats on the lake are the *Mount Washington*, plying twice daily between Alton Bay, Wolfeborough, Long Island, and Centre Harbor (thirty miles); and the *Lady of the Lake*, running from Wolfeborough to Centre Harbor and Weirs (thirty miles). Smaller vessels run from Lake Village to Weirs and Long Island, and sometimes to Meredith and Melvin Village.



" We saw in the distance the dusky lake fade,
 Empurpled with twilight's last tinges;
 And slow came the Night, with her curtains of shade,
 And the round rosy moon in their fringes.
 We marked in the sky, in the cloud-lakes on high,
 The flocks of bird dreamily sailing
 From the peaks in the west, and settle to rest
 Where the forest-light slowly was failing,
 Round bright Alton Bay."

The little port of Alton Bay, with two or three small hotels and boarding-houses, lies at the head of a deep and forest-bound fiord five miles long, opening away from the southern end of the lake, and not far from the far-viewing Sheep Mountain, the Belknap Mountains, Merry-Meeting Lake, and the pleasant hill scenery of Gilmanton. There is a picturesque drive of eleven miles over the hills to Wolfeborough.

As we emerge from Alton Bay's long and river-like inlet, we pass, on the right, the bold Fort Point, the seat of a Provincial border-castle in the old battle-days. The course lies to the north-east, across a broad expanse, with

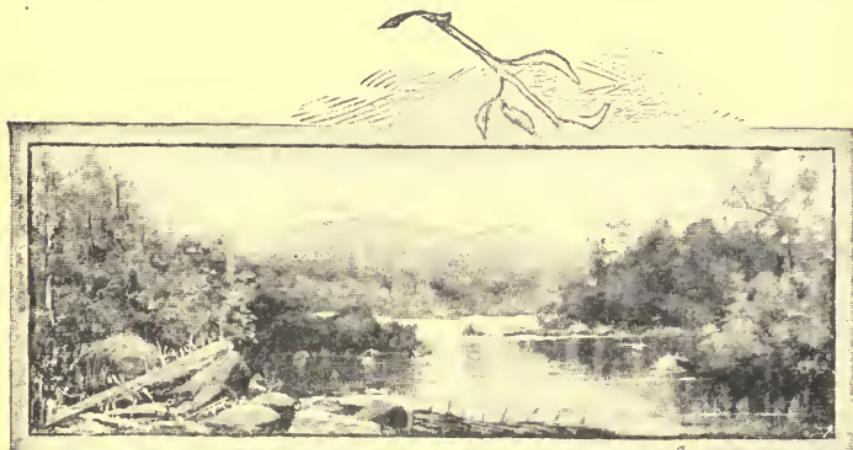


LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, FROM LONG ISLAND.

several uninhabited islets gemming the bright lake, and the great mountains of Ossipee and Sandwich towering in the distance.

“ How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles
And tree-tops in the waves below! ”

The pleasant village of Wolfeborough, at the end of a branch of the Northern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, four hours from Boston, and two hours from North Conway, has been a favorite summer-resort for



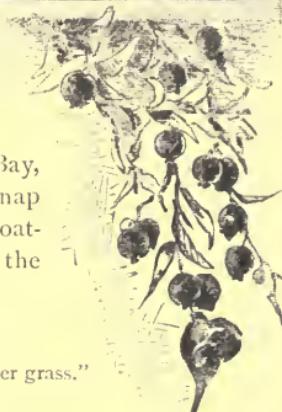
MOUNT BELKNAP, FROM “THE FORTIES.”

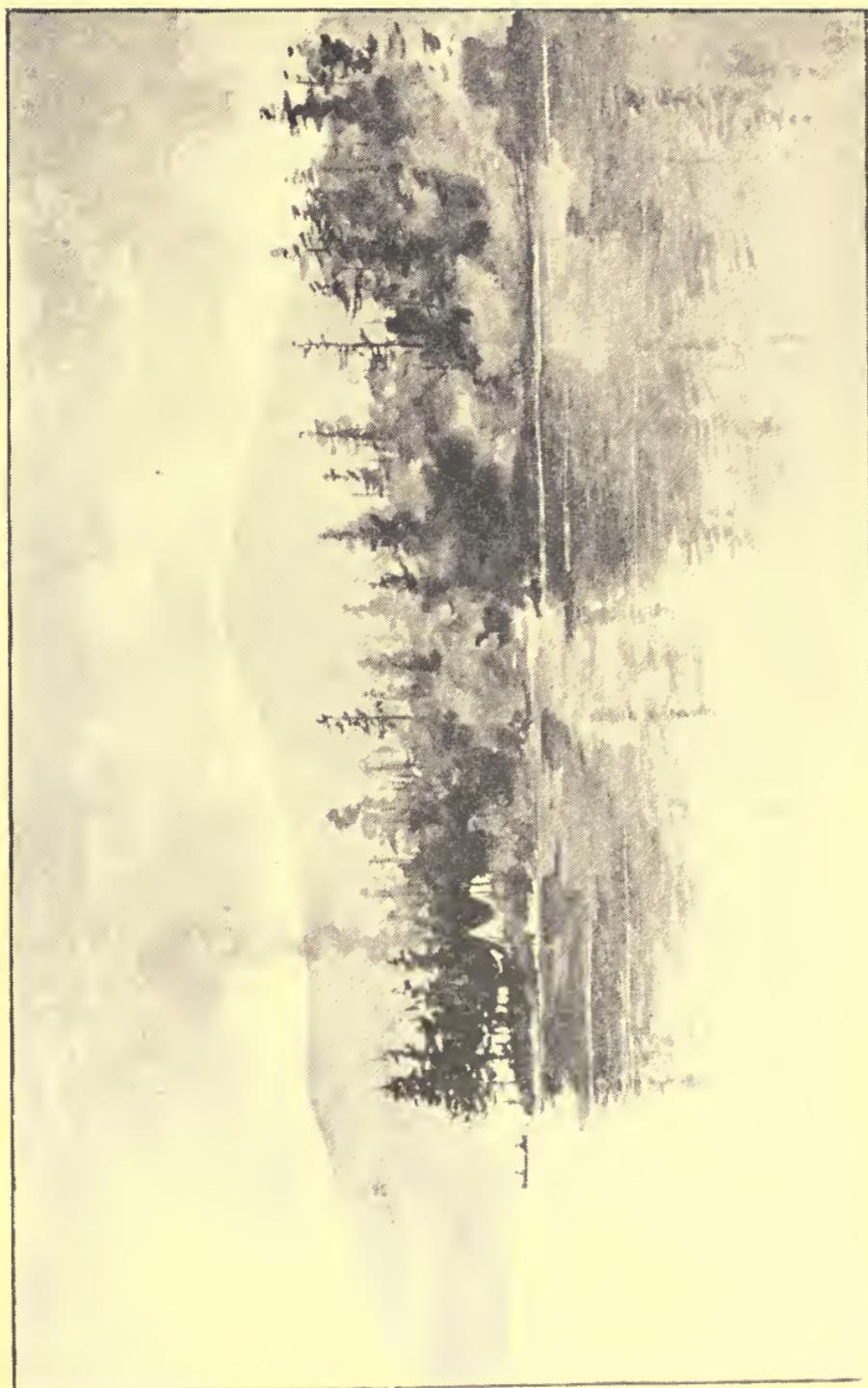
forty years, and affords accommodations for over a thousand guests. The view is of great beauty, and includes the narrow Wolfeborough Bay, beyond whose shining levels the peaks of the Belknap range rise with grand effect. The facilities for boating, fishing, and riding are good; and here also the vacation-idler may say, with Walt Whitman:—

“ I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass.”

A mile or so back of the village is the charming Lake Wentworth, four miles long, and endowed with several islands, and abundant store of fish. On its eastern shore stood Wentworth House, the great feudal mansion of John Wentworth, the last royal governor of New Hampshire, who fled from this fair domain to the British fleet at Portsmouth, bearing Lady Wentworth with him. The house was attacked by the patriots in 1775, and burned to the ground in 1820.

Six or seven miles from Wolfeborough is Copple Crown, whose summit, reached by a mile-long path over the pastures and through the woods, commands a bird’s-eye view of Winnipesaukee and its mountain-walls, with

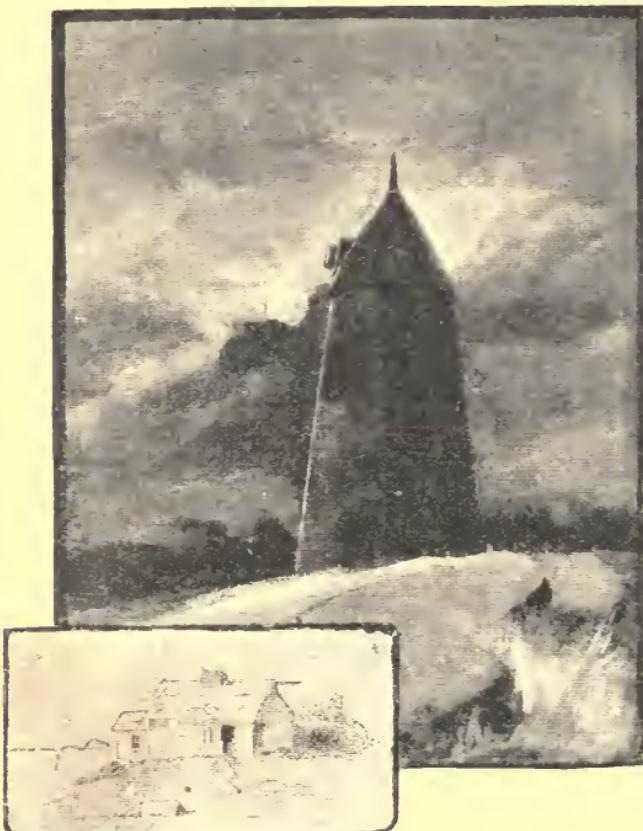




BLACK MOUNTAINS, FROM MORTONSBOROUGH BAY, LAKE WINNIPEGATKEE.

Chocorua, Mount Washington, Kearsarge, the Isles of Shoals, Wachusett, and Monadnock. The high grassy hill called Tumble-Down Dick, about a mile distant, gives another interesting prospect.

Running out from Wolfeborough Bay, after passing the landmark of Parker's Island, the steamer lays its course between Tuftonborough Neck, on the right, and Rattlesnake Island, on the left, high and bold, covering one hundred and fifty acres with its luxuriant forest, and containing all the rattlesnakes in the Lake Country. Farther on, the lonely and unvisited



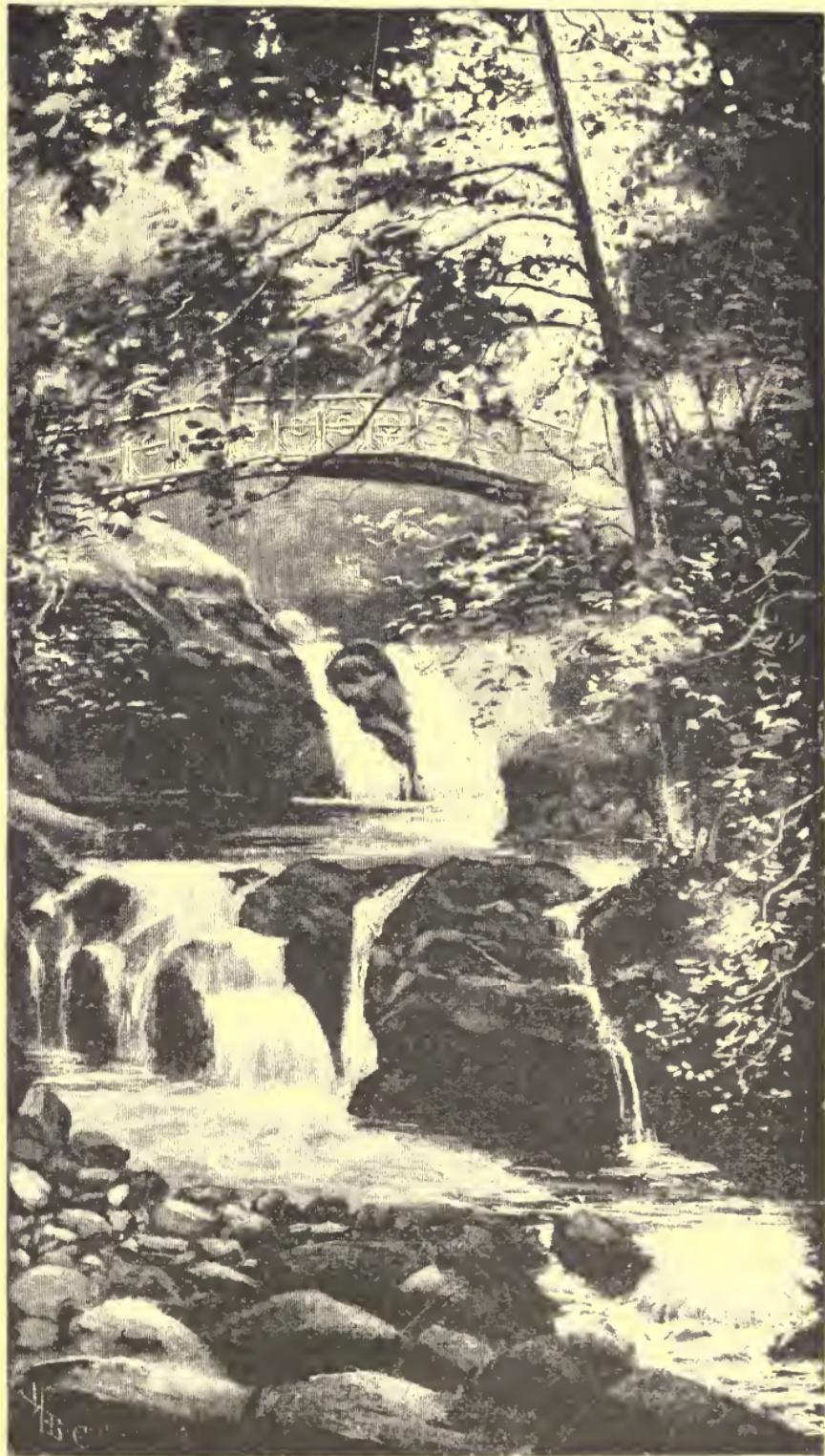
WINDMILL AND MILLER'S HOUSE, COW ISLAND.

estuary of Tuftonborough Bay opens away on the right amid rich farm-lands, and on the other side rises the green cone of Diamond Island, once the site of a hotel.

Now we enter the Broads, the chief unbroken expanse of the lake, and enjoy a magnificent panorama of mountains and islands and laughing waters, so that the eyes and brain are treated to a rare feast of beauty in form and color.

“I saw on Winnipesaukee fall
The shadow of the mountain-wall.”

A few miles beyond, we pass Cow Island, of three hundred and fifty acres, with its windmill and ruined farmhouse, more than seventy years old,



MARY'S ARCH, OSSYPEE-MOUNTAIN PARK.

and its remarkable red-oak tree. On the west are the pastures of Welch Island, and then the picturesque group of the Forties, with their winding channels, trout ledges, lonely trees, and secluded coves, from which the most charming of views are gained.

Jolly Island, of fifty-four acres, and Birch Island and its lonely cottage, lie to the westward from Long Island, across the channel; and then the peaceful inland voyage is directed between the Six-Mile (from Centre Harbor) trio of islets and Bear Island, four miles long, once the seat of four thriving farms, and now partly occupied by the summer-cottage colony of

Kunnaway, with its steamboat pier.

Next, nestling under the western shore, comes Pine Island, the home of a solitary eagle. The Three-Mile (from Centre Harbor) quartette of

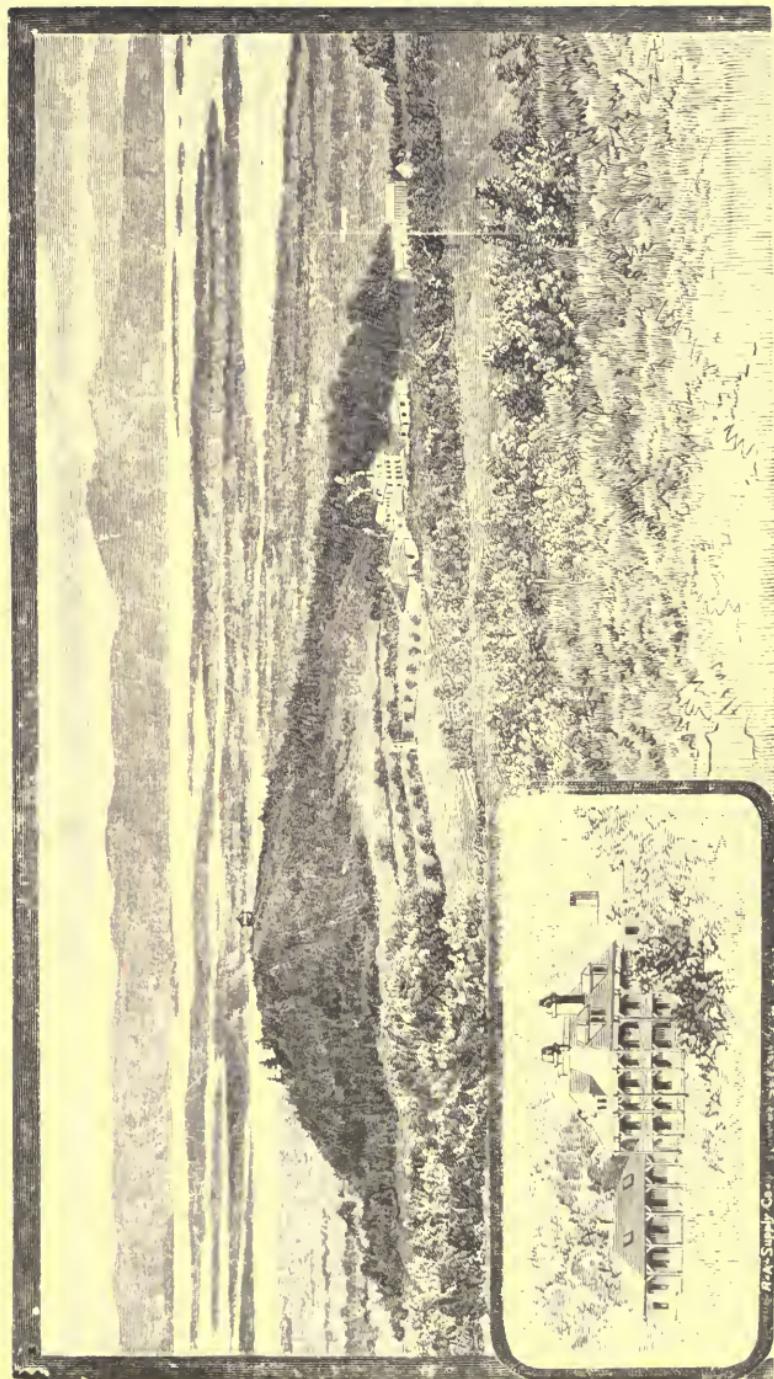


"THE FORTIES," LOOKING TOWARD OSSIEPEE.

islets includes Hawk's Nest and Nabby's Isle, hemmed by sandy beaches, and shaded by trees. Blueberries abound here, and black bass haunt the surrounding ledges. The Beavers come next, with their land-locked coves and sequestered channels; and Black-Cat Island, in front of a romantic cove laden with exquisite pond-lilies.

On the right rise the singularly fertile hills of Long Island, with two summer-hotels. The steamboats land passengers here; and the hotels are about eight miles from Centre Harbor, by the causeway and around through Moultonborough. Across the channel is Steamboat Island, where the first steamer on the lake, the *Belknap*, suffered total wreck, in 1841.

When the boat is off Long Island, and as she advances over the quiet waters toward Centre Harbor, there is a magnificent and impressive view of Mount Washington and several other peaks of the Presidential Range, rising over and far back of the low ledges of Mount Paugus. At early sum-



VIEW OF WINNIPESAUKEE FROM OSSIEPEE-MOUNTAIN PARK.

A-A Supply Co.

mer, or in the autumn season, the great peak is clad with snow, and flashes brightly through the clear northern air, more than forty miles distant. Presently, the rocky spire of Chocorua rounds into sight, from behind the nearer Ossipee Mountains, and the distant sovereign of this land of highlands sinks away behind the dark crest of Mount Passaconaway, and is seen no more. But it leaves in the memory a glorious picture, which cannot fade away for years.

And now, just ahead, nestling under the shelter of high hills, the white houses of Centre Harbor appear,

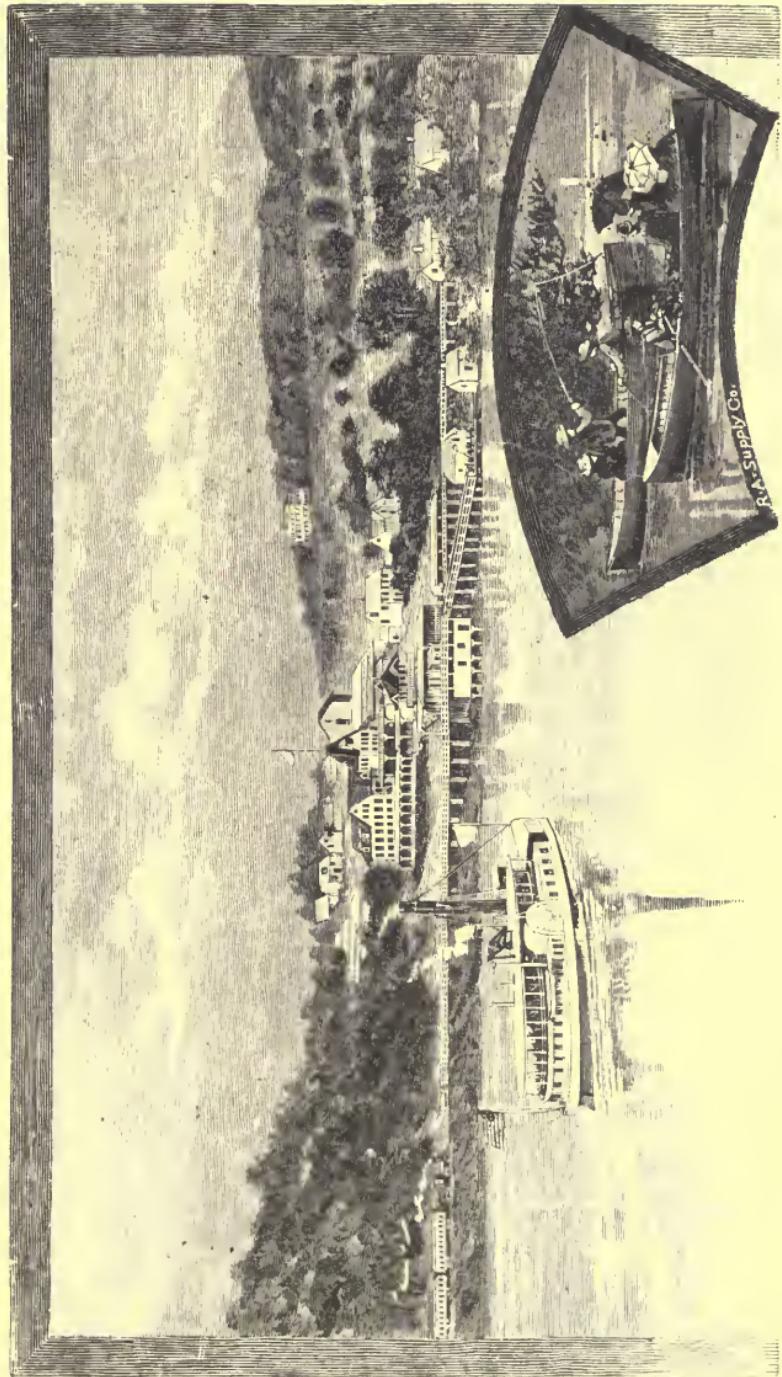
"The little hamlet lying
White in its mountain fold,
Asleep by the lake, and dreaming
A dream that is never told."



RED HILL, FROM MOULTONBOROUGH BAY, LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

It is the least bit of a village, with a church and two or three stores, two hotels, a dozen summer boarding-houses, and on the environing hills several handsome villas of Boston and New-York families. There is a goodly flotilla of various kinds of boats near the Senter House, by whose aid one (and sometimes two) may enjoy rowing and drifting down towards the islands, or around into Blackey's Cove. Garnet Hill and Sunset Hill overlook the bay, and afford charming views of many leagues over its bright and diversified surface, and across its mimic archipelagoes. There are many beautiful drives in the vicinity—to Meredith, or Moultonborough, or Ossipee Park, or Long Island, or Asquam Lake, or Sandwich; and stages (of the fine old-fashioned kind) roll away every afternoon to Sandwich and West Ossipee.

"And in the Red Hill's shadow,
Your pilgrim home you make,
Where the chambers ope to sunrise,
The mountains, and the lake."



THE WIGGS.

The favorite drive at Centre Harbor leads "Around the Square," a five-mile circuit, with lovely views of Asquam Lake and the Sandwich range. The favorite mountain-trip is by carriage to the foot of Red Hill, four miles, and then a climb of something over a mile, through the woods, with a good path. The prospect from the summit is one of the most beautiful in any land, and includes almost the entire area of Winnipesaukee, bewitchingly adorned with graceful islands and promontories, golden wheat-fields, and miles of waving corn and rich grass-lands,— a noble expanse of blue and silver and green, ten leagues long. In the outspread landscape glimmer white hamlets,— Sandwich and South Tamworth, Melvin and Tuftonborough, Centre Harbor and Laconia; and bright lakes glisten along the plains; and the horizon is notched by great mountains,— the Ossipees and Belknaps, Monadnock and Kearsarge, Moosilauke and the Franconias, Whiteface and Chocorua, and many another famous peak.

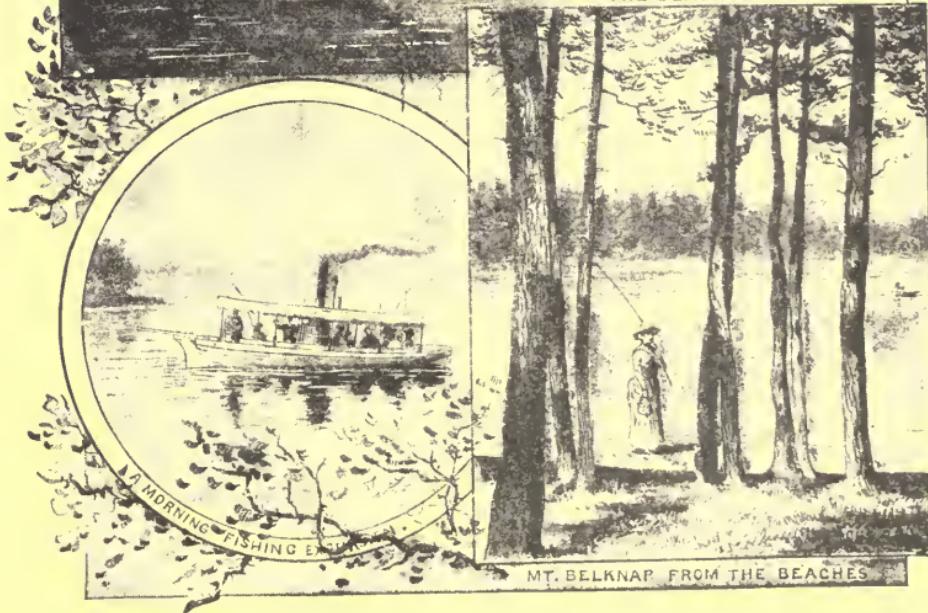
Off on the eastern side of Winnipesaukee, the deep inlet of Moultonborough Bay opens away to the bases of the Ossipee Mountains, with leagues of winding water-ways, overhung by untrodden highlands, and broken by scores of islets. The chief port of this sequestered water-way is Melvin Village, a tiny hamlet, with two churches, and several farm boarding-houses in the vicinity.

" Close beside, in shade and gleam,
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream;
Melvin water, mountain-born,
All fair flowers its banks adorn;
All the woodland's voices meet,
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

" Over lowlands forest-grown,
Over waters island-strown,
Over silver-sanded beach,
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,
Melvin stream and burial-heap,
Watch and ward the mountains keep." — WHITTIER.

High up in the bay, perhaps six miles from Melvin, is the narrow strait leading into the picturesque lake called Green's Basin, two miles by road from Centre Harbor. The groups of islets, and the far-projecting capes, make this unvisited tarn one of the most romantic places in the region, and there is good shooting, withal, and beneath the crystal waves a gamey population of black bass. At the head of the bay, outside, is the old Moultonborough landing, to which the steamer *Red Hill* used to make regular trips, braving the maritime dangers of willow-thickets and reefs of lily-pads. But one day her boilers burst, in the bay, for all the world as if she had been a Mississippi-River mail-packet, and since then steam-navigation has been suspended here.

High up on a plateau of the Ossipee Mountains, 1233 feet above the sea, is the beautiful estate of Ossipee Park, pertaining to Mr. B. F. Shaw of Lowell, and reached by an admirable carriage-road from Centre Harbor. The views from this breezy height are of vast extent and unusual beauty,



and include the wide expanse of Winnipesaukee, and scores of tall mountain-peaks. On the estate are the famous Falls of Song (Ossipee Falls), and other notable curiosities of Nature; and the vicinage abounds in legends of the Indians and the English rangers. A three-mile path leads to the observatory on Mount Shaw, the chief of the Ossipee Mountains (which cover sixty square miles); and from this eyrie you can gain an amazing view over Southern New Hampshire.

It is an hour's voyage from Centre Harbor to Weirs, with fine views of the Sandwich range, and the blue Ossipees, and other mountains, and many pleasant islands. Weirs is the summer capital of the Lake Country, a large village of hotels and boarding-houses and cottages, with camp-meeting grounds, and the vernal cantonments of several commands of veteran soldiers.

The great camp-meeting grounds, with their sheltering groves, dining-halls, and other appliances, have a fame that is almost national, and are occupied during the summer by convocations of people devoted to religious advancement, the temperance cause, the heroic memories of the Union-saving war, and other worthy causes, grangers, Good Templars, musicians, oarsmen, Foresters, and other fraternal men. As recently as the year 1870, this site was occupied only by a little wooden railway station, and all the development of the cottage city, even yet in its infancy, has gone forward since then.

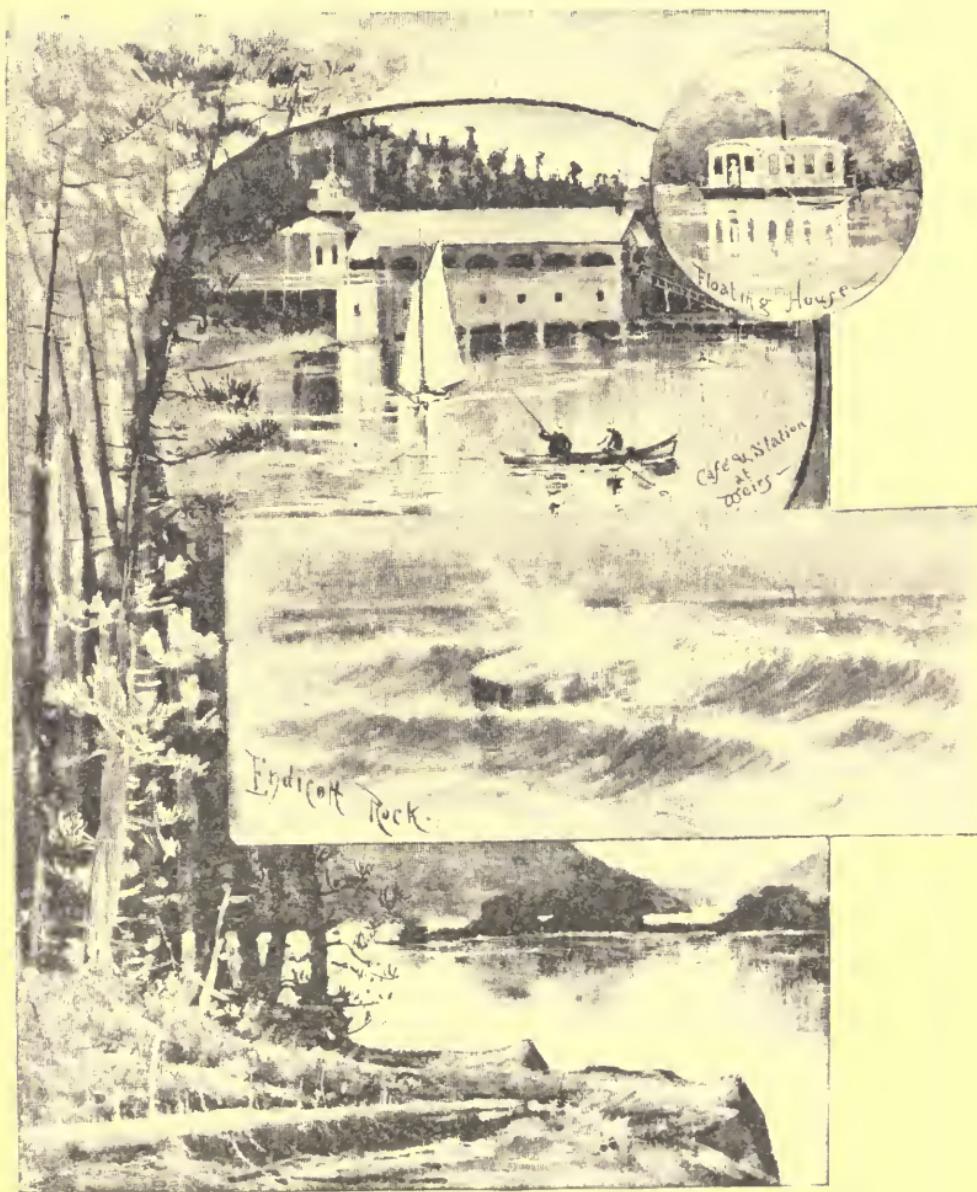
The view from Winnecoette Hill, back of Weirs, is the most pleasing in this vicinity, and covers leagues upon leagues of the fair lake and its diversified shores. A good two-mile road leads down across the outlet, and over a causeway, to Governor's Island, with its broad pastures and pine groves, and the great stone mansion of its owner, the Hon. Stilson Hutchins of Washington.

On the hillside west of the outlet, near the bridge, stood the chief Indian village of inland New Hampshire; and here, at the time when the shad and salmon coming up the river reached the lake, after the season of corn-planting, thousands of sea-shore Indians used to come to visit their mountain brethren, and enjoy the fishing in the great lake. The valley below is made classic by their fading legends, and the traditions of the fortresses that they built to check the bloody forays of the Mohawks. But now

“Canoeless lies the lonesome shore,
The wigwam's incense wreathes no more.”

In 1652, Massachusetts sent up Johnson, Willard, Ince, and John Sherman (ancestor of the Ohio senator) to find and mark the head of the Merrimac, and on the so-called Endicott Rock, above the outlet bridge, they carved some of their initials, and “John Endicott, Gov.” This venerable relic of the Bay Province's assumptions remains where the adventurers found it, and the inscription may be read.

Steamboats run occasionally from Weirs, up the long and narrow north-western bay, to Meredith Village, a manufacturing-place on the railroad,



and five miles from Centre Harbor. Close by, hemmed in by deep woods and silvery beaches, and gemmed by many a pretty islet, is Lake Waukawan, whose cold depths are haunted by myriads of black bass.

In the other direction, small steamboats run to Lake Village, a prosperous factory-town, almost environed by the fertile farms of Gilford. It extends along the shores of Lake Paugus (the ancient Long Bay), a four-mile expansion of the Winnipesaukee River. Seven miles distant, a path leaves the Alton road, and runs up over the steep pastures, for a mile and a half, to the summit of Mount Belknap, whence is outspread the noblest view in the Lake Country, surpassing even that from Red Hill. It includes all the lake and its confines, and also the magnificent Franconia and Presidential ranges, and a wide reach of the ocean from Wells to Cape Ann.



CHAPTER III.

LAKE WINNISQUAM.

VENETIAN PROCESSIONS.—WINTER-FISHING.—LACONIA.

“There is power to bless
 In hillside loneliness,
 In tarns and dreary places;
 A virtue in the brook,
 A freshness in the look
 Of mountains’ joyless faces.”

LAKE WINNISQUAM (*winni*, “beautiful,” and *squam*, “water”) is one of the prettiest of the great ponds in this fair region, and may be explored by the small steamboats running from Laconia, or by house-boats towed from point to point. It is fully nine miles long, with an extreme breadth of two miles; and in the northerly part several tiny islets rise above the limpid waves. The shores are bold and well wooded, and fairly frame this gem of the hills. The lake is a rare bit of landscape beauty, and reflects from its shining surface the tender colors of the over-arching sky, and the graceful outlines of the rural shores. Sometimes there are illuminations of Winnisquam by fireworks, when the lower shores break into vivid pyrotechnic lights, and a procession of all manner of boats used in fresh-water navigation moves across the black water, flaming with thousands of bright lanterns and fireworks.

The best of fishing is enjoyed here in winter, from small huts on the ice, made snug and comfortable with stoves and stools, and other conveniences. These six-foot-square houses are seen from the trains, speeding in winter along the Winnisquam shores. The fish sought are fine large lake-trout, of several pounds’ weight. At this same season the lake affords admirable skating, and a level field for horse-trotting.

Near the foot of Winnisquam lies the pleasant town of Laconia, abounding in factories along the river, and dowered with half a dozen churches, an opera-house, and a newspaper. There has been much talk of uniting this place and the neighboring Lake Village into a city, which would have not far from ten thousand inhabitants. The hills in this vicinity command a series of fine views, including the Sandwich, Ossipee, and Belknap ranges, Kearsarge and Moosilauke, and the beautiful silvery shields of the surrounding lakes. Mount Belknap, Weirs, and Tilton (with its famous memorial arch) are within driving-distance. The summer-hotels stand on high ground near the south shore of the lake, with charming views in every direction. The voyages of the local navy lead to Island Cottage, Three Islands, and other pleasant nooks along the old North (or Great) Bay.

CHAPTER IV.

ASQUAM LAKE.

FISH AND ISLANDS.—A DEBATED NAME.—THE LIVERMORES.—SHEPARD HILL.—WHITTIER'S SONGS.—THE ASQUAM NAVY.—SQUAW COVE.—CAMP CHOCORUA.—LITTLE ASQUAM.—MINNESQUAM.—PEAKED HILL.

“ Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
 Lay mountain-girdled Squam,
 Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles
 Upon its bosom swam.” — WHITTIER.

THE perfect flower of American lakes is Asquam, whose lovely bays and sun-lit broads are decorated with graceful and romantic islands, around which flow clear and pellucid channels, as bright as the sky above them. The abundant evergreens on the islands, the quiet pastures and forests of the shores, and the absence of villages or hamlets, endow the scene with a wild Norwegian beauty, which is marvellously heightened by the great mountains on the north and east,—Sandwich Dome, Tripyramid, Israel, Passaconaway, Chocorua, and Red Hill. The forty-two islands are drawn up in singular lines across the lake; and around them (and especially near Long Island, famous for its perch) many fish dwell in peace, in the cold spring-water. In October, lake-trout of from five to twenty pounds are speared over the ledges. Great numbers of boulders strew the bottom, and enforce caution on the part of boatmen.

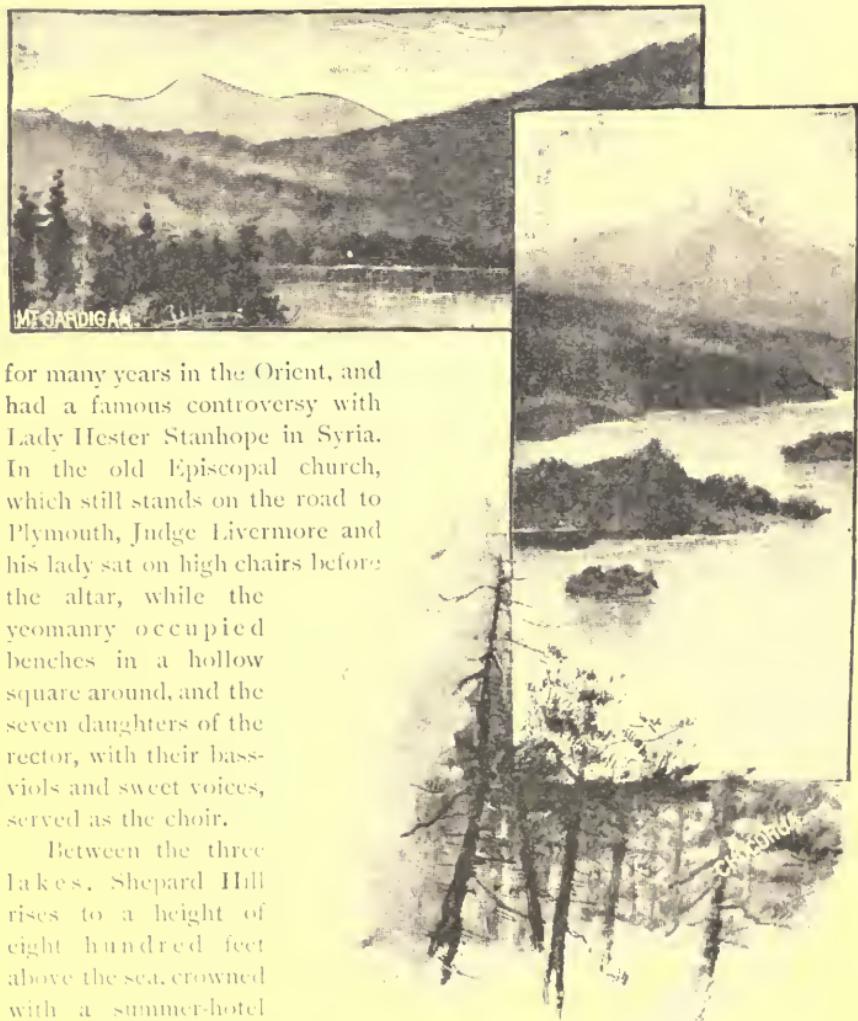
The scenery of Winnipesaukee is repeated here on a narrower and yet grander scale. The mountains overhang the waves more impressively, and the dancing waters are bordered by masses of woodland, rich acres of waving corn, and the golden lights of grain-fields.

“ O gems of sapphire granite set!
 O hills that charmed horizons fret!
 I know how fair your morns can break,
 In rosy light on isle and lake;
 How over wooded slopes can run
 The noon-day play of cloud and sun,
 And evening droop her oriflamme
 Of gold and red in still Asquam.” — JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

In the map made for the Prince of Wales in 1755, this lake bore the unexplained name of *Kusumpe Pond*; but the old Indian name of *Squam*, or *Asquam*, soon returned, and outlived the efforts of President Dwight,

who christened it *Lake Sullivan*. It remained as *Great Squam* until within ten years, when its lovers have revived the full Indian title of *Asquam*, which means simply "water."

Among the worthies who in old times dwelt near Asquam, the Livermore family claims first rank, Arthur, Samuel, and Edward of that ilk being for many years senators, congressmen, and judges; while Harriet wandered

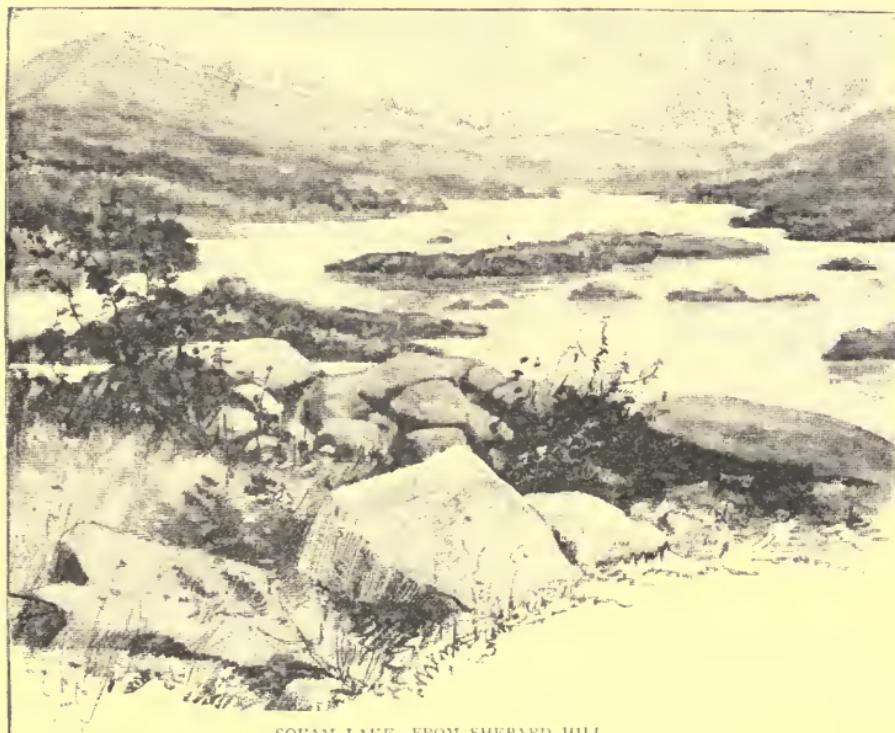


for many years in the Orient, and had a famous controversy with Lady Hester Stanhope in Syria. In the old Episcopal church, which still stands on the road to Plymouth, Judge Livermore and his lady sat on high chairs before the altar, while the yeomanry occupied benches in a hollow square around, and the seven daughters of the rector, with their bass-viols and sweet voices, served as the choir.

Between the three lakes, Shepard Hill rises to a height of eight hundred feet above the sea, crowned with a summer-hotel and several pretty cottages, and the Episcopal church of St. Peter's-in-the-Mount, a memorial of "Priest Fowle," for nearly sixty years (1780-1847) rector of this region. For half a century, this has been a favorite resort of Whittier, whose poems make frequent reference to the wonderful scenery of the vicinity. Here he wrote "The Hill-Top," and the "Storm on Asquam."

“A cloud, like that the old-time Hebrew saw
 On Carmel prophesying rain, began
 To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,
 Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw
 “Of chill wind menaced; then a strong blast beat
 Down the long valley's murmuring pines, and awoke
 The noon-dream of the sleeping lake, and broke
 Its smooth steel mirror at the mountains' feet.”

The Whittier Pines darken on the hillside; and across the valley, on Sunset Hill, spreads the great pine, made famous by the poem of “The Wood Giant.”



SQUAM LAKE, FROM SHEPARD HILL.

“Alone, the level sun before;
 Below, the lake's green islands;
 Beyond, in misty distance dim,
 The rugged Northern highlands.”

The availability of Shepard Hill as a summer-home was discovered and utilized in 1869 by Dr. Hurd of New York and Prof. W. A. Norton of Yale College, and their cottages became the pioneers of many.

The view from Shepard Hill covers an area of a hundred and fifty square miles, with Asquam, Little Squam, and Minnesquam nearly surrounding the base of the eminence; a magnificent view of Sandwich Dome, Tripyramid, Mount Israel, Passaconaway, Paugus, the noble Chocorua, and

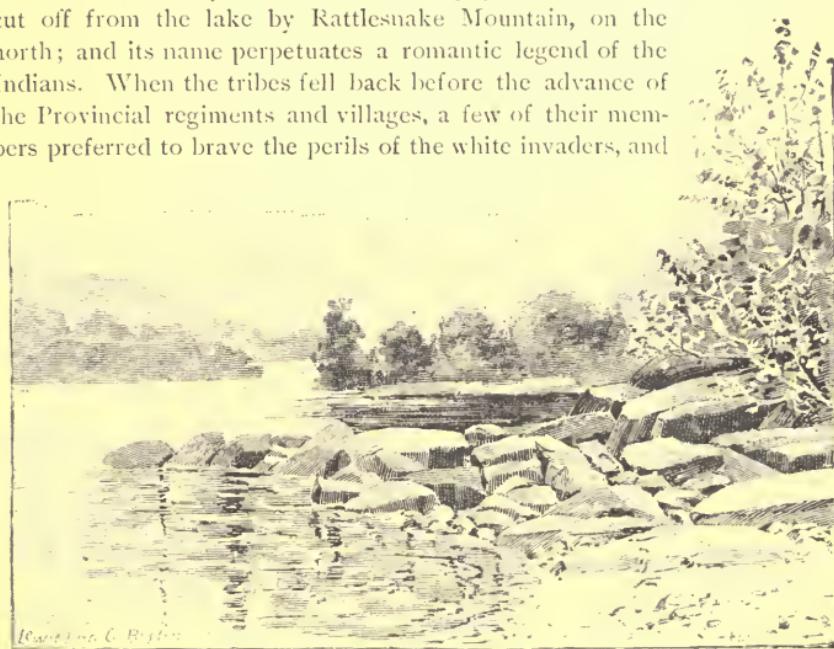
Red Hill, on the north-east and east; and a wilderness of peaks, Squam, Prospect, and the far-away Cardigan on the north and west.

At the foot of Shepard Hill, near the pleasant little bathing-beach, is a convenient landing, among the rhododendrons and cardinal-flowers, and haunted by the loon, the heron, and the eagle.

The Asquam navy is composed of two or three small steamboats plying irregularly, and only when chartered by summer-excursionists to circumnavigate this gem of the mountains, with perchance a visit to one of the islets.

On an island in Carnes' Cove stands a block-house inhabited by a lonely sea-captain. On the Domes, to the westward, are two or three summer-cottages, dowered with exquisite views and unbroken quietude.

The shallow Squaw Cove, with its population of pickerel, is wellnigh cut off from the lake by Rattlesnake Mountain, on the north; and its name perpetuates a romantic legend of the Indians. When the tribes fell back before the advance of the Provincial regiments and villages, a few of their members preferred to brave the perils of the white invaders, and



A BIT OF SHORE, SQUAM LAKE.

remained about Asquam for the rest of their lives, finding kindly refuge amid the mountains whenever the raiding rangers entered the valley.

Asquam is forty feet higher than Winnipesaukee, and a water-way runs from the latter, by Blackey's Cove (near Centre Harbor), up through Long Pond and Round Pond, to within a mile of Asquam. But this mile is occupied by a tall spur of Red Hill, and so it is easier for canoeing tourists to have their boats carried by wagon from Centre Harbor, the distance being but about two miles thence to the nearest bay of Asquam.

Two singular and interesting institutions on this lake are Camp Chocorua and Camp Asquam, the first-named occupying a wooded island of three acres, where a happy company of boys, under efficient tutorship, are taught to swim, row, fish, and enjoy themselves, and grow strong. Camp Asquam, on the western shore, has a score or more of boys, under the direction of several tutors.

The outlet of Asquam is a very picturesque, narrow, and crooked strait, through which boats can pass with ease, running under the highway bridge. This sylvan stream sees,

“In the mirror of its tide,
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.”

It opens into Little Squam, a handsome lakelet, unbroken by islands, and bordered on one side by high wooded hills, and on the other by the Ashland road. “Here the sunset builds her silver bridge upon an arch of glory; not an island dots its surface; scarce a ripple darkens its blueness; it speaks to the heart of endless summer — of eternal tranquility; its wooded shores are gracefully curved and pointed; its neighboring highway is starred with quaint old farmhouses; its meadows are myriad-shaped.”

One of the most interesting (and arduous) rides in this region leads to Peaked Hill, famous for its views of Mount Moosilauke, Mount Washington, the Franconia peaks, Cardigan, Kearsarge and Monadnock, with the misty Winnipesaukee, the shining levels of Asquam, and the beautiful New-found Lake. Over in New Hampton is Beach Hill, commanding a prospect hardly less grand.

Minnesquam (the ancient White-Oak Pond) is a charming lakelet at the south-eastern base of Shepard Hill, with easy boating, and an old saw-mill at the outlet.

There are a great number of pleasant drives from Asquam, leading in easy distances to Plymouth, Ashland, Centre Harbor, and Meredith, and the long and hill-abounding road around the lake.

CHAPTER V.

LAKE SPOFFORD.

A VAST SPRING.—BLACK BASS AND PERCH.—HOWELLS'S DICTUM.—PROSPECT HILL.—THE RIDE FROM KEENE.—BRATTLEBOROUGH.

LAKE SPOFFORD is an expanse of two thousand acres of the purest spring-water, rising through a bed of white sand, surrounded by sandy beaches and groves of oaks and pines and chestnuts, and lines of far-viewing hills.

The circumference is about nine miles, and at various points on these delightful shores are groups of plain cottages for summer use, and the primitive camps of college-students and other spurners of luxury. The lake abounds in black bass and perch, and furnishes capital inducements for fishermen, for whose use numerous boats of all kinds are ready. A steam-boat plies from point to point along the shores, affording good opportunities for excursions, and awakening odd echoes with its saucy little whistle.

The visitors to the lake come from all parts of the Union, and spend long seasons here, resting amid a calm so perfect that "the grass can be heard growing, and the squirrel's heart beating." William D. Howells, the greatest living American novelist, has spent much time here, and finds in this region some suggestions of the Italian lake-country. A beautiful island of eight acres gives variety to the scenery, with its bristling trees. The lake is seven hundred feet above the sea, and two hundred feet above the neighboring valley of the Connecticut.

The visitors to this lovely gem of the Chesterfield hills sail away to Picnic Point and Echo Cove and Park Hill and the Island, or drive to the granite-walled Ravine, and down into the Connecticut Valley; or climb up Prospect Hill, and look upon the Green Mountains, Ascutney and Monadnock, "Cheshire's haughty hill," and along the tesselated valley of the Connecticut.

Lake Spofford is reached by a stage-ride of ten miles from Keene, through deep forests, and thickets of birch and alder, and along the glens of a winding brook. The old red stage finally reaches the Prospect House, on the high bluff close by the lake; and down below the white steamboat is seen lying on the water, which sometimes resembles plate-glass in its mirror-like reflections, or frosted silver, or molten sapphire.

A morning's drive leads to the bright little city of Keene, in the Ashuelot valley; and seven miles away is Brattleborough, a pleasant and historic old Vermont village, on a commanding plateau above the Connecticut River, with a singular and costly monument to James Fisk, jun.

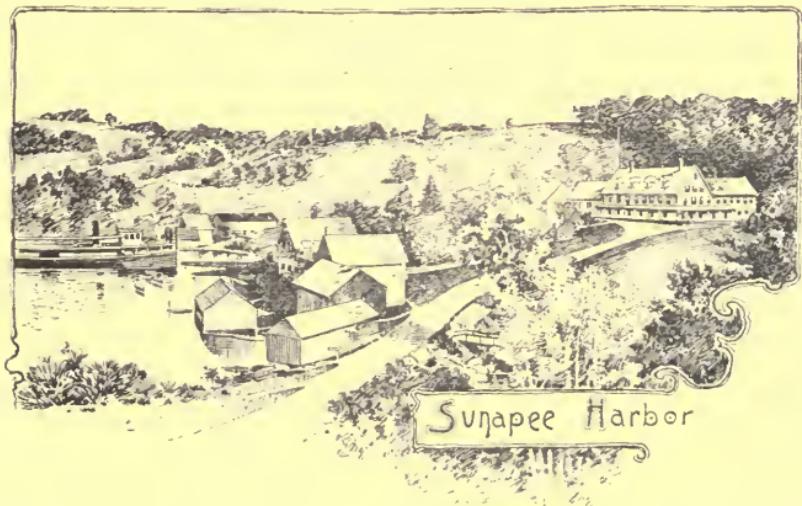
CHAPTER VI.

SUNAPEE LAKE.

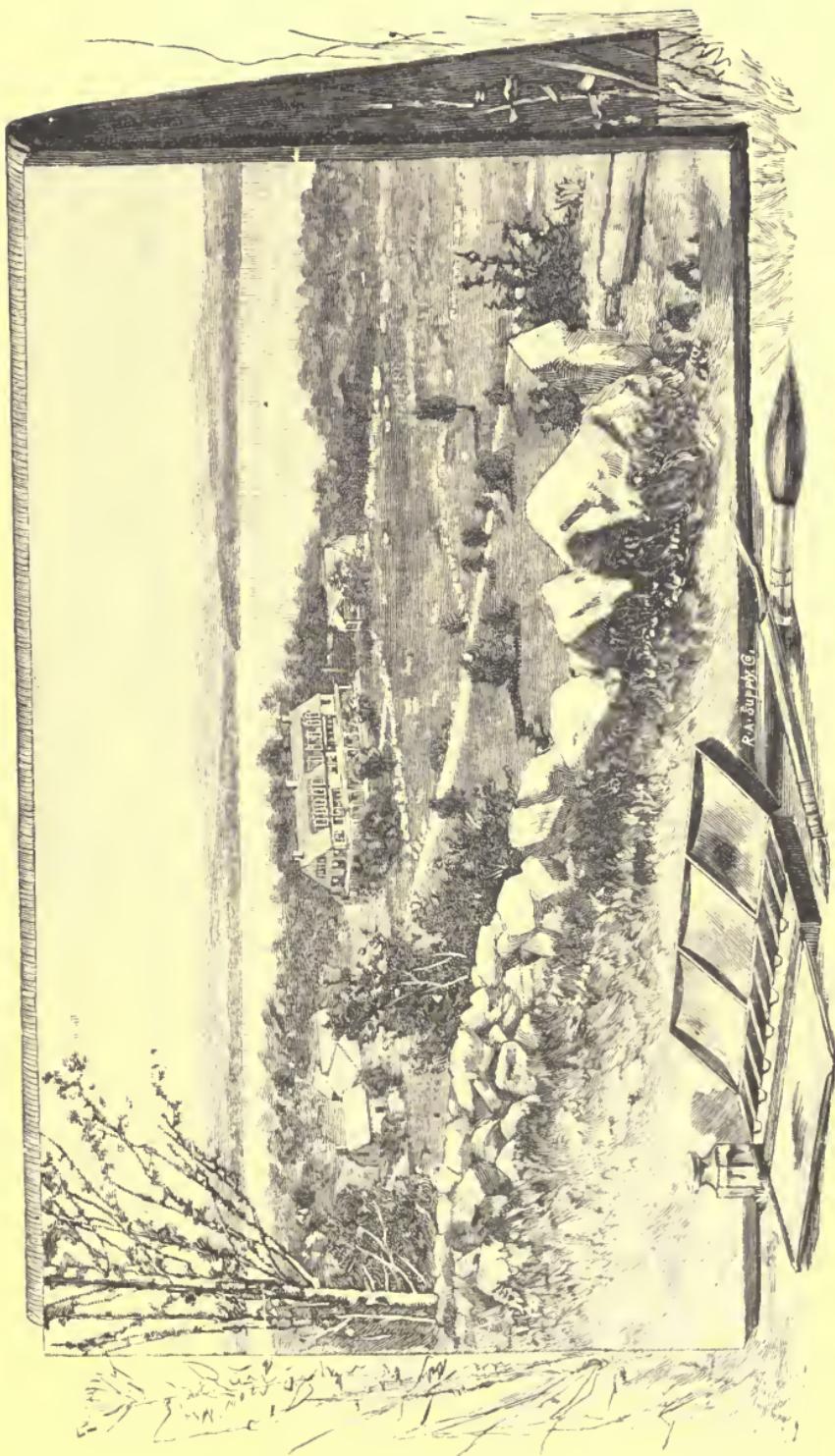
A GIRDLE OF MOUNTAINS.—LAKE VIEW.—SUNAPEE HARBOR.—A SCOTTISH MINSTREL.—THE ISLANDS AND SHORES.—AN INDIAN MEMORIAL.

“Sweet Granite ‘Katrine’ of this mountain land!
Oh jewel set amid a scene so fair!
Kearsarge, Ascutney, rise on either hand,
While Grantham watches with a lover’s care,
And our dark ‘Ben’ to Croydon sends in glee,
A greeting o’er thy silvery breast, Lake Sunapee.”

SUNAPEE LAKE lies among the highlands of Sullivan County, eleven hundred feet above the sea, nine miles long, and varying in width from half a mile to a league. There are six beautiful islets near the middle of the lake, and several others in the northern part; and a dozen or more



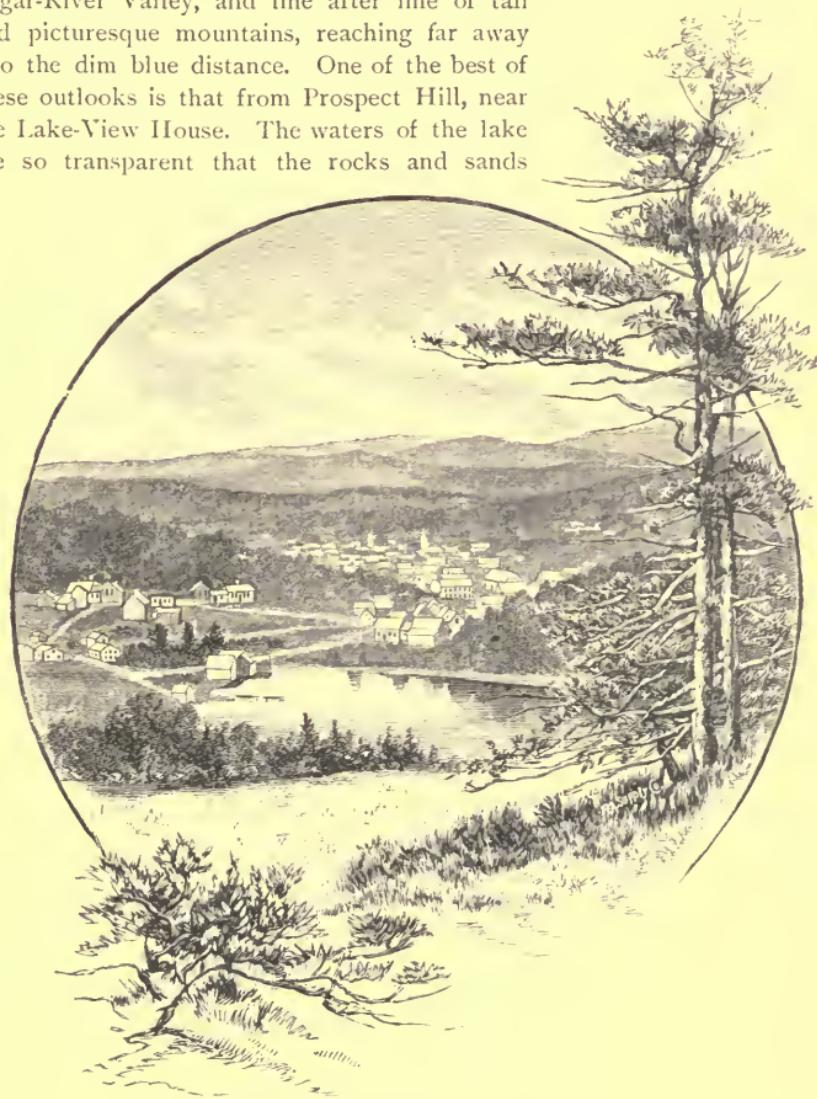
of wooded promontories give great diversity to the scene, and shelter lovely and sequestered bays. On all sides rise high and richly wooded hills and mountains, clothed in the graceful habiliments of Nature, and surrounding the peaceful scene like mighty sentinels. At the south, Mount Sunapee overlooks the mirror-like expanse, a huge dark-green pile of forest-clad rocks and ridges. To the eastward, the bare crown of Kearsarge salutes the sky;



SUNAPEE LAKE, FROM NEAR LAKE-VIEW HOUSE.

Croydon Mountain hems in the westward view; and on the north loom the lonely cliffs of Ragged Mountain.

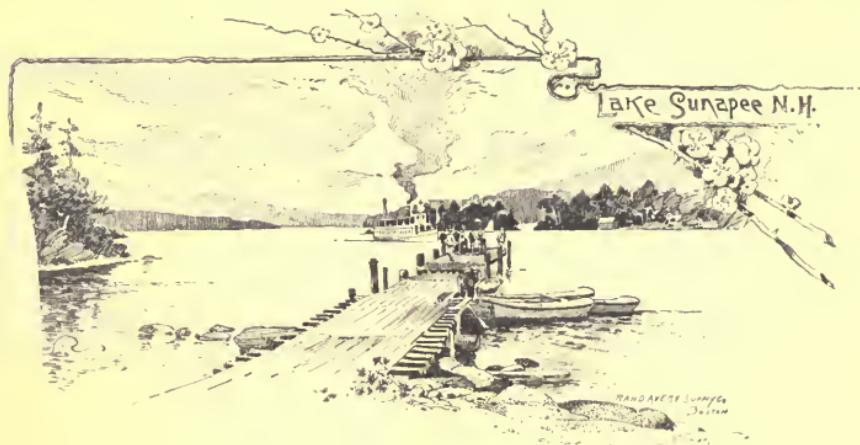
Some one has called Sunapee "the Loch Lomond of New Hampshire," but it more nearly resembles Loch Katrine, with its secluded beaches and wooded shores. The low hills in the vicinity repay the toil of ascent by charming views, covering the bright lake and its islands, the defile of the Sugar-River Valley, and line after line of tall and picturesque mountains, reaching far away into the dim blue distance. One of the best of these outlooks is that from Prospect Hill, near the Lake-View House. The waters of the lake are so transparent that the rocks and sands



A GLIMPSE OF SUNAPEE HARBOR.

thirty feet beneath are plainly seen, and among these submerged ledges the great fish may be watched, as they attend to their domestic and social affairs. The grassy slopes and rugged cliffs are mirrored in this still surface with surprising faithfulness. At this altitude, the air is dry and cool, and agrees not with the nimble mosquito, the pest of so many other fair woodland

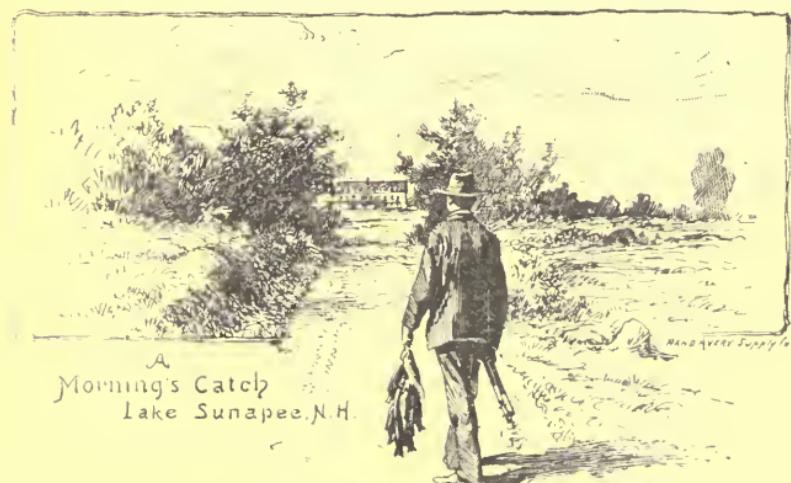
scenes. The edicts of Fashion, moreover, are held in obeisance on these happy shores, and broadcloth gives place to flannel, and tennis-costumes and boating-suits are preferred to the more arduous garments of artificial



ization. So it naturally happens that the frequenters of Sunapee return year after year, and the pleasant explorations of its nooks and corners, and coves and islands, furnish ever-new themes of interest and delight.

“I go to meet the winds of morn,
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-born,
Breathe scented pines, and satisfy
The hunger of a lowland eye.”

On the western shore, half way up, is the summer-resort of Lake View, with its pretty cottages, commanding a pleasant prospect up and down the



A
Morning's Catch
Lake Sunapee, N.H.

bright waters, and off among the green islands. In more primitive days, the ridge bore the name of Poverty Hill, and its land could not be sold for twelve dollars an acre; but the modern summer migration from the cities

has raised this price several thousand per cent. Just over the hill, and beyond the granite-quarries, the quiet hamlet of Sunapee Harbor nestles around an arm of the lake, with its factories clustered along the outlet, the rushing Sugar River. Above this little harbor rises Sunset Peak, with its enchanting view of the mountains and the lake. In the village is the home of William C. Sturoc, "the Bard of Sunapee," one of the most famous of Scottish-American poets, and a successful lawyer and orator.

Turning from the bluff western shores to those on the east, we find several beaches of white sand, and the cottage-resorts of Pine Cliff and Camp Comfort and Blodgett's Landing. Between these and Lake View is

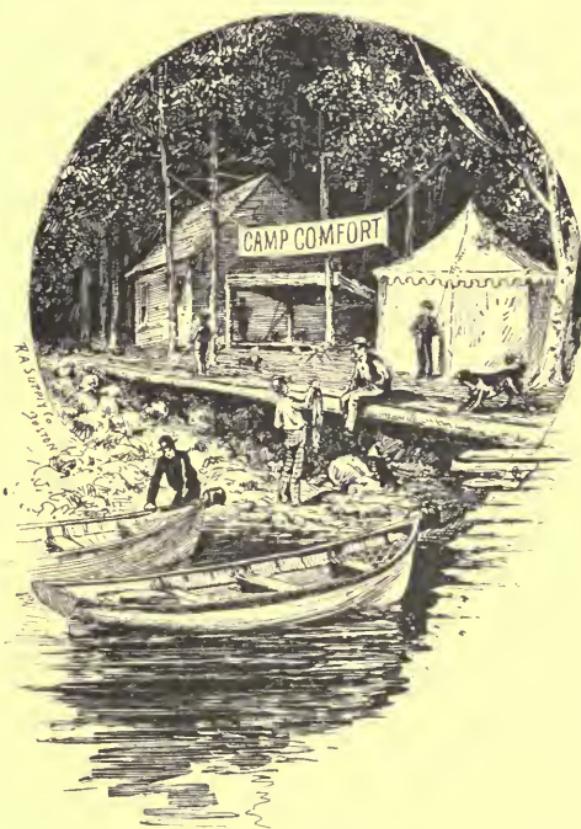
Liberty Island, joined by bridges to the western shore; and Great Island, covering seventy-five acres; and the gem-like little Gardner's Island. Away up at the north end of the lake, the end of the steamboat route, is the peaceful hamlet of George's Mills, at the outlet of Otter Pond and the pretty Little Sunapee Lake.

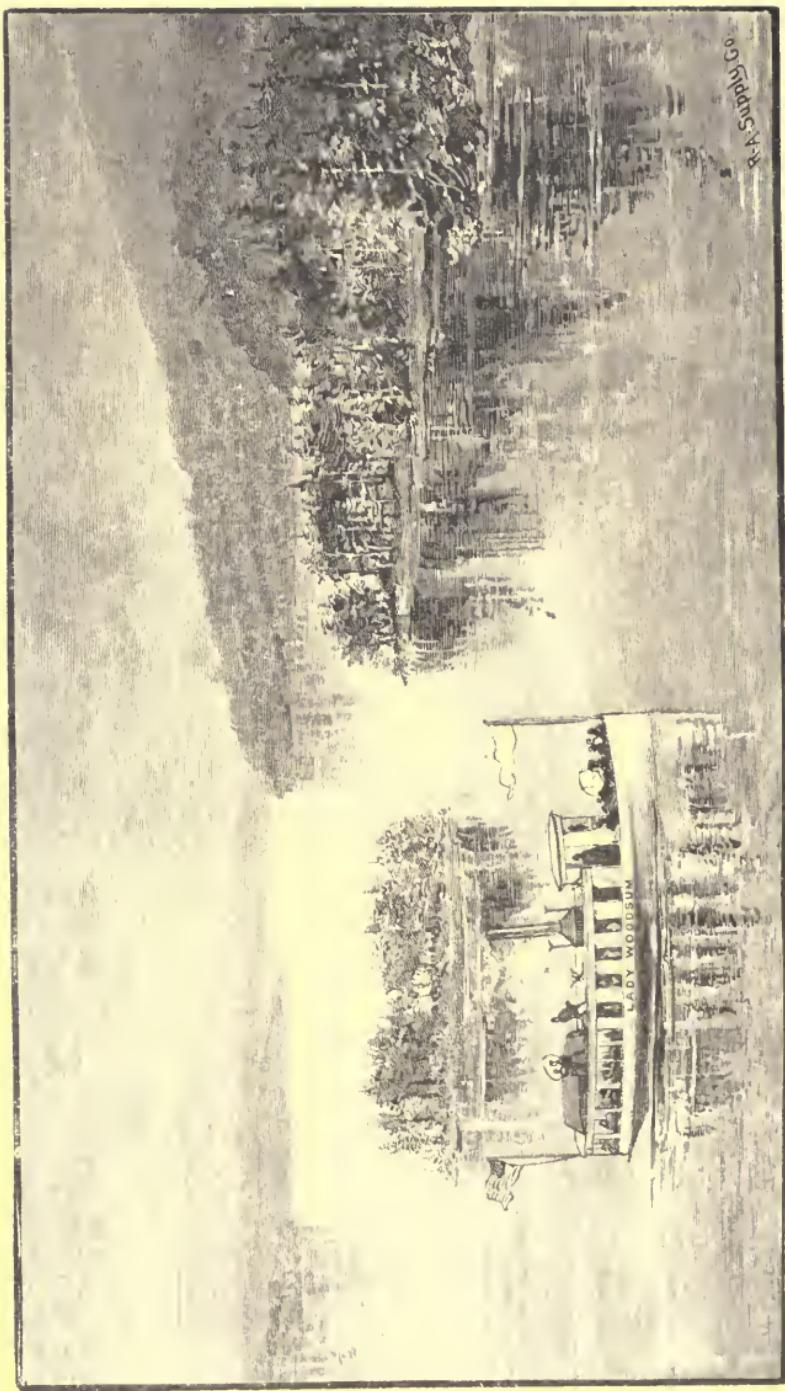
There is good fishing in this mountain-tarn for landlocked salmon, black bass, perch, and lake-trout; and many a profitable haul of trout has been made along Sugar River, near the outlet. Several passenger-steamers ply along the waters, their southernmost port being at Newbury, on the railway.

The voyage down the lake at about sunset is a revelation of beauty.

The disadvantages of Sunapee might be described in some such words as those used by an old English writer: "There are but two drawbacks to this delightful property,—the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales." Here also we may recall the advice of quaint old Thomas Fuller, to justify prolonging our vacation: "Chiefly choose a wholesome air, for air is a dish one feeds on every minute, and therefore it needs be pure."

The name of the lake comes from *seonu*, "wild goose," and *nipi*, "water;" and preserves the memory of the aboriginal Indians, who frequented the





SCENE ON LAKE SUNAPEE.

shores because then (as now) large flocks of ducks and Canada geese rested here every season on their way southward from their Arctic summer-homes. The Sunapee tribe, dwelling in this vicinity, was one of the Algonquin clans, now for ever passed into oblivion.

“ Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,
The sly loon sound his trumpet-note,
Wing-weary from his fields of air,
The wild-goose on thee float.”

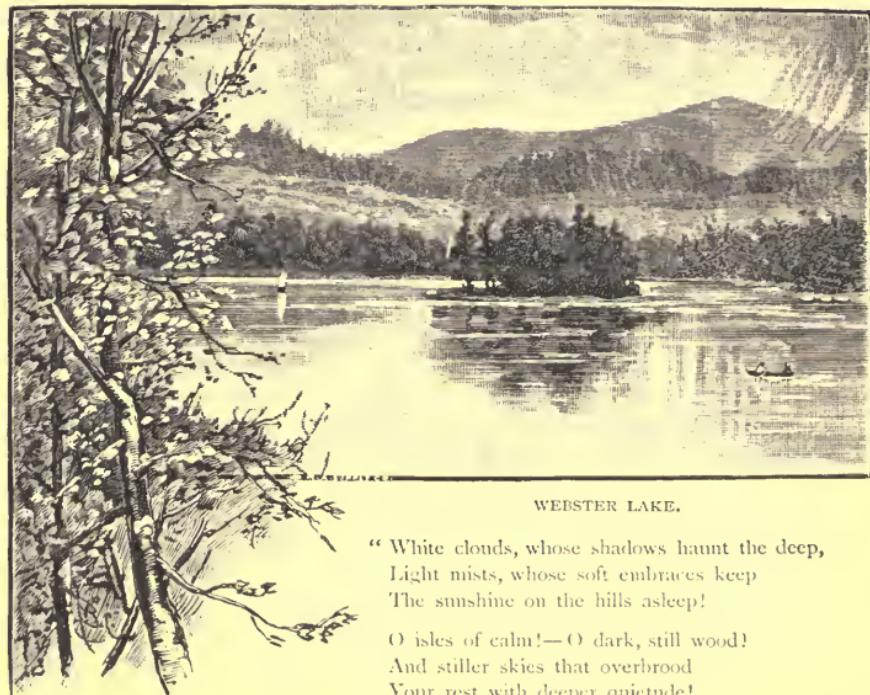
Of late years, the fine woodland scenery of this region, the delicious coolness of the air, and the good opportunities for riding on the adjacent roads, and boating and fishing in the lake, have given Lake Sunapee an increasing prominence among the summer-resorts of the Granite State, and its shores now have accommodations for nearly a thousand guests.

“ The summer day
Rich in its regal beauty lay
Over headland and beach and bay,
And the voice of the waves sang dreamily
A sweet, low tale to the listening ear.”

CHAPTER VII.

WEBSTER LAKE.

A LAKELAND SONG.—THE MIRROR OF HILLS.—THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE GREAT EXPOUNDER OF THE CONSTITUTION.



WEBSTER LAKE.

“ White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm!—O dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
You mountain-gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies,—the hollow of God’s hand!”

AFTER passing Franklin, on its course up country, the Northern Railroad gives a beautiful view over the clear waters of Webster Lake, environed by graceful hills, and adorned with pleasant beaches and promontories. In this region there are several imprententious summer boarding-houses; and the yeomanry of the surrounding country enjoy many hearty and unconventional picnics here every season.

Not far away is the little farm-house built in 1761 by Capt. Ebenezer Webster, a veteran of Lord Amherst's campaign of victory against Canada. Here Daniel Webster was born, where, as he said: "When my father had built his log-cabin, and lighted his fire, his smoke ascended nearer to the North Pole than that of any other of His Majesty's New-England subjects. His nearest civilized neighbor on the north was at Montreal." The rural regions of his native State were always dear to the god-like Daniel, who found pleasure and recreation in often returning to them from his great works of statecraft and diplomacy at Washington. Dr. Arnold, the famous English author and teacher, once said that walking amid fine scenery is an admirable "anti-attrition"; and nowhere can this blessing be found to better advantage than among the pleasant dales of this lakeland country of New Hampshire.

The country has been to a great extent deserted by its former residents, and ruined farmhouses and overgrown pastures appear on every side. They were once the homes of sturdy New-England men whose descendants are now off on the great prairies, seeking other habitations and new environments. But how often they must remember the old homes by the lakeside and the mountain-stream, and say with Holmes, "The world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest."

CHAPTER VIII.

MASCOMA LAKE.

MOUNT TUG. — THE SHAKER VILLAGE. — CRYSTAL LAKE. — A BRACE OF HEALING SPRINGS.

MASCOMA LAKE, the Indian *Namos-com*, or “Fish-Water,” lies among the pleasant hills of Enfield and Lebanon, a narrow and winding pond of five miles in length, resembling a section of a crystalline river, caught among the highlands. Its shores are dotted with the camps and cottages of summer pleasure-seekers, and a steamboat makes frequent voyages along the tranquil waters, touching at the little vernal ports.

The pleasantest view over Mascoma is enjoyed from the lowly Mount Tug, close to North Enfield, the manufacturing-village on the outlet. Many fish dwell under the placid bosom of the lake, and profitable fares of black bass and pickerel are captured by expert sportsmen. The bordering hills look across vast distances to the Green Mountains and the White Mountains, and other famous peaks, and especially upon “golden-crowned Cardigan,” lying along the northern horizon.

On the south-western shore is the Shaker village, divided into the North, Church, and South Families, and occupying the rich and narrow plain for two miles, cultivating and selling considerable quantities of valerian and garden-seeds, and carrying on some small manufactures. This singular colony dates from 1782; and the home of the Church Family, a massive stone building of four stories, with cupola and bell, was, in its early time, the most costly structure in New Hampshire, except the State House. The Shakers now number about two hundred.

In this pleasant land of yea and nay, sleek cattle abound, and fields of golden grain crowd along the margin of the blue water, and sweet herbs perfume the still air. And in the quaint homes of the marriage-hating elders earnest hospitality dwells, even for the children of the world.

The surrounding town is noted for its diversified and tranquil scenery, — lakes and brooks and meadows, and graceful hills cultivated from valley to summit. Two miles east of the head of Mascoma, the beautiful Crystal Lake (East Pond) glimmers among the guardian hills, with a single lonely island breaking its deep clear waters.

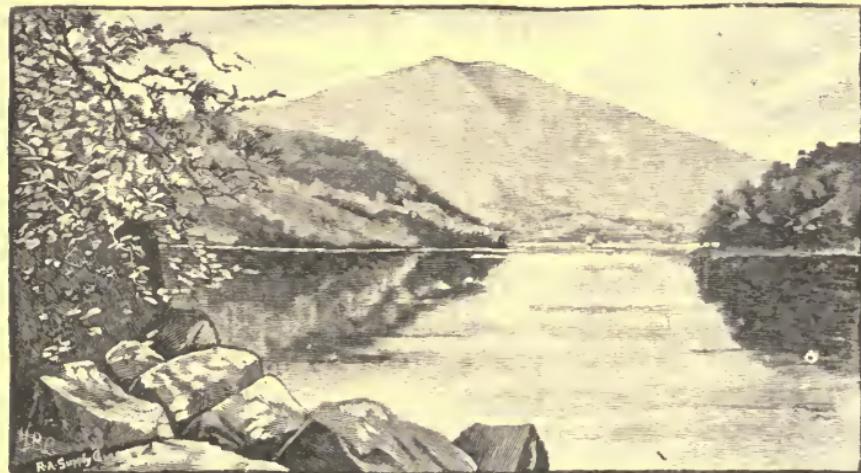
Four miles down the Mascoma valley are the famous Chiron Springs, a pure and aerated alkaline-saline water, and reputed to be rich in healing properties, especially in connection with rheumatism and dyspepsia. The Jerusalem Spring lies over in Canaan, with its extraordinarily pure water, and views of many a noble mountain wrapped in blue veils of distance.

CHAPTER IX.

NEWFOUND LAKE.

BRISTOL.—A VIEW IN BRIDGEWATER.—LACUSTRINE LOCALITIES.—AROUND THE LAKE.—PEAKED HILL.

ONE of the most lovely and least known lakes of New England may be reached by going up the Bristol Branch from Franklin, on the Northern Railroad, alongside of the swift Pemigewasset River. On the little plateau over the gorge of the Newfound River stands the bright manufacturing-village of Bristol; and five or six miles to the northward the sparkling



NEWFOUND LAKE.

waters of Newfound Lake open away among the hills, seven miles long and three miles wide, and well populated with lake-trout, landlocked salmon, black bass, pickerel, chub, and perch.

The kindly and hospitable farmers of the surrounding hills take many summer-boarders into their homes; and along the shore, now in low and sandy beaches, and again swelling into rocky promontories, scores of white tents of peaceful campaigners blink at each other over the wide water. The little-used pastures are occupied by battalions of berry-bushes; and myriads of sweet northern flowers bloom all summer long around the peaceful bays.

“ And the fir and the sassafras yield their balm,
Sweet as the odors of morning lands,
Where the eagle floats in the summer noon,
While his comrade clouds drift silent by,

And the waters fill with a mystic tune
The fane the cliffs have built to the sky."

From the eastern shore, in Bridgewater, near the only hotel on the lake, there is an unusually fine view across the placid waters, with Moss, Belle, Mayhew, and other wooded islands dotting its surface, and Sugar Loaf rising from the western shore, with Bear Hill beyond, and Mount Hebron, with the white spire of Hebron village at its foot. Farther away rises the long rocky crown of Mount Cardigan, a noble line of rocky crests, under the sunset.

There are many already who know the delights of Nutting's Beach, and Grove-Hill Farm, and Crescent Beach, and Breezy Point, and Rocky Point. Around these pleasant camp and cottage resorts the lake smiles witchingly, and its mimic waves dash merrily on the white beaches and rocky islands, and small boats of all degrees make holiday voyages. High hills approach the glen on all sides,—the Alexandria and Bristol ridges, the well-known Bridgewater Hills, and Crosby Mountain, looming darkly on the north. Sugar Loaf rises directly from the edge of the water, which is full thirty fathoms deep just off shore. The surface of the lake stands at 597 feet above the sea, and this considerable altitude gives a refreshing coolness to the air.

A pleasant road of sixteen miles leads around the lake, most of the way under tall old trees, and affording many lovely views over the placid waters and their environing hills, and the abounding lowland farms. Another capital excursion leads to the top of Peaked Hill, which commands a prospect of great landscape splendor, from the Franconia Mountains to the Sandwich Range and the blue Ossipees, with the glorious expanses of Winnipesaukee, Asquam, and Newfound.

CHAPTER X.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

THE RICHELIEU RIVER.—FISHING-PLACES.—NOBLE MOUNTAIN-VIEWS.—A BATTLE-GROUND OF NATIONS.—MAQUAM BAY.—HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.—PLATTSBURG.—AUSABLE CHASM.—BURLINGTON.—SPLIT ROCK.—TICONDEROGA.

LAKE Champlain is less than a hundred feet above tide-water, and finds its outlet in the noble Richelieu River, running down to the St. Lawrence by Isle aux Noix, Chambly, Béleïl, and Sorel. The best fishing is among the islands in the northern bays, where bass and pickerel are found in great numbers; and several camps of anglers have been established in this vicinity. There is very good fishing about St. Albans Bay, where bass and pickerel reward the toils of the angler.

One of the unchanging charms of Champlain, in which it is paramount over almost all American lakes, is its great number of magnificent views of the mountain-ranges on either side. Among the most notable of these is the famous all-around panorama from the University hill at Burlington, with scores of leagues of the Green Mountains on one side, and on the other, across the foreground of the lake, the long sierra of the Adirondacks. From about the Hero Islands there is another remarkable prospect of the Adirondacks; and from Basin Harbor, opposite Westport, the same range appears in glorious majesty, with Mounts Marcy, Dix, and Hurricane nobly conspicuous. From the ancient fortress of Crown Point, the Green Mountains are seen stretching along the eastern horizon for a vast distance.

In this sapphire-paved amphitheatre, between the mighty ranges of the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, what romantic and historic scenes have been enacted during the past three centuries! The ancient Algonquins regarded it as the gate of the Iroquois country; and army after army of Frenchmen, provincials, Britons, and Americans have traversed its placid bosom, or locked themselves in deadly battle on its shores, while the broadsides of hostile fleets awoke the echoes of the eternal hills. What memories are roused by the words Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Plattsburg, Valcour Island, Whitehall! Strange legends, too, rest about many of the islands and bays and promontories, and give a tinge of unusual romance to Champlain, which a well-known antiquary has credited with "more historical associations than any other lake in America."

Within the last five years, an unusual life and activity have manifested themselves around these shores. The number of summer-tourists has greatly increased; the noble sport of yachting has gained a sure foothold; and in many choice localities along the coast new estates have been founded. The

lake is 126 miles long and fifteen miles wide (at its greatest breadth), with a depth of from nine to forty-seven fathoms.

The tranquil and beautiful arm of the lake known as Maquam Bay is the terminus of the St. Johnsbury & Lake-Champlain Railroad, and of the steamboat line. Here stands the Hotel Champlain, commanding a fine view over the lake; and not far distant is the pretty village of Swanton.

The steamboat voyage from Maquam Bay leads down through the Hero Islands, making several landings, and then stretching across the lake, and around Cumberland Head, into the harbor of Plattsburg, a large New-York town, with a railway leading into the Adirondacks, towards the Saranac Lakes. This is the place attacked by Sir George Prevost, in 1814, with 14,000 British troops and sixteen war-vessels, and defended by Gen. Macomb and 4,000 Americans, aided by Com. Macdonough and fourteen vessels. The invaders were repulsed, with the loss of 2,000 men and their entire fleet.

Running south from Plattsburg, our route lies near Valcour Island, off which a British squadron destroyed Arnold's fleet of fifteen vessels and seventy guns, after a long October-day battle in 1776.

From Port Kent, stages run to the Ausable Chasm, a wonderful gorge of two miles, which the Ausable River has cut through the sandstone cliffs.

It is a noble sail across the lake from Port Kent to Burlington, past the Four Brothers, Rock Dunder, and Juniper Island. Burlington ranks as the chief city of Vermont, with 12,000 inhabitants, several fine stone churches and public buildings, and an immense lumber-trade. Here, also, you may see the University of Vermont (founded in 1791), with its magnificent library building, designed by Richardson; and Ward's bronze statue of Lafayette; and the grave and statue of Ethan Allen; and the Vermont Episcopal Institute, on Rock Point; and the home of Senator Edmunds; and such sunsets, across the broad lake and behind the jagged Adirondacks, as no other American city can show.

Steamboats run from Burlington to various ports in the southern part of the lake,—Essex, Westport, Port Henry, and Ticonderoga,—over a route of great natural beauty, and rich in historical and poetic associations. On either side of the lake are first-class railways, traversing St. Albans, Burlington, Vergennes, Middlebury, and Rutland on the east, and the New-York ports on the west, from Rouse's Point and Plattsburg to Lake George and Saratoga.

A few miles below Burlington is Shelburne Point, partly enclosing a beautiful bay, and occupied by two sons-in-law of Commodore Vanderbilt, Messrs. Webb and Twombly, whose estates cover 2,800 acres.

Near Essex is the Split Rock, the *Rocker Fendu* of the French explorers, and the Rogers Fender of their uncomprehending Anglo-Saxon rivals. A light-house crowns this lofty cliff, whose neighborhood is held to be the most wind-swept part of the lake, with four hundred feet of water just off shore.

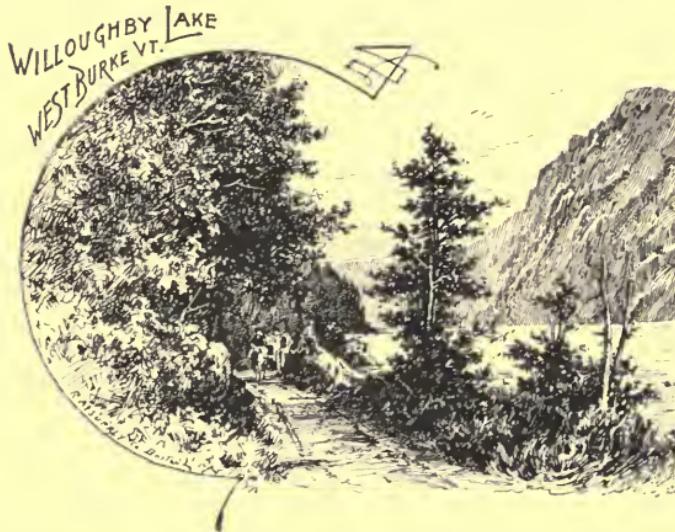
The end of the steamboat route is at the high-placed ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, founded in 1690, and rebuilt by the Marquis de Montcalm in 1755, and for nearly a century hallowed by the blood of thousands of gallant soldiers, Mohawk and Iroquois, French and Canadian, English and Scottish, German and American.

CHAPTER XI.

WILLOUGHBY LAKE.

A VERMONT WATER-GAP.—MOUNT ANNANANCE.—A CLUSTER OF FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

A WAY up in Northern Vermont, two great mountains rise above the wooded plains of Westmore, holding in the gap between them the celebrated Willoughby Lake, whose waters are of such profound depth that in some places no bottom has ever been found, even with a hundred fathoms of sounding-line. This limpid sheet stretches away for six miles, under the

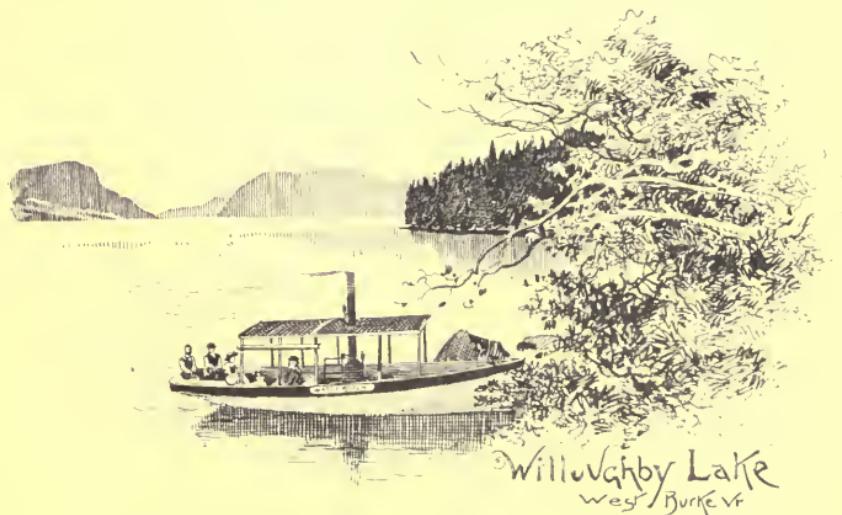


shadows of the mountain-walls, whose bases meet far below its tideless bosom, and are explored by schools of trout and muscalonge. In the west, the shaggy heights of Mount Hor reach a height of fifteen hundred feet above the water, crowned with dark evergreens; and on the opposite shore, over a thousand feet higher, looms the rocky spire which is variously known as Mount Annanance, or Willoughby, or Pisgah. (Annanance was the brave Indian chief who dwelt here in the bad old times when New England's frontiers lay under the ban of battle, murder, and sudden death.) A path of two and a half miles leads from the little summer-hotel at the foot of the lake to the top of this polyonomous peak, whence you may look out over the vast sugar-maple forests of Newark, and hundreds of hermitage farms, to the clustering White Mountains, and in the other direction, across the silvery

Memphremagog, to Owl's Head, and again to the interminable sierras of the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks.

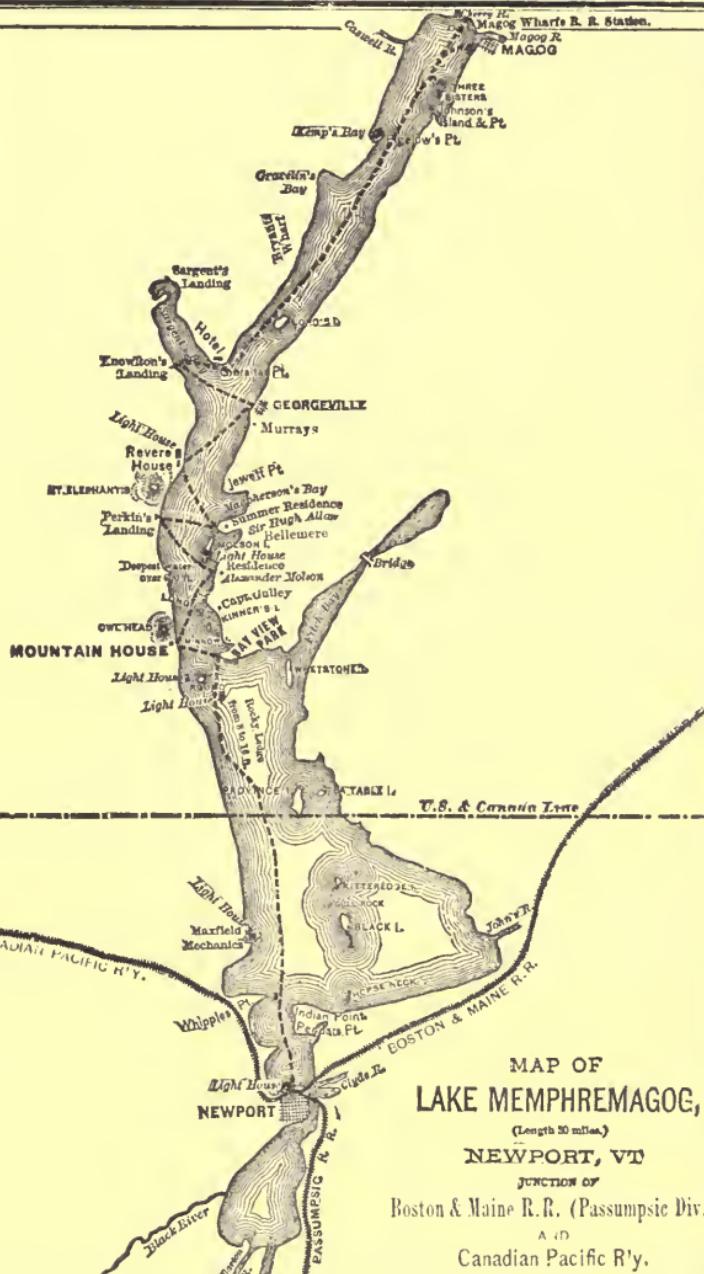
The shores and hills abound in birches and maples, tree-like arbor-vitæ, graceful larches, yews, aspens, beeches, and mountain-ashes. Harebells, violets, forget-me-nots, orchids, and a great variety of ferns, are found on these shores, whose flora is set forth by Charles E. Ridler, with the usual botanical Latinity, in "Appalachia" for December, 1884 (Vol. IV.). The Flower Garden, famous for its rich and rare plants, is high up on Mount Annanance, beyond the Pulpit Rock.

A lonely country-road runs up the eastern shore, close to the lake, and passes out by Westmore Mountain to Charleston, near the lovely Seymour Lake, and Island Pond, on the Grand Trunk Railway. The Devil's Den, the Silver Cascade, the Point of Rocks, and other interesting localities may be visited along this lakeside drive, above which the crumbling cliffs of Mount Annanance soar high into the blue firmament. Or, if a marine excur-



sion is preferred, there are plenty of small boats about the hotel, and also a miniature steamboat, whereby you may rush down this plain of limpid crystal to the farms clustered about the outlet, and the crossing of the turnpike to Barton Landing and Irasburgh.

But our few words about Willoughby Lake utterly fail to show forth the fantastic beauty of the scene, which recalls the Delaware Water-Gap, on the Pennsylvania border. That, however, is a fashionable resort, on a great railway route, while Willoughby, leagues from the nearest hamlet, and with its western shore as unvisited as the heart of Greenland, is a place for lovers of pure Nature and the peace that she brings. The lake is reached from West Burke, on the Passumpsic Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, by a pleasant stage-ride of six miles.



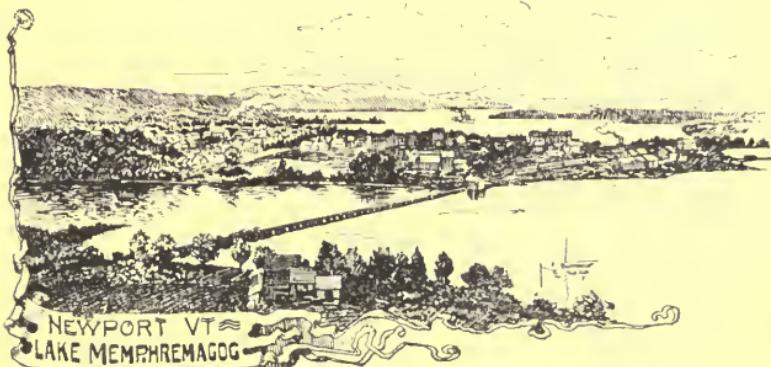
CHAPTER XII.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

NEWPORT.—LAKE GEORGE, GENEVA, OR LOCH LOMOND.—THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.—OWL'S HEAD.—GEORGEVILLE.—MAGOG.—MOUNT ORFORD.—BROME LAKE.

“Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog’s wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper’s hut and Indian camp;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away.”

AT the station of the Boston & Maine Railroad (Lowell System), in Boston, you may take *un char dortoir Pullman attaché au train de nuit de Boston à Montreal*, and reach Lake Memphremagog before dawn in the morning. Or the same transit may be made between nine in the morning and five in the afternoon. And so, running past the White Mountains and



the lovely lakes of New Hampshire, and up the long Passumpsic Valley, you come to Newport, the metropolis of the Memphremagog region.

The old-time Pickerel Point, down near the southern end of the lake, is now occupied by the pretty modern village of Newport, with its 2,500 inhabitants, five churches, and other civic institutions, and a great summer-hotel close to the lake-side. From Prospect Hill, a short walk from the streets, a charming view of the lake is gained, with its line of mountain guards and verdure-tinted valleys extending for many leagues.

"Broad in the sunshine stretched away,
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay,
And over water and dusk of pines
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines."

From Newport as a centre, many interesting excursions may be made, from the drives and walks around the village and the bay, to the restful voyages down the lake to Owl's Head and Georgeville, and the longer journeys, full of memorable attraction, to Willoughby Lake or Jay Peak. Only five miles distant, the frontier-line of Canada marks the division between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations of the west, daughters of Britain, and elder sisters of Australia and New Zealand.

Newport is a capital point for fishermen to visit, for in its vicinity there is many a pellucid stream, where brook-trout rise to the seductive fly, down among the fair valleys of Vermont. And in Memphremagog there are plenty of lake-trout of three or four pounds, and old fishermen tell of landing noble specimens that have weighed forty pounds each. The favorite locality for this sport is in the deep, cold, and clear waters in the vicinity of Owl's Head,

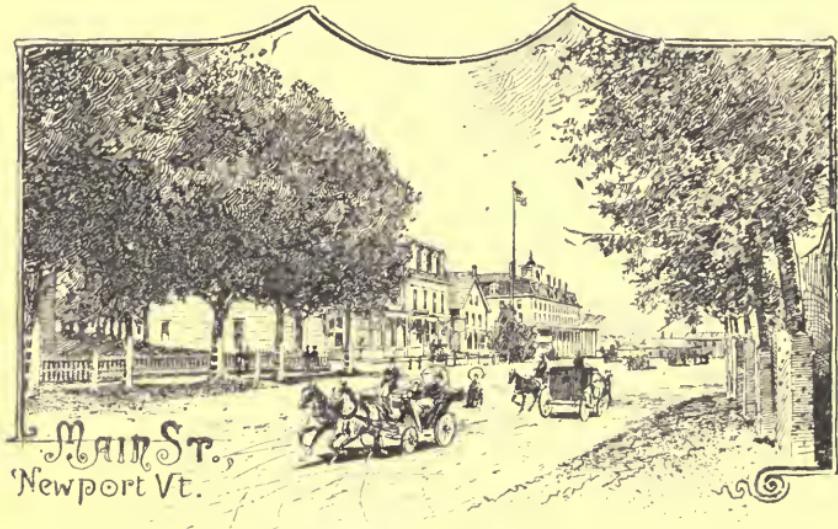


where the great cliffs frown down upon unsounded depths. There are also many alert black bass in the lake, and they may even be caught from the bridge at Newport; and as to perch, they were for years regarded as valueless, until their schools wellnigh filled the southern bays. The best pickerel are in Fitch Bay, which is almost an independent lake, joined to Memphremagog on its eastern side by picturesque narrows. The lake-trout of this region are popularly called "lunge," on account of their supposed relationship to the muscalonge family, so abundant elsewhere in Canadian waters. But in reality the muscalonge is an entirely different fish from the Memphremagog trout (*salmo confinis*), which may be found here in four varieties.—the black, silver, gray, and copper.

Stretching away northward for thirty-three miles, between rock-bound shores and ancient forests, with a chain of high mountains brooding along its western shore, and many a graceful island rising above the clear waves, Memphremagog truly merits its strong Indian name, which means "Beautiful Water." It attains a length of thirty-three miles, with a width varying from one to four miles, and is traversed daily by a handsome Clyde-built steam-

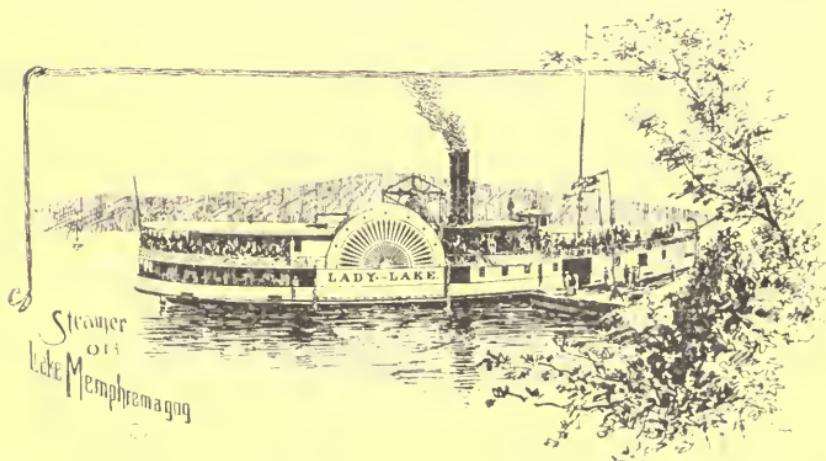
boat, making several landings on the way. There are several other steamers, and the safe navigation of the lake is aided by government light-houses.

The steamboat from Newport makes two trips daily along the entire lake, to Magog and back, the running-time each way (including stops) being



about three hours. There are many sail-boats and row-boats at Newport, in which trips may be taken among the islands, and along the picturesque shores. There is always a breeze here, coming from the mountains, and cooling the air delightfully.

The usual standard of comparison for Memphremagog is the exquisitely



beautiful Lake George, like this mountain-bound, and adorned with pretty islands. Other people find here resemblances to Loch Lomond; and those who have been farther afield call it the Lake Geneva of Canada. The northern air is strangely exhilarating, cooled by the mountain elevations,

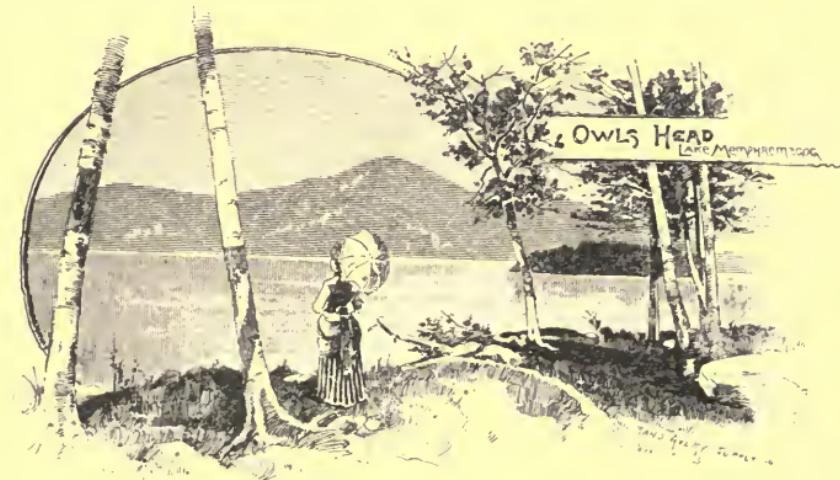
or by blowing over the crystalline cold waters of the lake; and overhead extends a transparent blue sky.

Among the other attractions of Memphremagog, its picturesque scenery, glorious sunsets, serenity of sunny days and majesty of scourging gales, its



negative virtues should be set forth, in the absence of mosquitoes and black flies, and of brooding fogs.

As one who is most familiar with the region has said: "The scenery of Memphremagog is incisive, vigorous, robust. Its features are distinct, salient, characteristic. It cannot claim, like Winnipesaukee, a wealth of



island jewelry, but the brooch and studs it wears are enough to adorn without destroying the unity of its shining bosom. Its shores are heavily wooded, and for the most part bold and rugged, but at times gently subsiding into sloping beaches."

Four-fifths of the lake are within the Canadian lines, cutting into the heart of the nine counties composing the Eastern Townships, so called in distinction from the Seignories, inhabited by feudal French *habitans*. The settlers here came from New England, and held their domains "in free and common socage"—a peaceful race of hardy pioneers, who find two jails more than enough for nine great counties.

And so premising, we will run out of Newport and down the lake. After the boat has passed Indian Point, where the last settlement of the aborigines stood, the white Canadian village of Stanstead appears beyond the Twin Sisters islands; and the huge green mass of Bear Mountain looms in the near west. Near Province Island, the property of Mr. Zabriskie of New York, where buried treasures await discovery, we cross the invisible line



which separates the sister-nations, Canada and the United States; and so we become like the famous Lord Bateman:

"And he departed into foreign lands
Strange countries for to see."

The most conspicuous and noble object about the lake is the great mountain, Owl's Head, rising abruptly from the western shore to a crown of bare crags, and with a summer-hotel at the base, and Round Island off shore. A path a mile and a half long leads to the summit, whence, on a clear day, the adventurous climber may see the great lake underspread, the Wiloughbys and White and Green and Adirondack Mountains, and many a lonely lake, set in the illimitable green of the northern plains. Rougemont

and Belœil rise in the remote north-west, and the towers of Notre Dame mark the site of Montreal.

From the bosom of the lake Jay Peak may be seen, rising with fine effect in the south-west; and on rarely clear days the far-away crest of Mount Washington may be descried, low down on the horizon. The nameless hills and ridges beyond Elephantis huddle about the foot of the lake, with their tempting suggestions of wild lands to be explored, and virgin streams to invite the angler's attention.

Across the lake is Bay-View Park, at the mouth of Fitch Bay, and near Skinner's Island, where a celebrated smuggler of eighty years ago used to evade the customs officers by disappearing in an unknown cavern. Beyond is Long Island, with its fringe of palisades and a famous Balance Rock. The



Allans, Molsons, and other prominent Montreal families have villas along the eastern shore here, looking across at the sharp pyramid of Owl's Head and the Jumbo-shaped Mount Elephantis.

The estate founded here by the late Sir Hugh Allan is the most conspicuous on the lake. In the old days, the flag of the Allan Line of ocean steamships waved from this mansion during the season; and the lord of the manor used to carry his guests about the lake in a handsome steam-yacht, a diminutive model of the great Atlantic steamships. The Allan place is four miles below Georgeville. Just to the northward is the pleasant summer-home of Mr. Alexander Molson of Montreal, near Molson's Island and its lovely sheltered bay. Farther up the valley, in and near Stanstead, there are several comfortable summer-estates, or country-houses, belonging to

Montrealers. It is surprising that this feature of life, so attractive to our Anglo-Canadian brethren, should not have been developed to a greater extent on these lovely and salubrious shores, which should be to Montreal what Loch Lomond is to Glasgow.

Georgeville is a primitive, quiet, inexpensive little Canadian village, decadent since the busier days about the middle of the century, when its trade covered a great area of the Eastern Townships. A large modern hotel now caters for summer-travel, succeeding the famous old Camperdown Inn. "Georgeville is one of the most self-possessed towns of Canada; a single wire and a daily mail-bag keep it in communication with the outside world. But no breezes of intelligence from any direction ever disturb the perfect serenity of its peace."

Here you may enjoy the bright and electric mornings, with life in the air and an indescribably jocund gleam on the waves. And after the silent after-



noons, under a sky of turquoise, the splendors of sunset flood the western mountains with rich and rosy tints.

"Filled was the air with a dreaming and magical light."

The little hamlet nestles at the feet of high green hills, and attracts a great number of Canadian summer-guests, mostly from the well-to-do families of Montreal. The great hotel across the lake, now wellnigh dismantled, was built by capitalists from the metropolis of Canada, to be an ultra-fashionable resort for New-World baronets and gentry and their families; but the scheme failed of success, and the house was never opened.

After leaving Georgeville, we run across the bright lake and up Sergeant's Bay to Knowlton's Landing. Rounding the high rocks of Gibraltar Point, with its great ruined hotel, and traversing a narrow strait inside of a wooded island, Mount Orford appears in advance, and the steamboat speeds down

across broader reaches to Magog, a small Canadian hamlet on the outlet, the Magog River, which flows down over many a bright rapid, abounding in trout, to the St. Francis River. From Magog, we may ride to the top of Mount Orford, in five miles, and look out over the interminable forests of the Eastern Townships. Over back of the mountain there is a sequestered lake, famous for its abounding fish, who fairly clamor to be caught.

A queer old steam ferry-boat crosses the lake from Georgeville to Knowlton's Landing, whence a ride of fourteen miles over rugged and picturesque hills leads to the busy village of Knowlton and its summer-hotel, at the head of Brome Lake, three by four miles in area, with low and sedgy shores, and furnishing pickerel and black bass for the sportsmen of Montreal. The return journey should be made through the notch in the Bolton Mountains, past the trout-abounding Coon Pond. Brome Lake is the reservoir of the Yamaska River, flowing down into the great St. Lawrence Valley. Nor will the angler omit to visit Brompton Lake and Sugar-Loaf Pond, with their abundant trout; or Magog Lake, where trout and pickerel rise to the fly; or St. Francis Lake, abounding in many varieties of fish.

One of the pleasantest companions at Lake Memphremagog is "The Shaybacks in Camp," by the Rev. Samuel J. Barrows of Boston, portraying the happy experiences of a family encamping on the shore near Georgeville.

Through the pass in the mountains that line the lake along the west, we may descend to the Missisquoi Valley, with the deep pools and swift currents of its river; and journey to Bolton Springs, the fashionable resort of this part of the Eastern Townships.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAKE ST. JOHN.

ROBERVAL AND POINTE BLEUE.—THE “PERIBONCA’S” VOYAGES.—DOWN THE SAGUENAY.—THE WINNANISH.—A PROVINCE OF NEW FRANCE.—LAKE EDOUARD.

THE trip to Lake St. John is one of the most novel and interesting in America, and is admirably served by through sleeping and buffet cars, running from Boston, over the Lowell System of the Boston & Maine Railroad, up the Merrimac Valley and past Lake Winnipesaukee, and reaching Quebec at early morning. After a full day in the ancient fortress-city, the parlor-car starts for Lake St. John, two hundred miles to the northward, past many a quaint hamlet of French peasants and Indian hunters, and then for scores of leagues through the virgin forest. At late afternoon the great lake is reached, and a steamboat runs up to Roberval and its new summer-hotel. So broad is this remote forest-sea that its blue waters form the horizon-line, and the farther shore is quite invisible. Roberval is a village of one thousand inhabitants, with a Catholic church and an Ursuline convent; and on Pointe Bleue, a few miles distant, stands the old Hudson’s-Bay Company’s fort, still visited by crowds of Montaignais Indians, from the wild north land towards the great bay. The railway is being prolonged from Chambord Junction to St. Jerome, towards Grande Décharge, and will in time reach Chicoutimi and Ha-Ha Bay. The steamer *Peribonca* makes daily trips around the lake, and to the mouths of the great northern rivers, and gives views of the islands, the tin-clad spires of the parish-churches, the sand-hills of the northern shore, the yellow sandy beaches, the snow-white three-hundred-feet falls of the Ouiatchouan, the church of St. Prime, at the mouth of the Ashuapmouchouan, and the blue Laurentian Mountains. It is about thirty miles down the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, the northern port of the Quebec steamboats; and this journey may be made in canoes, with the skilful local boatmen, rounding the rapids by portages.

The lake is twenty-six miles long by twenty miles wide, rather shallow, and receives the waters of several rivers, three of which, the Ashuapmouchouan, Peribonca, and Mistassini, are each over two hundred miles long and a mile wide at their mouths. They flow down from the watershed of the St. Lawrence and Hudson’s Bay, from Lake Nikoubau and other savage solitudes.

The fish for which this northern sea is famous is the winanishe, or land-locked salmon, long, slim, and gamey, and averaging above two pounds in weight. Among other fish found here are trout, pickerel, cusk, perch, pike,

dace, and eels. Some of the best fishing-grounds are near the house of the Saguenay Club, on Alma Island, where the Saguenay River leaves the lake. The road from the railway leads hither by way of St. Jerome and St. Gédéon.

The ancient monopolies of the Domaine du Roi, the Northwest Company, and the Hudson's-Bay Company kept this vast Saguenay Valley empty for over two centuries, save for a chain of trading-posts extending from Tadoussac to Mistassini and Hudson's Bay. With the cessation of the Company's power, in 1842, a great wave of French immigration moved up the valley, and now it contains forty thousand inhabitants. Around the lake, tobacco, melons, and maize, and other crops, are raised. There are fourteen parishes here, inhabited by sturdy and prolific French-Canadians, courteous, hospitable, and entertaining. Their little white farm-houses line the shore for many miles, here and there assembling in little hamlets, each with its school and church.

On the way up from Quebec the railway passes Lake Edouard, narrow and winding, and twenty-seven miles long, studded with islands, and enwalled by the Laurentian Mountains. There are capital camping-grounds here, and a small hotel also. Large trout are found in amazing numbers, and the lake is leased by the railway for the use of its patrons. The return-trip includes pleasant and fruitful sojourns at Quebec and at Lake Memphremagog; and at the end of a week, with a total expenditure for transportation, transfers, hotel-bills, etc., of less than fifty dollars, the amateur explorer reaches home once more, possessed of much to remember and enjoy in the prospects of years.

Adventurous tourists who seek this far-away fragment of Norman America should read W. H. H. Murray's "The Doom of Mamelons," and the illustrated leading article in Scribner's Magazine for May, 1889, entitled "The Land of the Winanishe."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONNECTICUT LAKE.

THE UPPER-COÖS ROUTE.—SECOND LAKE.—THIRD LAKE.—FOURTH LAKE.—MOUNT PROSPECT.

CONNECTICUT LAKE is sixteen miles by stage from West Stewarts-town, on the Upper-Coös Railroad, which diverges from the Grand Trunk line at Stratford. It has a small steamboat and a summer-hotel, and is frequented by many sportsmen, for the sake of the fishing and hunting for which all this region is famous. From the lake, pleasant views are afforded of the Magalloway Mountains and other rarely visited ranges.

Connecticut Lake covers perhaps three square miles, with very irregular shores, partly in grassy pastures, but mainly in primeval forest. The beauty of the scene, when autumn has overflowed it with gorgeous coloring, is finely described by Prof. Huntington, in the *Geology of New Hampshire* (Vol. 1).

The Second Connecticut Lake, two miles long, is praised by Huntington as “one of the most beautiful of our northern lakes. The graceful contour of its shores, the symmetry of its projecting points, the stately growth of its primeval forests, the carpet of green that is spread along its border and extends through the long vista of the woods, the receding hills and the distant mountains, present a combination of the wild, the grand, and the beautiful that is rarely seen.”

About seven miles from the Second Lake, ascending the infant Connecticut, is the Third Lake, 2,038 feet above the sea, and covering less than a square mile, surrounded by high hills and wild gardens of sub-alpine flowers and immense evergreen trees.

A little rill descends into Third Lake from Fourth Lake, a lonely forest-pool, 2,551 feet above the sea, and close to the St. Lawrence watershed and the Canadian border. This is the ultimate source of the great Connecticut River, which flows southward for hundreds of miles, to Long Island Sound. It is half hidden amid vast evergreen forests, with no sign of civilization. Close by, and within a few minutes’ walk, is the top of Mount Prospect, overlooking thousands of square miles of the Quebec woodlands, as wild as the heart of Saskatchewan.

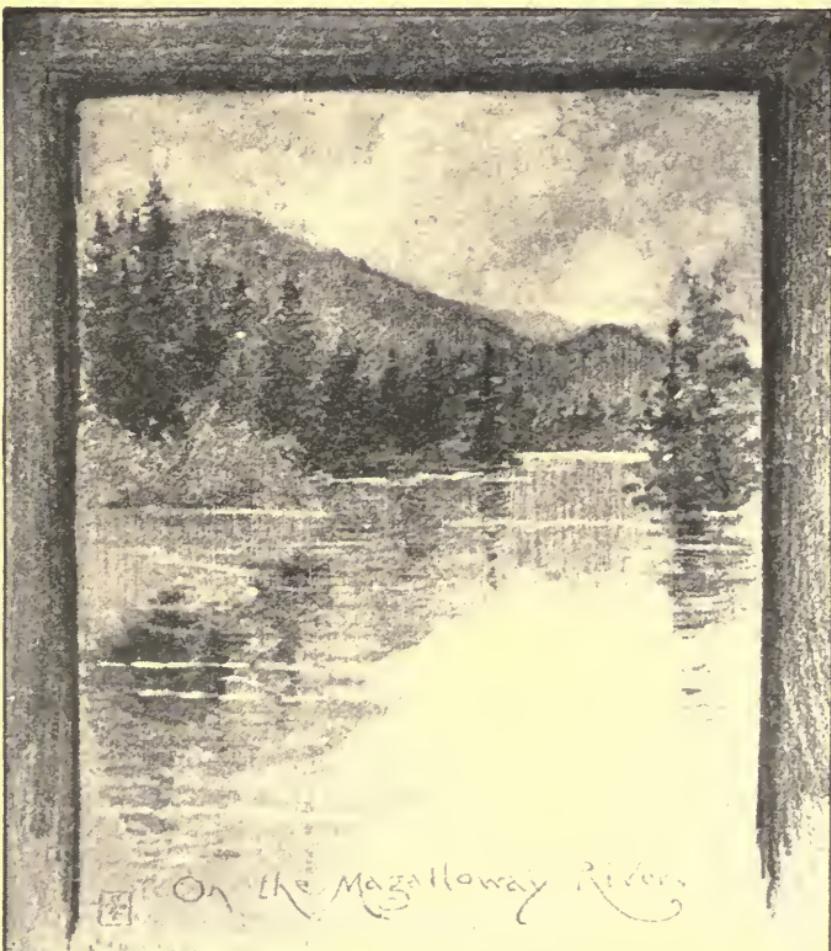
“Fresh from the rock and welling by the tree,
Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea,
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy voice
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures live.”

CHAPTER XV.

PARMACHENEE LAKE.

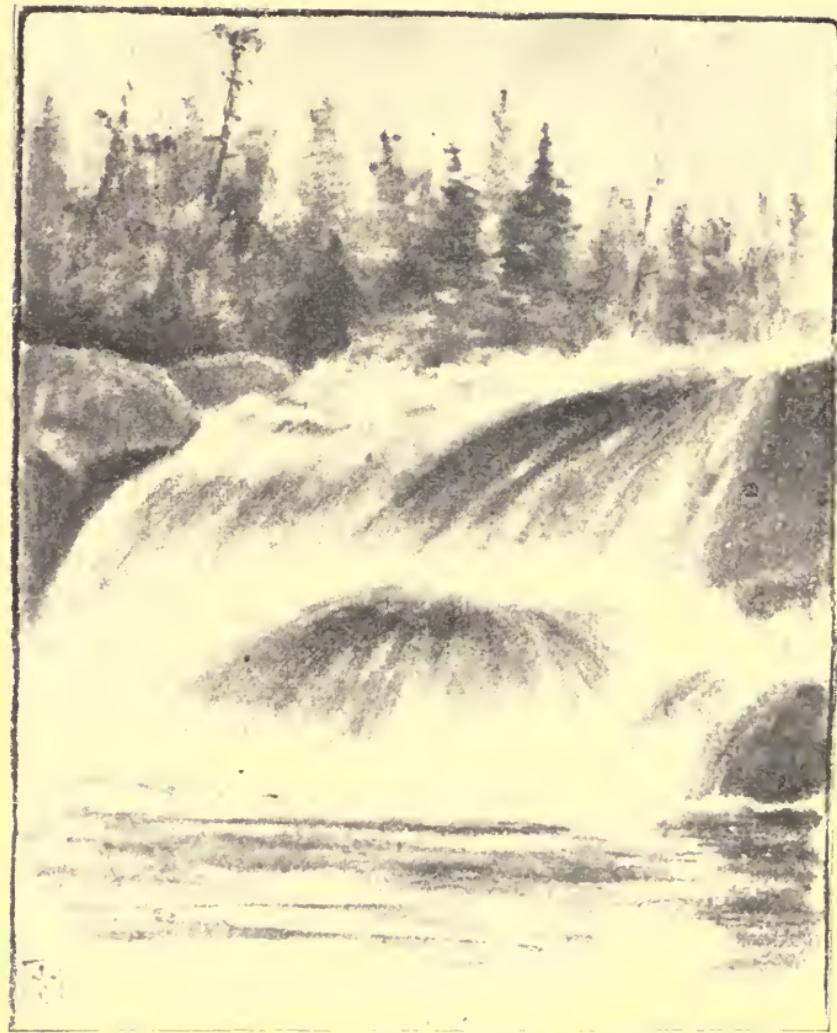
THE MAGALLOWAY RIVER.—BERLIN MILLS.—MOUNT AZISCOOS.—A CARRY TO CONNECTICUT LAKE.

AFTER crossing red Umbagog, the steamboat runs down the rapid Androscoggin River for a few miles to Errol Dam, and then back a little way, and up the Magalloway River for sixteen miles, to the Berlin-Mills



Hotel. "The stream slips down blackly between walls of evergreen forest; or sweeps the long coasts of natural meadows, dotted with royal elms; or

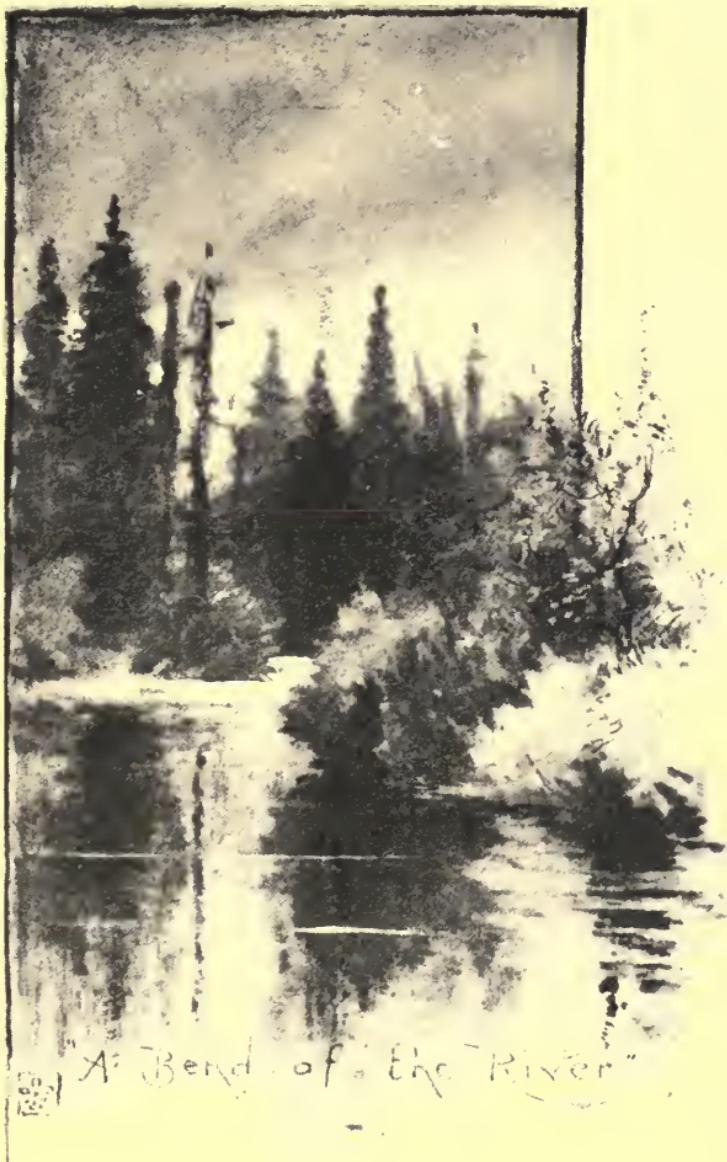
flashes down over long inclines." It is hardly more than a hundred feet wide, and winds in a surprising manner, through overarching cloisters of living green. The inflowing streams come down from lonely forest-ponds, the haunts of deer and moose, the blue heron, and wild ducks. From the Berlin-Mills House a buckboard road leads nearly to the summit of Mount Aziscoös, the finest mountain in all the Rangeley country, whose outspread panorama it commands with superb effect.



AZISCOÖS FALLS, MAGALLOWAY RIVER.

Aziscoös Falls are six miles by road from the mills; and here the second section of steam-navigation begins, and the swift and narrow Magalloway is ascended for fifteen miles, to the Lower Mettaluk Pond. For twelve miles above this point the river traverses a succession of rich meadows, and may be ascended by canoes. Then comes a portage path of four miles, leading to Parmachenee Lake, solitary among the verdure-clad hills, whose only

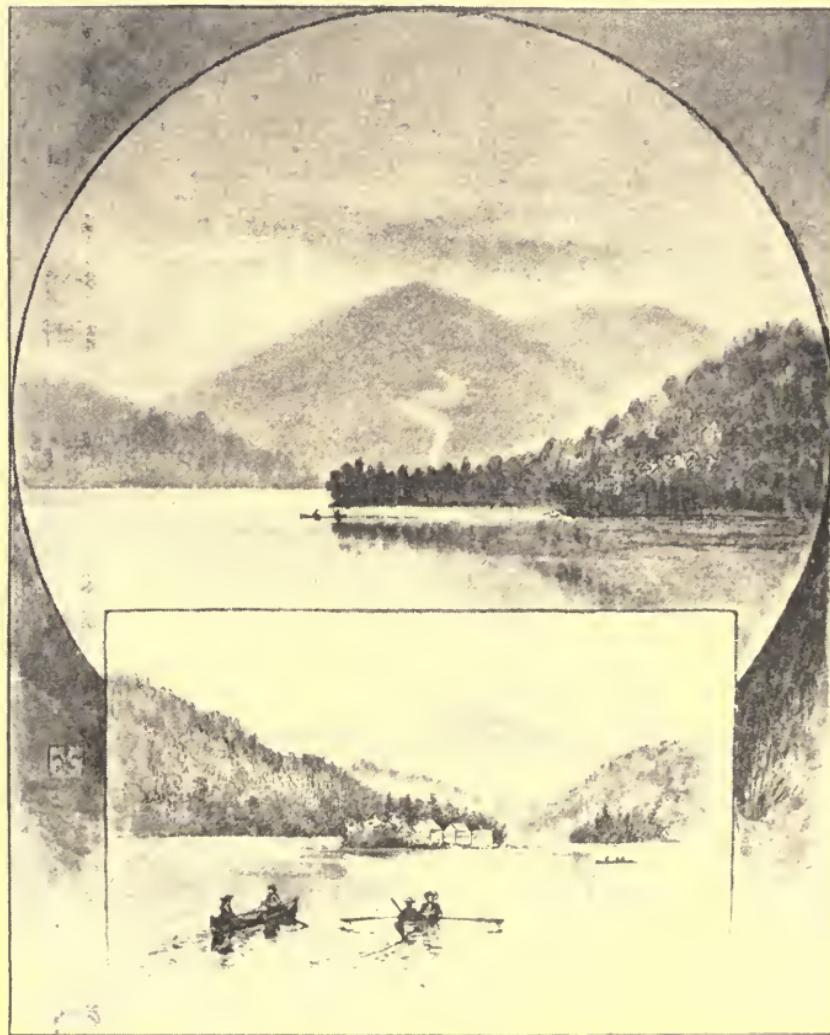
inhabitants are bears and deer and the smaller children of the primeval forest. The public house is called Camp Caribou, and stands on a romantic island near the head of the lake. Here sportsmen spend weeks of every summer, 2,500 feet above the sea, and surrounded by the charms of Nature



UPPER MAGALLOWAY.

in her wildest mood. No human home appears on all the score of miles around the placid lake. Its altitude of 2,500 feet above the sea gives an added virtue to the air. Thoreau, that wise naturalist, averred that the air of Maine is a diet-drink; and a very choice brand of it may be found here.

The vicinity of Parmachenee is enriched by many excellent fishing-grounds,—Beaver Pond, Saturday Pond, Moose Brook, Little Boy's Falls, and others; and there are snug little huts for fishermen near several of these localities. The chief object in the natural scenery of the lake is the conical Bose-Buck Mountain, rising from the south-eastern cove; and the great Mount Carmel lies within two or three miles of the lake, on the north-



ON LAKE PARMACHEE.

west. Glimpses are gained also of the untrodden Boundary Mountains.

Standing thus at the headwaters of the Androscoggin, you may wish to return by another route. If so, it is only ten miles (but tremendously hard ones) from Camp Caribou to the Second Connecticut Lake, whose waters flow down from near the frontier, and enter the Connecticut River.

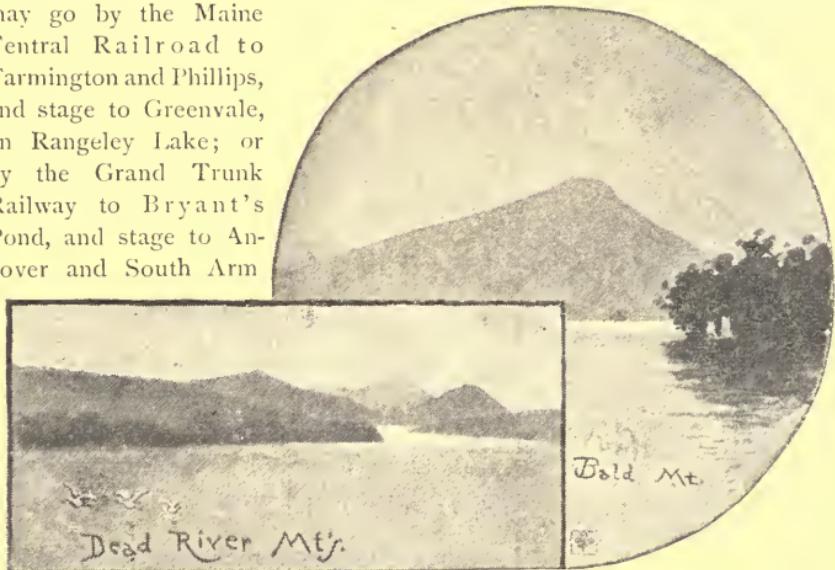
CHAPTER XVI.

THE RANGELEY LAKES.

FARMINGTON.—RANGELEY.—INDIAN ROCK.—CUPSUPTIC.—LAKE MOOSE—LUCMAGUNTIC.—BALD MOUNTAIN.—MOLLYCHUNKAMUNK LAKE.—LAKE WELOKENNEBACOOK.—LAKE UMBAGOG.

“Then I gently shake the tackle
Till the barbed and fatal hook
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
That old trout, so wary grown.”

A WAY up in the north-western corner of Maine, deep amid the forests, and surrounded by untrodden mountains, are the famous fishing and hunting grounds of the Rangeley Lakes, for a generation past the favorite resort of the better class of New-England sportsmen. This charmed region is entered by taking the Boston & Maine Railroad to Portland, whence we may go by the Maine Central Railroad to Farmington and Phillips, and stage to Greenvale, on Rangeley Lake; or by the Grand Trunk Railway to Bryant’s Pond, and stage to Andover and South Arm



VIEWS FROM RANGELEY LAKES.

on Lake Welokennebacock; or by the Grand Trunk Railway to Bethel, and stage to Lake Umbagog. There are dozens of hotels, camps, and boarding-houses around the lakes, with simple but comfortable and inexpensive accommodations; and expert guides and woodsmen may be secured at many points to help the novice in learning how to catch and cook the trout and

Oquawc Angling Association,

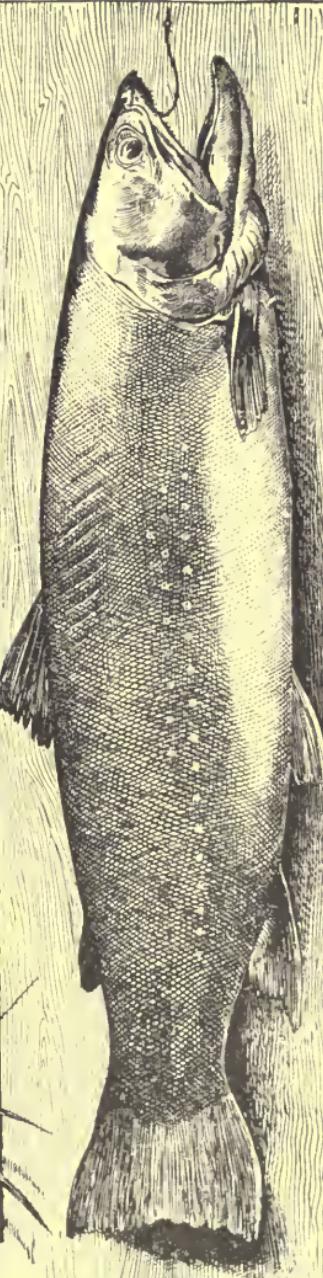
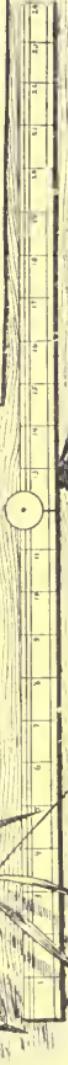
Indian Park, Maine,

Dr. Charles Haddock, of Beverly, Mass., George Oster, Guide, took, off Sandy Point, Lake Mooseeluckmeguntic, a trout weighing 10 5-8 lbs. The weight was taken nine hours after fish was caught, and must have been, at least, 11 lbs, at time of capture.

(Signed),

CHARLES C. WHITE,
FRANK H. LOVELL,
THOS. A. PERKINS,
THOMAS B. MILLS.

LENGTH • • 28 1/2 INCHES
GIRTH • • 10 1/4



A BIG TROUT.

salmon, or to bring down the deer and moose. The wise game-laws of the State of Maine are carefully enforced here, so that the wild denizens of the forest counties grow more numerous every year, and the Rangeley country remains a great game-preserve, visited during summer's open season by sportsmen from all over the Republic. The region covers an area of eighty square miles, at a height of 1,500 feet above the sea, and is diversified by tall mountains and ridges, silvery lakes and ponds, and a network of crystalline trout-streams, winding through the ancient forests.

From Farmington, the beautiful old capital of Franklin County, a narrow-gauge railroad runs up the Sandy-River valley to mountain-girt

Phillips, whence a stage-ride of seventeen miles leads to Greenvale and Rangeley. A steamboat runs from Greenvale along Rangeley Lake to the hamlet of Rangeley and the Outlet. There are eight good trout-ponds within five miles of Rangeley, and ten miles north is the lonely and beautiful Kennebago Lake. Near the foot of Rangeley Lake stands the Mountain-View House, 1,700 feet above the sea, and looking

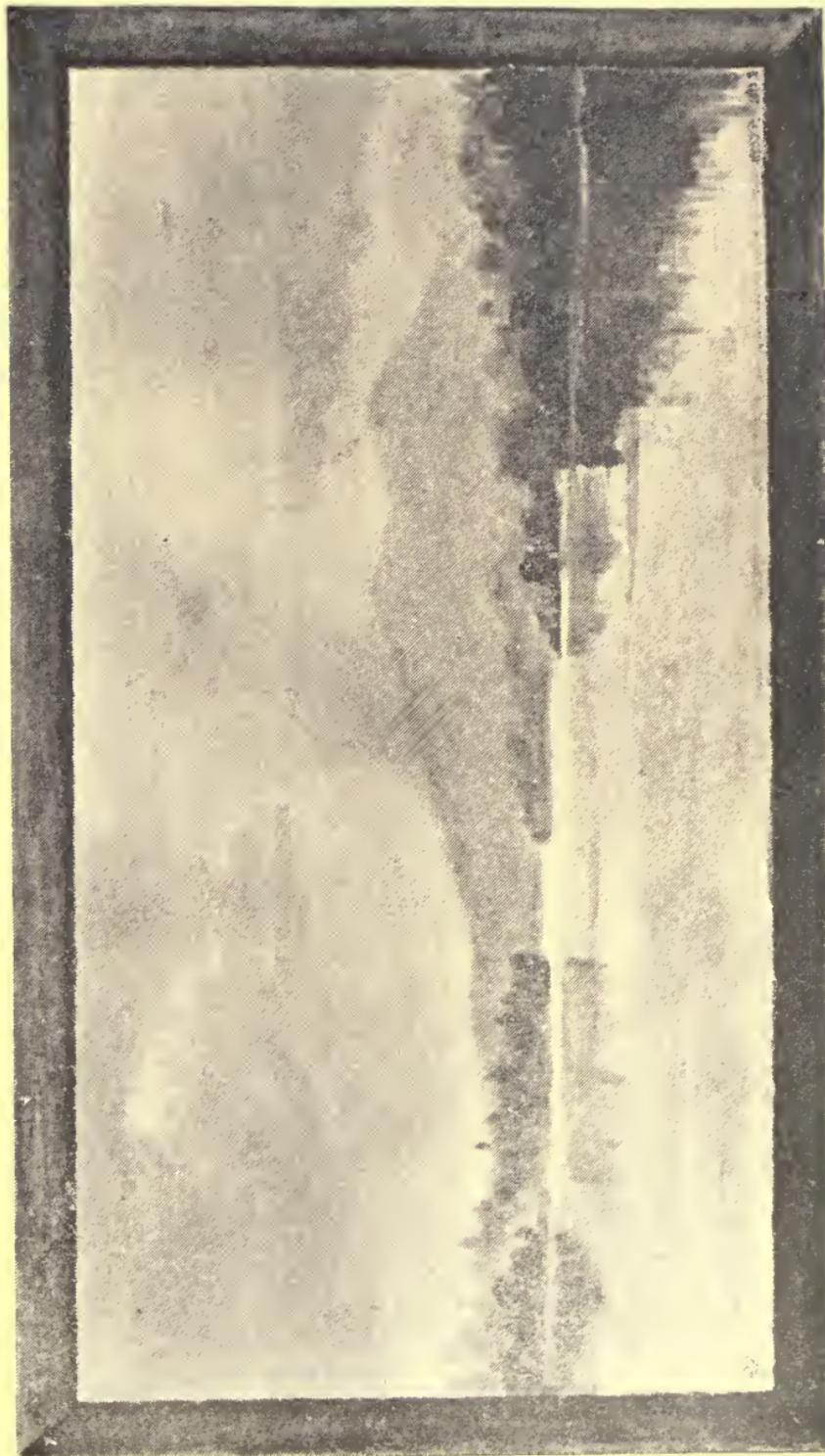


HEMIS STREAM,
WEST KENNEBAGO MT.,
RANGELEY LAKES.



across the placid waters to the long ridge of Bald Mountain. A short and pleasant walk leads from the Outlet down to Indian Rock, the headquarters of the Oquossoc Angling Association, a wealthy company of Boston and New-York gentlemen, who have established here comfortable lodges and fish-hatcheries, and a fleet of many boats. This corporation is one of the chief agencies in stocking the lakes with young fish, and in enforcing the observance hereabouts of the game-laws of Maine.

Another carry leads in little over a mile from the Outlet to Haines' Landing and the Moosecupmaguntic House, a famous place for large trout, and a great variety of game in the forest. Close to Indian Rock, the beautiful Cupsuptic Lake opens away to the northward, environed by sandy beaches



AZISCOOS MOUNTAIN, RANGELEY LAKES, FROM MOOSELLUMAGUNTIC.

and broken by long promontories and green islands. By ascending this bright forest-tarn and the inflowing stream for seventeen miles, we may reach the long eight-mile carry which leads across the hills to Parmachenee Lake, away up at the head of the Magalloway River. From Cupsuptic Lake, the Narrows, abounding in fish and bordered by camps and lodges, leads to Indian Rock and Lake Mooselucmaguntic, the central basin of the Rangeley country, with a length of eight miles and a width of two miles. A small steamboat makes daily trips down the lake, from Indian Rock to Haines'



DEER MOUNTAIN.
RANGELEY LAKES.

Landing, Bugle Cove, Bemis Camp, and the Upper Dam, a pleasant voyage, past islands large enough to have furnished vast rafts of lumber, and miniature archipelagoes and tree-tufted rocks and islets. Noble mountain-views are afforded,—the Aziscoös and Boundary peaks on the north, Bald Mountain on the east, and the Bema group on the south, with the far-away White Mountains low down on the horizon. This is indeed the most picturesque and diversified of the lakes, and affords also the greatest advantage for the sportsman. From Allerton Lodge, at Bugle Cove, the ascent of Bald Mountain is sometimes made, and from this lake-surrounded peak an interesting view is given over the wide Rangeley country. Bugle Cove also has a notable prospect of Mount Aziscoös, and of Elephant's Hump and the other



peaks of the Bema Range. Bema Bay opens away toward the mountains, from the lower part of the lake, and receives the outlet of the Bema Ponds. Here stands the woodland hostelry known as Camp Bemis, and accommodating a goodly number of sportsmen.

The outlet of Mooseelucmaguntic is at the Upper Dam, a ponderous structure of timber and rocks, a third of a mile long, built in 1845-47. There is a hotel near by; and some of the best trout-fishing around the lakes may be enjoyed in the vicinity.

A short carry leads from Trout Cove, on Mooseelucmaguntic, to Echo Landing, on Mollychunkamunk Lake, somewhat smaller than its neighbor, and covering ten square miles, amid Trosach-like scenery of thronging hills, overlooked by Aziscoös, Moose Mountain, and other high blue peaks. Its clear cold waters are the home of myriads of trout and land-locked salmon, affording satisfactory sport to the anglers whose camps and lodges nestle



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, FROM UMBAGOG LAKE.

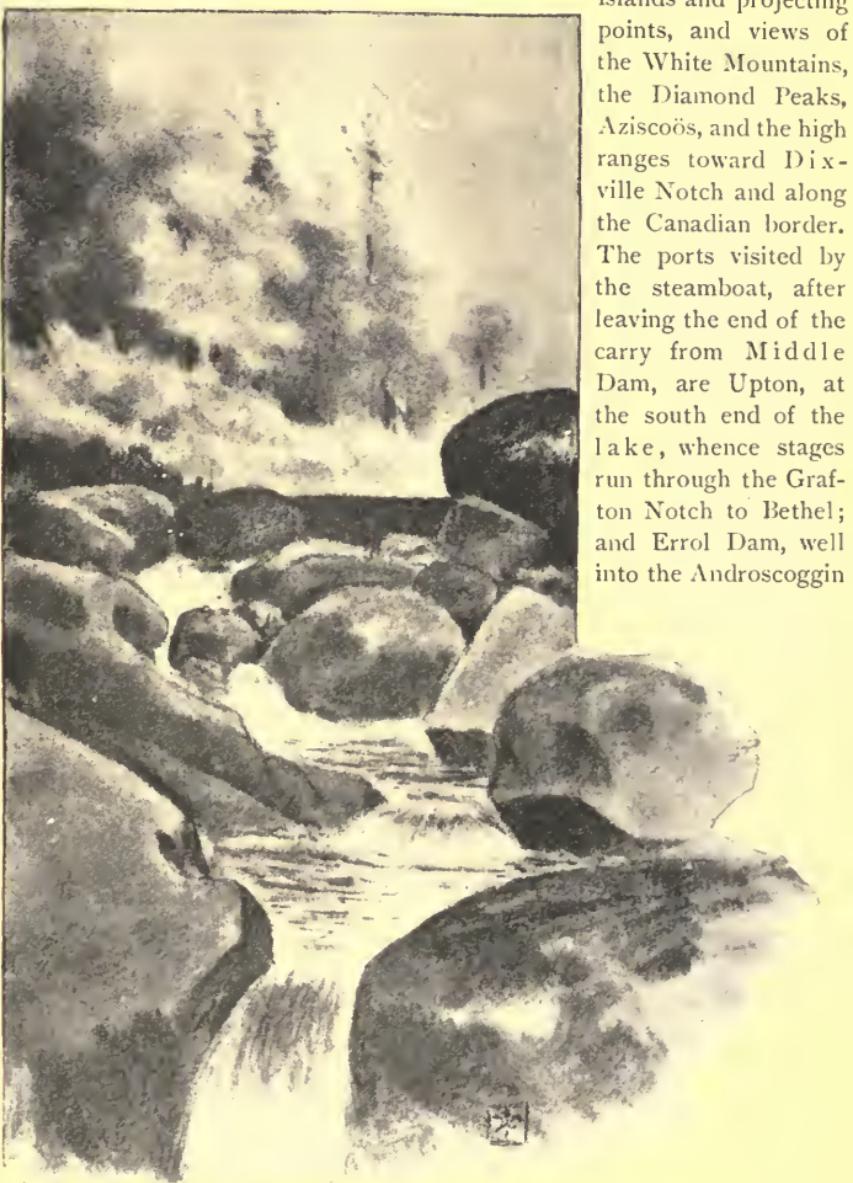
along the picturesque shores. On one side a trail leads to "the paradise of deer and ducks," Metaluk Pond; and on the other is the outfall of the lovely and sequestered Richardson Ponds, within five miles of Mount Aziscoös.

A singular two-mile corridor of water in the forest, rock-bound and leaf-strewn, joins Mollychunkamunk to its southern sister-lake, dainty Welokennebacook; and at its outlet a remarkable view is given of Mount Washington and its noble brethren. Soon afterward, Aziscoös and Observatory Peak come into sight in the opposite direction.

The steamboat on Lake Welokennebacook runs down by the Middle Dam, and into the South Arm, hemmed about with rocky and wooded ridges. From the hotel at its head, stages traverse a picturesque mountain region to Andover and Bryant's Pond, on the Grand Trunk Railway, thirty-five miles away. This is the usual route to the lower lakes of the Rangeley chain, being more direct than any other, for travelers coming from Portland way.

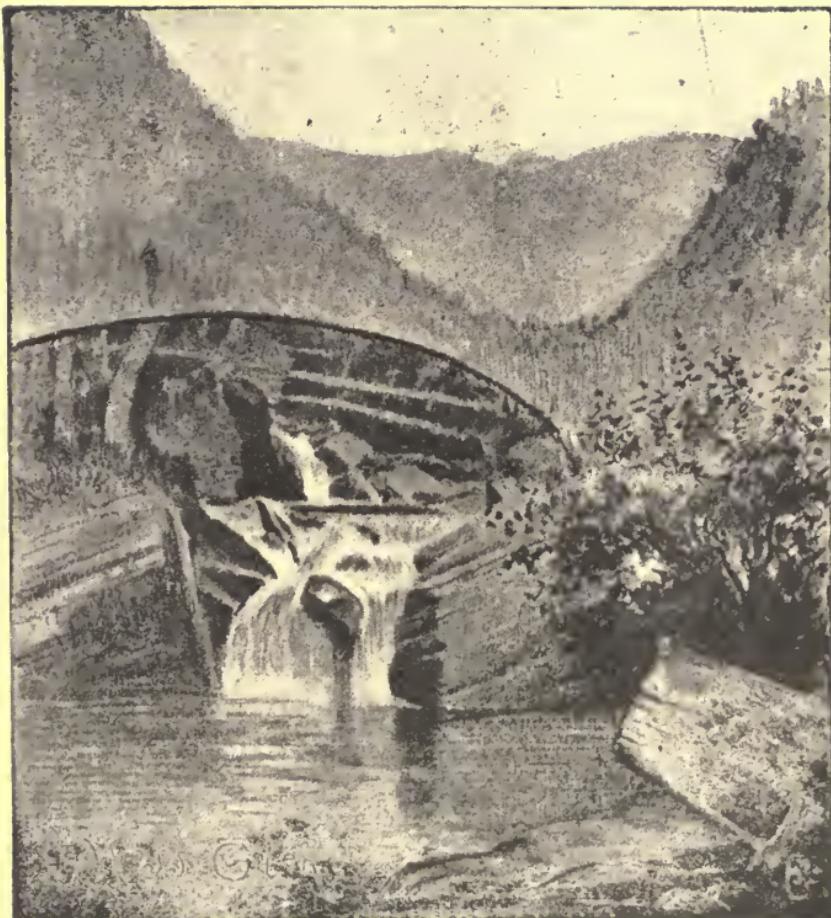
The Middle Dam, at the outlet of Welokennebacook, has a hotel and steamboat landing, whence a portage-road six miles long follows the course of Rapid River down to Lake Umbagog, the lowest and largest of the Rangeley group. It covers an area of eighteen square miles, with many

islands and projecting points, and views of the White Mountains, the Diamond Peaks, Aziscoös, and the high ranges toward Dixville Notch and along the Canadian border. The ports visited by the steamboat, after leaving the end of the carry from Middle Dam, are Upton, at the south end of the lake, whence stages run through the Grafton Notch to Bethel; and Errol Dam, well into the Androscoggins



SCREW-AUGER FALLS, GRAFTON NOTCH.

River, the outlet of Umbagog. From this point, highways lead up to Dixville Notch and Colebrook, on the Upper-Coös Railroad, and to Milan, close by the White Mountains.



IN DIXVILLE NOTCH.

CHAPTER XVII.

DEAD RIVER AND LAKE MEGANTIC.

KINGFIELD AND EUSTIS.—CHAIN OF PONDS.—SPIDER LAKE.—LAKE MEGANTIC.—TIM POND.—SEVEN PONDS.

THE narrow-gauge railroad leading from Farmington, in Maine, to Phillips, connects at the village of Strong with another and similarly built line, which makes a long ascent, and crosses the shoulder of Mount Abraham at Salem, and ends at Kingfield. From this quiet hamlet of the wilderness a stage-route ascends the pleasant Carrabassett valley for twenty-eight miles, to Eustis, with its hotel, on the banks of Dead River, and in full sight of Mount Bigelow. There are a dozen ponds in this vicinity, with sportsmen's camps, and plenty of game and fish, the chief of them being the Big Spencer Lake, eight miles long, and the beautiful Round-Mountain Lake, eleven miles from Eustis. A buckboard road leads up the Dead-River valley, following the route of Gen. Benedict Arnold's famous march against Quebec, and in eleven and a half miles reaching the Chain of Ponds, with their sportsmen's camps and inexhaustible stores of trout. Farther on is Chain Lake, in Maine; and two miles beyond the Canadian frontier lies the celebrated Spider Lake, the seat of the club-house of the Megantic Fish and Game Association. Lake Megantic is within less than a mile of Spider.

The new road to Spider Lake leads from near Tim Pond.

Lake Megantic may be reached also by taking the Lowell System from Boston to Sherbrooke, in Canada, and thence by the Canadian Pacific Railway direct to the lake. A steamboat runs on Megantic; and from the little hamlet of Three Lakes a walk of half a mile leads to Spider Lake.

Turning off from the Kingfield-Eustis road, at Stratton, twenty-two miles from Kingfield, and a little way beyond Dead River, a buckboard road leads in five miles to Smith Farm, on a plateau which commands Mount Bigelow, Saddleback, Mount Abraham, Mount Blue and many other unfamiliar northern peaks. Six miles farther on are the famous fishing-ground of Tim Pond, 2,000 feet above the sea, and renowned for their voracious trout. Hereabouts, also, dwell moose and deer, hares and foxes, and even the beaver, now so nearly extinct in New England. There are several good camps here; and others may be found at Seven Ponds, four hours' journey farther into the forest. From this point the river may be descended (with a four-mile carry) to Kennebago Lake, whence the route is plain to Rangeley or Moosecupmagantic.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEBAGO LAKE.

VIEWS OF THE MOUNTAINS.—ANDREW AND HAWTHORNE.—THE SONGO RIVER.—THE BAY OF NAPLES.—LONG POND.—BRIDGTON.—WATERFORD.—HARRISON.

“ Around Sebago’s lonely lake
 There lingers not a breeze to break
 The mirror which its waters make,

“ The solemn pines along its shore,
 The firs which hang its gray rocks o’er,
 Are painted on its glassy floor.”

—WHITTIER.

DOWN within sixteen miles of Portland, on the route to North Conway, the singularly clear and pure waters of Sebago Lake cover nearly a hundred square miles, with a depth in places exceeding 400 feet. It forms a broad unbroken expanse, of fine proportions, the few islands being near the shores. The immediate vicinity of the lake is rather devoid of picturesque features, but grand views of the White Mountains are afforded in the north-west,—the red peaks of Chocorua and Moat, the dark domes of Passaconaway and Carrigain, and the remoter Presidential line, fully forty miles away. On one side of the lake is the ancient town of Windham, still cherishing the birthplace of John A. Andrew, the war governor of Massachusetts; and just beyond, at the head of the long Raymond Cape, is the obscure rural neighborhood where dwelt Nathaniel Hawthorne during several of the years of his youth. Near the Notch, a picturesque strait between the outer point of Raymond Cape and Frye’s Island, they point out a cavern opening on the water, into which the lad used to row his boat, and meditate in loneliness.

The steamboat leaves the Sebago-Lake railway station daily, running northward through a chain of lakes and rivers for over thirty miles. The interest of the voyage consists largely in its diversity of scenery, the fine views of far-away mountains, and the valuable biographical associations of the region.

At the head of Sebago Lake, the steamer passes between long lines of brushwood jetties, and enters the famous Songo River, a stream six miles long, so narrow and still that the overhanging forests cover its bosom with their reflections, and so strangely devious that the boat makes nearly thirty turns within the two leagues. At one point she enters a lock, and is raised to the higher level of the lakes above.

“ Nowhere such a devious stream,
 Save in fancy or in dream,
 Winding slow through bush and brake,
 Links together lake and lake.

“ Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
 Ever doubling on itself,
 Flows the stream, so still and slow,
 That it hardly seems to flow.”

— LONGFELLOW’s *Songo River*.

A mile beyond the lock the little steamer enters a two-mile pond, known as the Bay of Naples, and calls at the uneventful hamlet of Naples. Here we enter the river-like expanse of Long Pond, thirteen miles long and less than a mile and a half wide, its shores lined with farms, and overlooked by the august shapes of distant mountains, the crown of New England. Stages run from Bridgton Landing in a few minutes to the prosperous village of Bridgton, the terminus of a narrow-gauge railroad running to the Maine-Central route between Portland and North Conway. A short distance to the northward is the beautiful Highland Lake, gemmed by wooded islets, and overhung by green highlands.

The next port is North Bridgton, a lovely lakeside hamlet under the shadows of venerable trees, and much frequented by summer-guests. Five miles to the north, amid rugged mountains and sunny lakelets, is Waterford, famous as the birthplace of “Artemus Ward,” the great American humorist of an earlier generation. Several other men of national fame originated in this secluded mountain-town.

The last port on the lake is Harrison, a pleasant village at the outlet of Anonymous Pond. On the noble-viewing hill back of this fresh-water harbor flows the Summit Mineral Spring, held in high repute for its medicinal virtues.

The fishing in the Sebago waters consists of black bass, land-locked salmon, pickerel, white perch, and trout. The favorite rendezvous for anglers is at Ingalls’s Grove, on Long Pond.

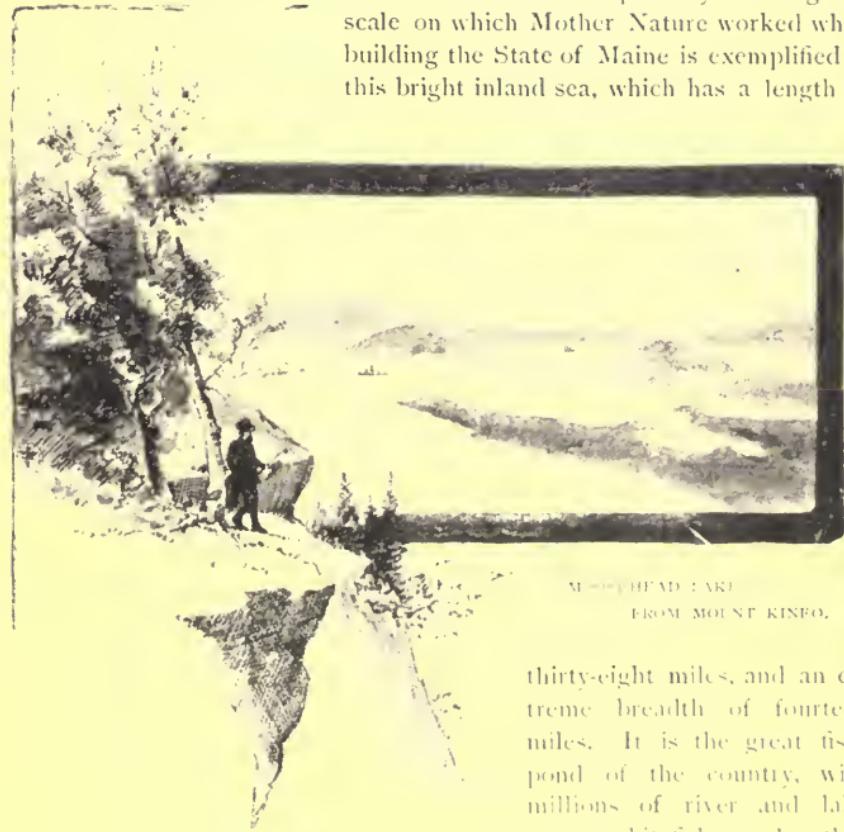
A brief description of the notable lakes of Maine would fill a volume far too ponderous for our present purpose. We must, therefore, pass by Lake Maranacook, in Winthrop, the most famous picnic-ground in the State, winding for eight miles among the hills and groves, and dotted with pretty islets; the great ponds of Belgrade, with their miniature archipelagoes, and myriads of bass and perch; Cobbssee Contee Pond, near Gardiner, stretching for nine miles between grassy hills and groves of cedar and red oak, and populous with black bass and white perch; Androscoggin Pond, in Leeds, flowing for nearly two leagues through a lovely rural region frequented by summer-boarders; Weld Pond, not far from Wilton, overlooked by Mount Blue, and famous for its fisheries; Lake Auburn, three miles from the city of Auburn, with its well-known mineral spring and summer-hotel; and scores of others.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

THE WILDERNESS SEA.—ITS MOUNTAIN-WALLS.—THE VOYAGE BY STEAMBOAT.—KINEO.—A LINE OF SUMMER-HOTELS.

MOOSEHEAD is the queen of the Maine lakes, far away in the northern wilderness, a thousand feet above the sea, and presenting a rare combination of mountain and crag, silent primeval forests, and enchanted islands, and great sunlit reaches of blue water, with many a lovely silver-sanded cove and tranquil bay. The grand scale on which Mother Nature worked while building the State of Maine is exemplified in this bright inland sea, which has a length of



MOOSEHEAD LAKE
FROM MOUNT KINEO.

thirty-eight miles, and an extreme breadth of fourteen miles. It is the great fish-pond of the country, with millions of river and lake trout, whitefish, and other gamey denizens of the waters. Over the rough seas that the south-east gales often pile up, the Indian canoes float like gulls, quartering along the white-crested waves with inimitable grace and buoyancy.

The four hundred miles of shore-line encircling Moosehead contain a

great variety of scenery, lines of shaggy hills, deep and sheltered bays, and the estuaries of well-known fishing-streams. The perfumes of pine and spruce fill the pure highland air, untainted by the dead exhalations of towns, and prepare a tonic which it is delightful to breathe. This is the chief of all the myriad lakes of Maine; and every season thousands of vacation-tourists seek its refreshing and invigorating surroundings.

The favorite excursion is to the top of Mount Kineo, a steep scramble, by a well-marked path leading through fragrant woodlands, and over stretches of soft moss and iron-like ledges. From the summit we gain a bird's-eye view of the great lake with its shining northern bay, and its many shadowy mountains, and the dim distant peak of Katahdin.

Trusty guides may be found at the Kineo, by whose aid many pleasant excursions are enjoyed over the surrounding waters, and to the haunts of fish



MOUNT KINEO, MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

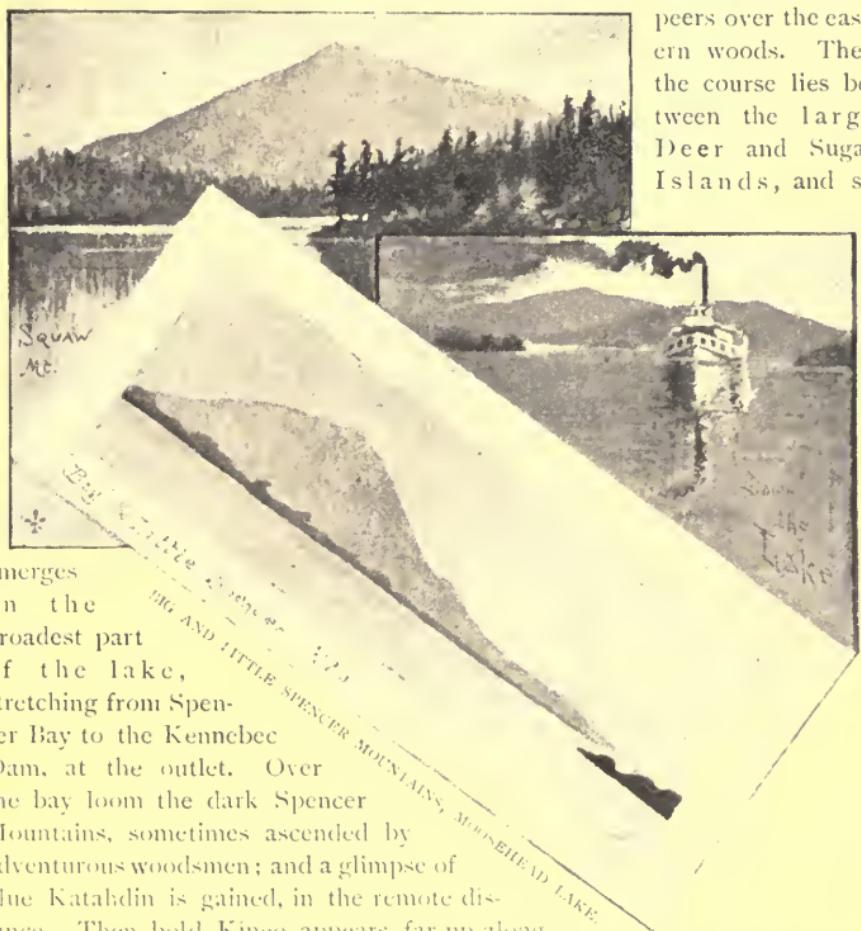
among the Moody Islands and over by Brassua, and Tomhegan, and Socatean. Or the bolder adventurer may ascend to the North-East Carry, whence a road leads in two miles to the West Branch of the Penobscot. (When James Russell Lowell carried his baggage over this portage he estimated the distance at 18,674 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.) Thence the canoes descend the West Branch of the Penobscot for eighteen miles to Lake Chesuncook, eighteen miles long, and enwrapped in the great northern wilderness. The West Branch flows down thence for ninety miles to Mattawamkeag, on the Maine Central Railroad; and from Chesuncook the sturdy woodsman may visit Chamberlain Lake, and Caucomgomoc, and Caribou Lake, and Ripogenus, and many another silent tarn among the houseless woods.

The graceful Squaw Mountains, the cone-like peaks of the Spencer range,

and the Lily-Bay group, with scores of great green hills, and the singularly precipitous Mount Kineo, add an element of grandeur to the scenery, which is enhanced by views of the far-away Mount Katahdin, alone in the eastern wilderness. Civilization has as yet made but few advances into this wild land, and the shores are almost entirely in their original and primeval solitude.

It is a pleasant voyage by steamboat from the southern end of the lake to Kineo, a distance of twenty miles. From abreast of Burnt-Jacket Cliff, the great Squaw Mountain comes into sight, on the west, and White Cap

peers over the eastern woods. Then the course lies between the large Deer and Sugar Islands, and so



emerges on the broadest part of the lake, stretching from Spencer Bay to the Kennebec Dam, at the outlet. Over the bay loom the dark Spencer Mountains, sometimes ascended by adventurous woodsmen; and a glimpse of blue Katahdin is gained, in the remote distance. Then bold Kineo appears, far up along the shining waters; and in a short time the happy inland voyage is ended, and we reach the comfortable and fashionable hotel, the summer-capital of this vast natural park.

There are many other interesting lakes in this northern region,— Sebec, with its four leagues of bright waters; Omaway, abounding in fish; Hebron, near the great slate-quarries of Monson; and scores of others, each with its summer-quota of visitors. The best of guides and equipments may be found

at Greenville, Kineo, Sebec, and other outposts of civilization on the edge of the immense northern wilderness.

There are summer-hotels at Greenville, near the southern end of the lake; at West Cove, near by, where the Canadian Pacific Railway intersects the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad; at the Outlet, where the Kennebec flows away to the south-west; on Deer Island; at North-East Carry; at the foot of Mount Kineo; and up in Lily Bay. The score of trout-ponds around Greenville, the ascent of Squaw Mountain and others of the lakeland peaks, the canoe-voyage up forest-bound Moose River, the quiet old forest-inn at Roach Pond, the lovely Brassua Lake, the water-lilies and sandy beaches of Lobster Lake, the manifold attractions of Matangomook, Aboljackarmegas, Neso-wadnehunk, Seboomook, Allagash, Pongokwahemook, and hundreds of other



KATAHDIN, FROM NORTH BAY (MOOSEHEAD).

famous places for camping and fishing and hunting, are minutely described and illustrated in Hubbard's capital "Guide to Moosehead Lake and Northern Maine," and the same scholarly writer's "Woods and Lakes of Maine," which may be procured in Boston.

Moosehead Lake is reached by the Pullman express from Boston to Bangor, whence the Bangor & Piscataquis Railroad runs to the lake.

CHAPTER XX.

FRONTIER FISHING.

THE MIRAMICHI AND RESTIGOUCHE.—THE ST. JOHN RIVER.—THE SOUTH-WEST MIRAMICHI.—THE TOBIQUE RIVER.—GRAND FALLS.—EDMUNDSTON.—THE FISH-RIVER LAKES.—TEMIXOUATA LAKE.—CABANO LAKE.—THE AROOSTOOK COUNTRY.

THE railway route running eastward from Bangor gives access to a region which is rich in opportunities for the hunter and fisherman. From Olamon, the lovely Nicatous Lake is reached; from Enfield, you go in to Coldstream Pond; Winn is the station for Duck Lake; and from Mattawamkeag stages run to many places in north-eastern Maine. Vanceboro' is the point of departure for the trout-fishing on the St. Croix and the Chiputneticook Lakes. Around to the southward, by McAdam Junction and Calais, is the great network of the Schoodic Lakes; and from St. Andrews opens the famous fishing-region of Lake Utopia and the connected waters. From St. John, a short run by steamer across the Bay of Fundy leads to Digby and Annapolis, and the entrances to the great interior wilderness of Nova Scotia, a land of beautiful lakes and forests and highlands, abounding in all kinds of game and fish. Northward from St. John, daily steamboats ascend the pleasant St. John River in seven hours to Fredericton, the "Celestial City," the capital of New Brunswick, and the seat of its University and Anglican Cathedral. The railway running thence to Chatham gives access to the famous salmon-fishing streams of the Miramichi, especially in the vicinity of Boiestown. The famous sea-trout of Tabusintac may be sought from Newcastle. The Intercolonial Railway runs north to Bathurst, another favorite centre for sportsmen, near the Tête-à-Ganche and Nepisiguit Rivers and other capital places for salmon-fishing. The Caraquet Railway runs eastward to Caraquet and Shippegan, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through a picturesque Acadian country, abounding in fish and game.

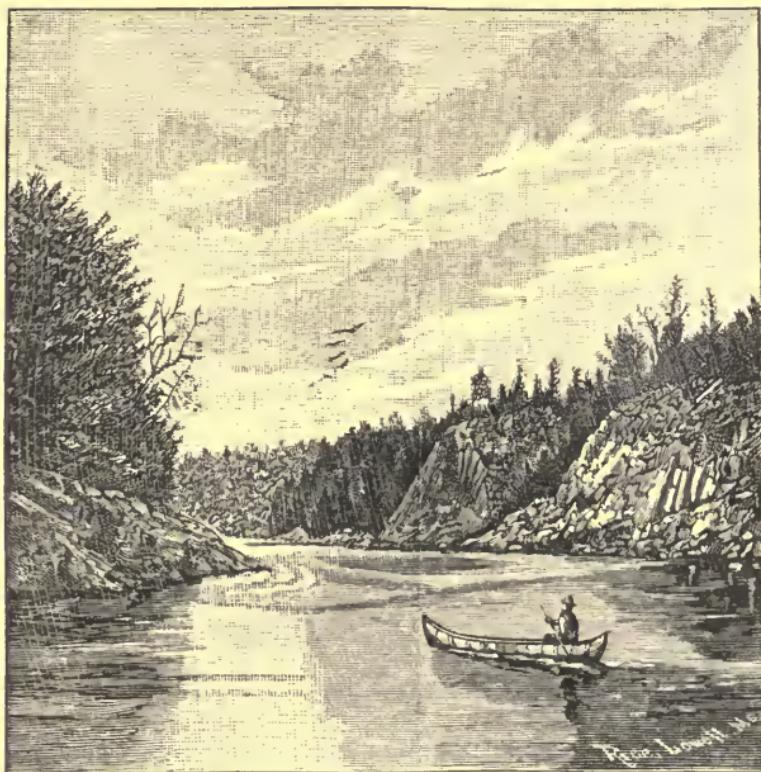
Still northward, on the Intercolonial line, and we come to the seaport of Dalhousie, where the Restigouche River enters the Bay of Chaleur. This is beyond question one of the finest salmon streams in the world, and hundreds of scientific anglers follow its shining course every season.

The entire frontier of New Brunswick is lined with capital fishing-regions, which may be reached by the Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads to McAdam Junction, and thence by the New-Brunswick Railway, north or south.

The River St. John, flowing for four hundred and fifty miles in Maine and New Brunswick, illustrates the development of Canadian civilization,

from the Indian wigwams and canoes on its upper waters to the quaint Acadian hamlets of the Madawaska region, the scattered farms of the English pioneers farther down, and the prosperous and modern commercial city at the mouth, with its great shipping.

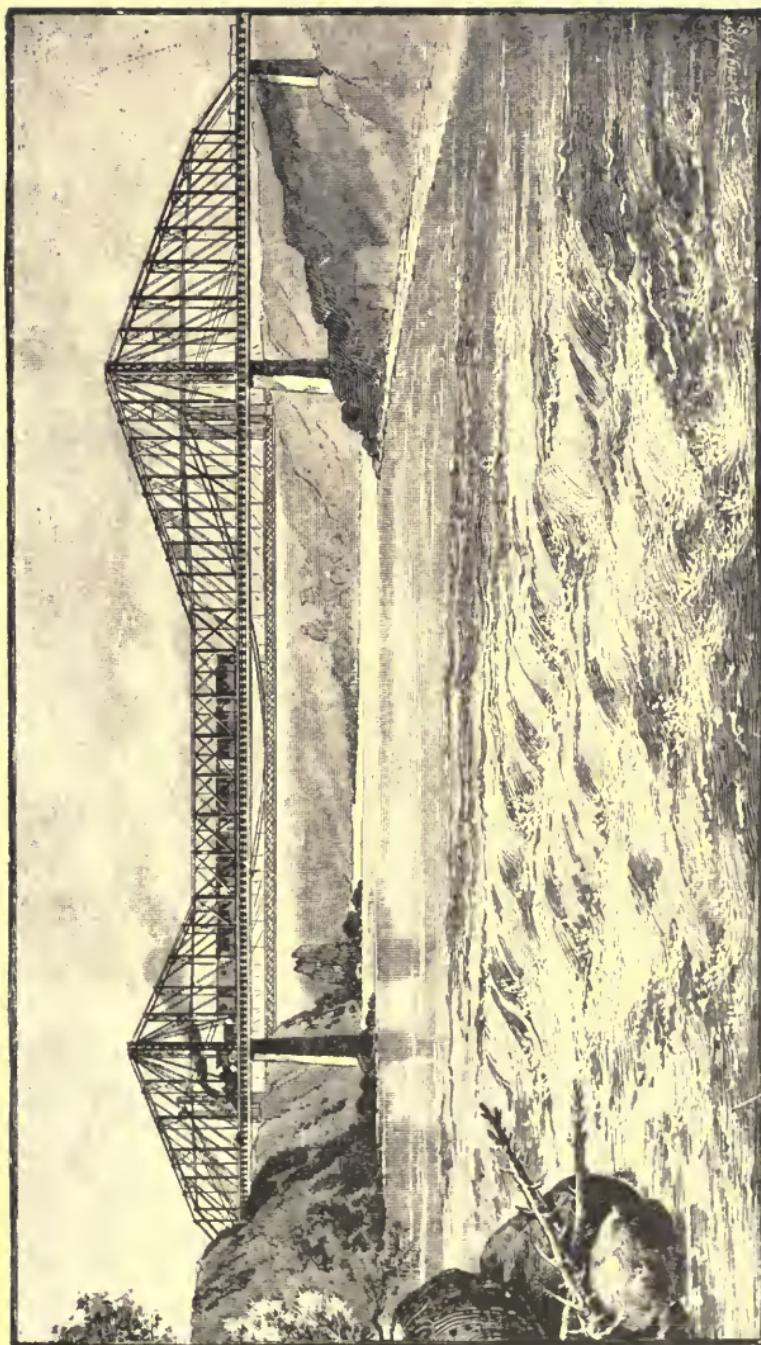
The celebrated fishing-grounds of the South-west Miramichi are reached from Kent station, by a good road leading in eight miles to Glassville, and seven miles farther to Foreston, and nine miles (by carriage or canoe) to McEwan's, at the Forks, where guides and boats are found. There are many salmon and trout hereabouts, with teal and black duck around the lakes, and partridges and caribou in the woods. From the Forks, the stream



TOBIQUE NARROWS.

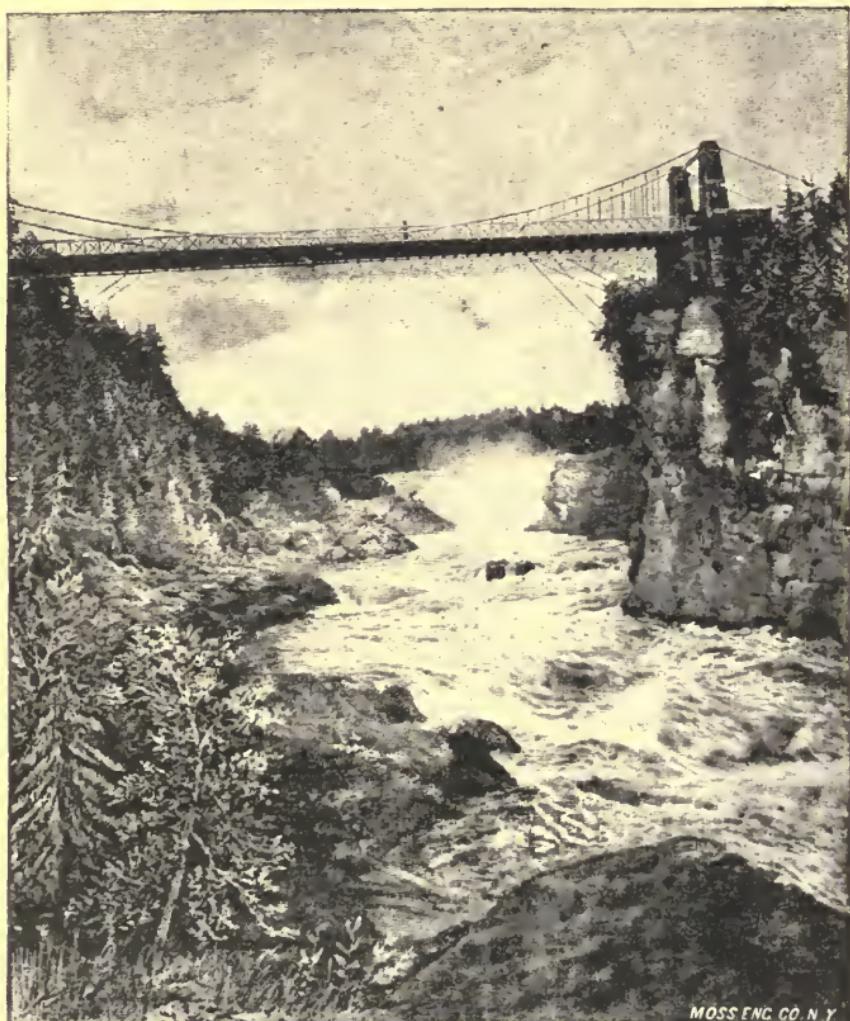
may be descended for sixty-eight miles to Boiestown, on the Northern & Western Railway.

The Tobique River is the most picturesque stream in this region, with its red cliffs and far-away blue mountain-walls. It abounds in trout, tuladi, salmon, and other gamey and valiant fish. The village of Andover is on the St. John, and the New-Brunswick Railway; and two miles above is an ancient Catholic colony of two hundred Milicete Indians, where the best guides and canoes are obtained for the ascent of the Tobique, through the Narrows, between rocky cliffs; to the Red Rapids, twelve miles up; and the Forks, sixty miles up. This is in the heart of the wilderness, inhabited only by moose and bears. Two days' navigation above is Nictaux Lake, imbedded



CANTILEVER BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, N.B.

in spruce and cedar woods, and overlooked by the high Nictaux Mountain. A three-mile carry leads to Nepisiguit Lake, whence we may descend the Nepisiguit River to the Bay of Chaleur. The Campbell River may be ascended from the Forks to Tobique Lake, four miles long, whence a two-mile carry leads to Long Lake, eight miles, and a nine-mile portage goes thence to the upper waters of the South-west Miramichi.



GRAND FALLS, N.B.

At Grand Falls, close to the village and station of the same name, the St. John River makes a noble plunge of seventy-five feet, with a current three hundred feet wide, and thunders down between black and spray-wet cliffs into a great whirlpool. Around and below this point the guests of the summer-hotel in the village visit the Wells, Pulpit Rock, the Coffee Mill, the Cave, and other interesting places, bordered by the swirling expanses of white water. In this vicinity is some of the finest scenery in Canada.

Edmundston, on the New-Brunswick Railway and the St. John River, is a capital point of departure for fishermen, being handy to the famous Green River, the Squatook Lakes, the Fish-River Lakes, and other well-known fishing-grounds. It is a plain little village, near the centre of the extensive Acadian and Catholic settlements on the Upper St. John, in a country of considerable natural beauty.

The Eagle and Fish-River Lakes afford very good sport to the fisherman. They are reached by rail to Edmundston, whence a road leads in seven miles to Frenchville, on the Maine side of the St. John River. A five-mile road runs thence to Long Lake, whence the canoe-man can traverse a chain of lonely lakes, with uninhabited shores, for a day and a half's journey. These include Mud, Cross, Square, Eagle, and Neddeau Lakes, all of them abounding in large trout and tuladi, especially near the mouths of the cold inflowing brooks and in the thoroughfares joining the lakes. From Neddeau, the canoe descends Fish River to the old border stronghold of Fort Kent, and down the St. John to Edmundston. The trolling in the Fish-River Lakes is full of excitement, and sixteen-pound tuladi have been caught. Occasionally, a bear or caribou looks out from the woods. The best time for fishing here is from mid-June to late summer. Ten days makes a good trip. Xavier Burgoin, Frenchville, Madawaska, Me., furnishes canoes and guides.

Temiscouata Lake is a beautiful highland loch, six hundred feet above the sea, and winding for twenty-seven miles among the highlands, with deep water, abounding in salmon-trout and perch, and numerous influent streams and dependent lakes, where good trout-fishing is found. The Madawaska River can be ascended by steam-launch from Edmundston to the head of the lake, a distance of nearly fifty miles. The Temiscouata Railway follows the lake-shore its entire length, on the way from Edmundston to Rivière du Loup. Many years ago, this sequestered water was guarded by a garrison of redcoats, in Fort Ingalls, one of the line of fortresses joining Quebec and Halifax. But the jolly grenadiers have departed, many years ago; and near the site of their old camp-ground is the pleasant French hamlet of Notre Dame du Lac, whose angelus bells sound sweetly over Temiscouata every evening. One of the best excursions in the neighborhood is along the Squatook lakes.

Cabano Lake is twenty-seven miles from Edmundston, fifteen by road up the St. John, four up Caron-Brook Valley, four across Baker Lake, and four by portage. It is a beautiful sheet of water, fourteen miles long, without a single house or clearing, and bordered by heavy hardwood forests and high hills. The trout and tuladi (salmon-trout) of these lakes are famous for their number and size, and afford excellent sport. The outlet of Cabano runs down to Lake Temiscouata in twenty miles, with two or three short carries. A three-mile portage leads from Cabano to the St. Francis River, which may be descended (through Bean Lake and Glazier Lake) in twenty-five miles to the St. John, thirty-five miles above Edmundston, and all plain sailing.

The celebrated Aroostook County, one of the best farming-regions of

New England, is entered by the New-Brunswick Railway, Houlton, its shire-town, being reached by an eight-mile branch from Debuc Junction, and Caribou and Presque Isle being on another branch, leading westward from Aroostook.

Amid the glens of the Appalachian highlands, beginning away down in the Gulf States, overspreading Northern New England, and sinking down into the highlands about the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there are scores of beautiful lakes, whose titles even cannot be mentioned here. Merry-meeting, Massabesic, Caspian, Ossipee, Massawippi, Dunmore, Province, Bomaseen, Newichawannock,—their names are rich in aboriginal melody or legendary association, and bear pleasant suggestions to the thousands who frequent their shores, in the restful summer-time. In these quiet landscapes, rich in immeasurable verdure, and lighted by the blue and silver of the highland waters, there is a peculiar restfulness, very grateful to the weary citizen, and not without charm even for the habitual idler. The telephone and fire-alarm and ticker and ledger, far away in the sun-scorched towns, are forgotten, and the sights and sounds of rural life happily replace them. And so, drifting down sylvan streams and unknown rivers, or dreaming by the side of lapsing ripples, we may enter the confines of a new life, and store up reserves of strength for the coming days.

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north wind, laden
With sweet-brier odors and breath of kine!

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnipesaukee's hundred isles.—WHITTIER.

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